The Saturday Evening

POST

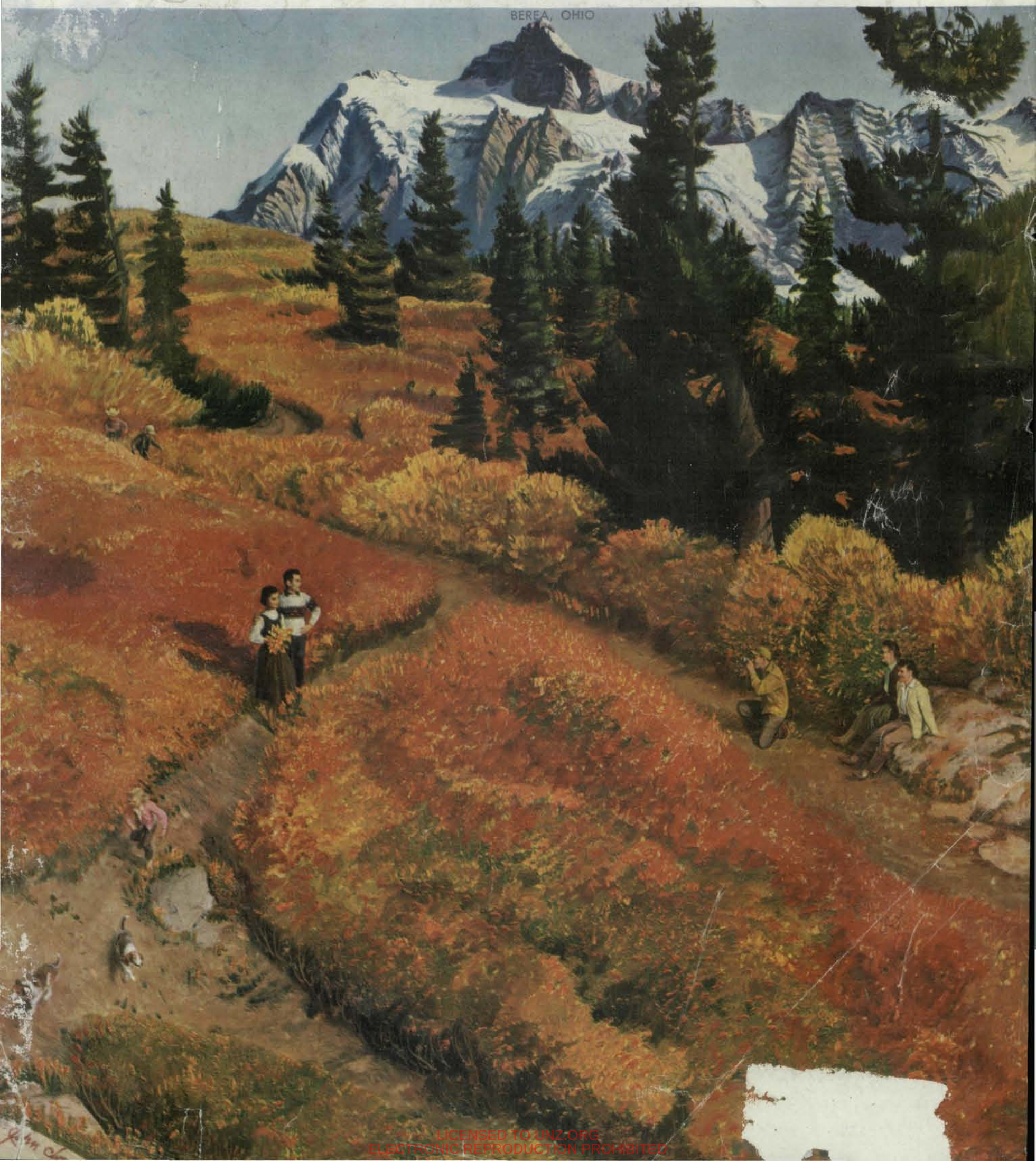
October 25, 1958 – 15¢

Battle of the Millionaires:

HARRIMAN vs. ROCKEFELLER

By STEWART ALSOP

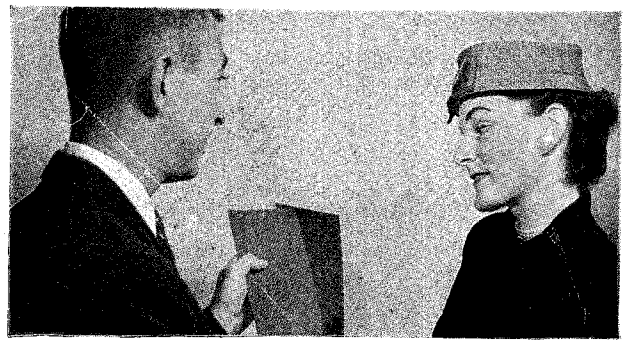
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
BEREA, OHIO



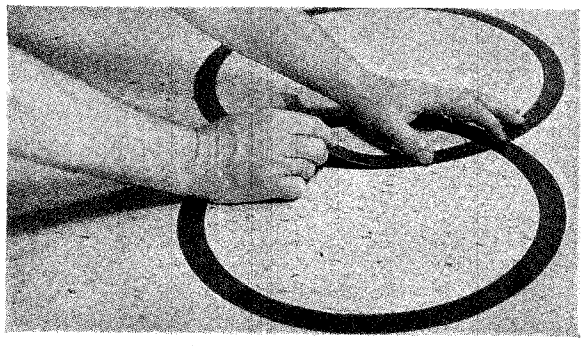
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHEN MRS. HART REMODELED, SHE GOT HER DREAM BATHROOM AT LAST

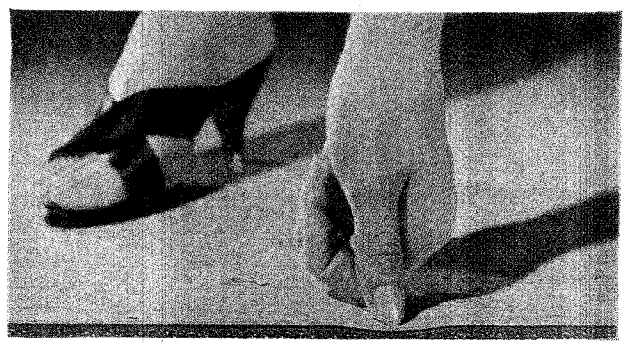
she discovered the wonderful things you can do with Armstrong Linoleum



It was love at first sight when Mrs. Hart saw the unusual burl design of Armstrong Imperial Linoleum. From many lovely colors, Mrs. Hart chose No. 1606, with insets of plain Evergreen (No. 21) and Brown (20), to give the room a smart custom look.



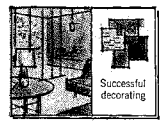
The skilled craftsman from the flooring store cut and fitted the inset rings so perfectly that not a speck of dust can slip between the seams. He curved the linoleum up the walls, too, to eliminate hard-to-clean corners. And Mrs. Hart's new floor is completely splashproof, of course.



A special luxury is the new Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment under the linoleum. Made with a thick layer of foam, it gives the floor "walking-on-air" comfort. When you remodel, you too may find that this extra luxury costs not a penny more.

An easy budget payment plan offered by her flooring dealer let Mrs. Hart start remodeling at once. Though Armstrong Linoleum is very sensibly priced, you may welcome the convenience of easy terms.

SEND 25¢ FOR "SUCCESSFUL DECORATING," 32 pages of ideas in color for every room. Description of this luxurious "Tree Bathroom" available free. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5810 Madison St., Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 108-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.



Armstrong

THE MODERN FASHION IN

FLOORS

WATCH ARMSTRONG CIRCLE THEATRE, ALTERNATE WEDNESDAY NIGHTS, CBS-TV

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's handy, low in cost, wonderful!

...a bedroom extension phone

It's more than a convenience—an extension phone in the bedroom. It isn't only the thousands of steps it saves. Nor is it just the reassuring feeling of security at night.

A bedroom phone actually does something for a busy girl's morale. It lets her talk *relaxed*—gives her a refreshing break to lighten the household chores. It's the little touch of luxury that makes her day.

Even the most budget-conscious husband will be pleasantly surprised to learn how little an extension costs.

Call your Bell Telephone business office today, and see how easy it is to have one in your bedroom (or kitchen, playroom or den).

P. S.—When you order yours, ask about the handy, built-in telephone night light!

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIBERTY MUTUAL®

The Company that stands by you®

You can still see the fear in their faces

POLICYHOLDER TELLS HOW LIBERTY MUTUAL BROUGHT FAST HELP. When you have an accident, you want quick action. Here's what one of our policyholders wrote:

"Early last Monday morning I was involved in a rather serious collision. Fortunately, nobody was injured. Within ten minutes of my phone call to your office, both Mr. M. and Mr. J. were on the scene of the accident. At a time like this, the efficiency and 'know-how' they displayed was indeed gratifying.

"One day later . . . the collision loss was settled. This expedient . . . settlement certainly verifies the topnotch claims service you advertise."

Liberty Mutual believes in making prompt, fair settlements with all its policyholders. You can get quick help—24 hours a day—from any of our 144 offices across the nation, simply by dialing our number. And what's just as important to every car owner, this service is economical, too. Every year Liberty has saved substantial amounts for its auto-insurance policyholders.

Take advantage of Liberty's easy payment plans.

Under our convenient Deferred Payment Plans you can spread out the payments of your auto-insurance premium. Carrying charges are nominal.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

INSURANCE FOR: Automobiles, Liability, Group Accident and Health, Fire, Workmen's Compensation, Marine, Crime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, *President, 1883-1932*

Ben Hibbs, *Editor*

Robert Fuoss, *Executive Editor*
Robert Sherrod, *Managing Editor*
Kenneth Stuart, *Art Editor*
Martin Sommers, *Foreign Editor*
Beverly Smith, Jr., *Washington Editor*
William J. Stevens, Jr., *Asst. Managing Editor*
Day Edgar, *Assistant to the Editor*
Frank Kilker, *Associate Art Editor*
Douglas Borgstedt, *Photography Editor*

Senior Editors: E. N. Brandt, Richard Thruelsen, Stuart Rose, Pete Martin, Jack Alexander, Frederic Nelson.

Contributing Editors: Stewart Alsop, *National Affairs;* Arthur W. Baum, *Business;* Demaree Bess, *Foreign;* Ernest O. Hauser, *Foreign;* Harold H. Martin, *Special Assignments;* James P. O'Donnell, *Foreign;* Harry T. Paxton, *Sports;* Steven M. Spencer, *Science;* John Kobler, *Special Assignments.*

Associate Editors: Harley P. Cook, Robert Murphy, Marione R. Nickles, Wesley Price, Peggy Dowst Redman, H. Ralph Knight, Arnold Nicholson, John Bird, Ashley Halsey, Jr., Robert L. Johnson, Jr., Merrill Pollack, Clay Blair, Jr., Jay Brennan, Richard L. Lehman.

Editorial Assistants: William J. Bailey, Gwen Lysaught, John R. Wells, Bill Breisky, Robert N. Taylor, Morton D. Hull, Zen Yonkovig, Thomas B. Congdon, Jr., Katharine Mishler, Ursula Mahoney, Jack Haring, Richard C. Savage.

IN THIS ISSUE

October 25, 1958 **Vol. 231, No. 17**

4 Short Stories

The Girl Who Always Won . . . . . *Robert Standish* 30
Range Quarrel . . . . . *Merle Constiner* 36
Tugboat Annie's Secret Stratagem . . . . . *Norman Reilly Raine* 40
The Derelict's Daughter . . . . . *Joseph Carroll* 48

9 Articles

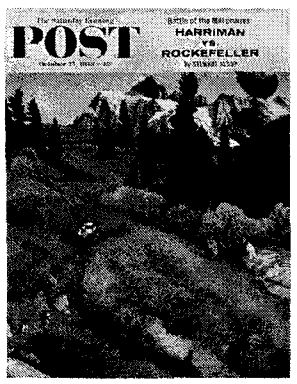
Better Courts for Kids . . . . . *Ruth and Edward Brecher* 23
Greeting Cards With No Inhibitions . . . . . *Joe Hyams* 24
Asylums Without Bars . . . . . *Milton and Margaret Silverman* 28
The Face of America: A Short, Happy Life . . . *Photograph by Ivan Dmitri* 32
Our Caribbean Showcase . . . . . *Henry LaCossitt* 34
A Hunter's Greatest Peril . . . . . *Paul Schubert* 37
Battle of the Millionaires . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 38
Let's Abolish Boxing . . . . . *Harold Barnes, as told to Al Silverman* 42
The Secret of Maine Cider . . . . . *Charles Rawlings* 44

2 Serials

The Case of the Greedy Grandpa (First of eight parts) *Erle Stanley Gardner* 26
The Ugly American, Part IV: The Tactics of Terror *William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick* 49

Other Features

Letters 4
Editorials 10
Post Scripts 46
Verse . . . 53, 58, 68, 80, 102, 125, 133
Hazel 134
Keeping Posted 136



THE COVER

Last fall, artist John Clymer was lazying along in his automobile in Washington State looking for a Post cover, and boy! he found one all right. This fiery hillside had burst into flame as a result of being cold; autumn's keen upcountry frost had painted the huckleberry shrubs with a scarlet-dipped brush, and where scrub maples grow near the timberline of Mount Shuksan, they had been painted orange and gold. When an artist, by nature explosively sensitive to color-beauty, comes suddenly upon glory like this, what does he do—rise up and cheer? Clymer's reaction is to sit very still and whisper, "Heavens to Betsy! Oh, my blessed aunt!" and similar mild profanities expressing his adoration. The huckleberry conflagration was a unique experience; he ran out of whisper words.

The Saturday Evening Post, © 1958 The Curtis Publishing Company in U.S. and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Title registered in U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries.

Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Second-class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction articles are fictitious. Any resemblance to a living person is a coincidence.

Subscription Prices: U.S., U.S. Possessions and Canada, 1 Yr., $6; 2 Yrs., $10; 3 Yrs., $14; 4 Yrs., $18. Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and South America (except the Guianas)—1 Yr., $8. All other countries, 1 Yr., $11. Remit by Money Order or Draft on a bank in the U.S. payable in U.S. Funds. All prices subject to change without notice.

Unconditional Guaranty. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed.

How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47–59 or May 23, 1959; 23–60 or December 3, 1960.

The Curtis Publishing Company, Robert E. MacNeal, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Benjamin Allen, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Circulation; Donald M. Hobart, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Research; Edward C. Von Tress, Sr. Vice Pres. and Director of Advertising; Brandon Barringer, Treasurer; Robert Gibbon, Secretary; Peter E. Schruth, Vice Pres. and Advertising Director of The Saturday Evening Post. The Company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, and Holiday.

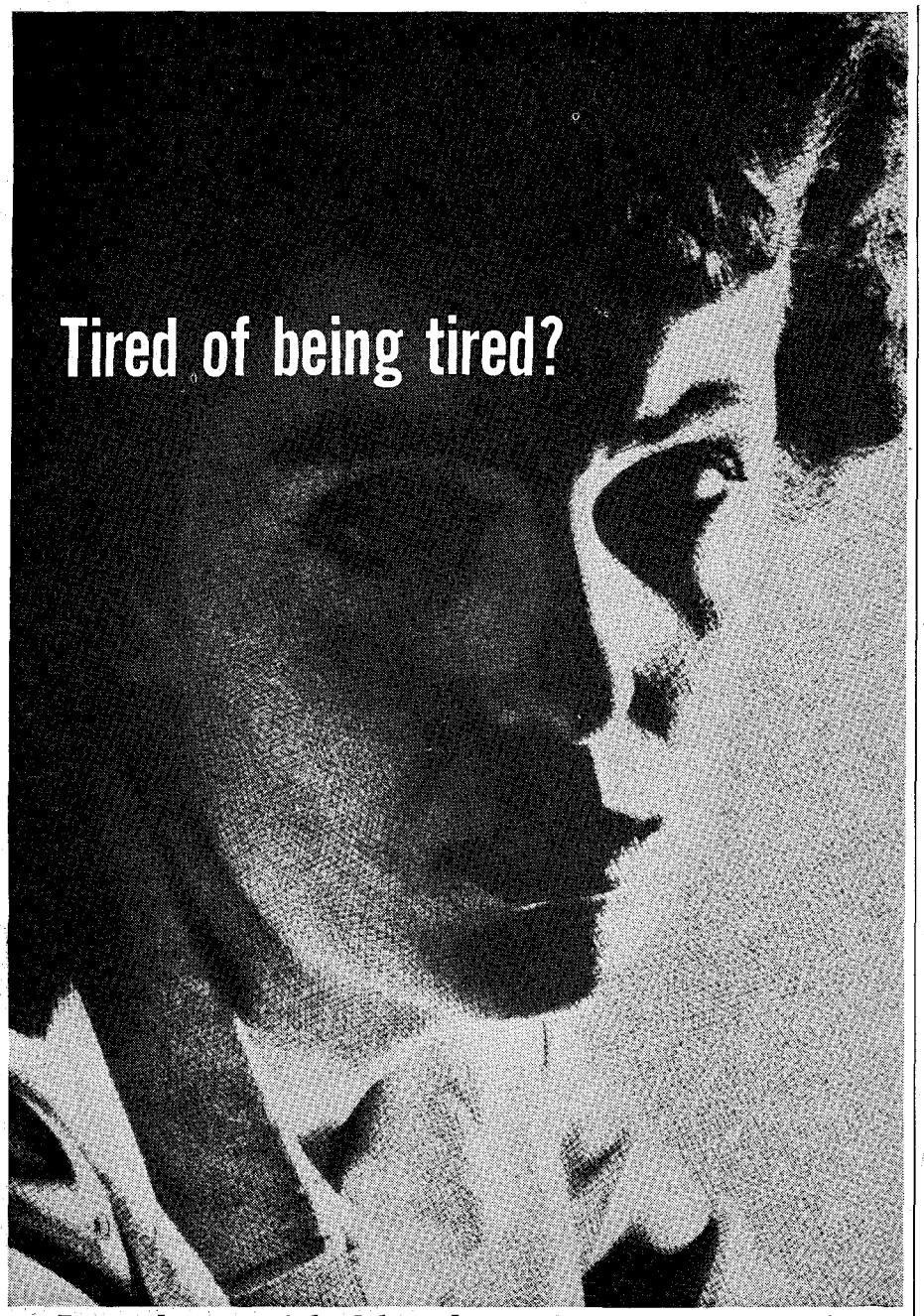
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send your new address at least 30 days before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Address

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

STOP!
BEFORE ADDING ANTI-FREEZE
PLAY SAFE WITH WARNER'S!
FIRST CLEAN YOUR RADIATOR WITH WARNER'S SPEED FLUSH! WORKS IN JUST 10 MINUTES!
SO YOU'LL NEVER LOSE YOUR ANTI-FREEZE PROTECTION, ADD WARNER LIQUID SOLDER NON-METALLIC, DEPOSITS TINY FIBERS TO REPAIR LEAKS!
WARNER
CLEANS
cooling systems in 10 minutes!
PREVENTS
leaks and loss of anti-freeze! Good for new cars too.
SPEED FLUSH
for cooling systems
LIQUID SOLDER
for cooling systems
$1.00
$1.00
HEAVY-DUTY COOLING SYSTEM CLEANER
FOR AUTOMOBILES, TRUCKS AND TRACTORS
$1.50
CLEANS
A heavy duty cleaner.
At your Service Station, Garage or Auto Supply Store
WARNER-PATTERSON CO. · 600 S. Michigan · Chicago 5
Warner-Patterson Company of Canada, Limited · Toronto 2, Ontario

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Is undernourished blood causing your fatigue?

FOR BETTER HEALTH

Bexel guarantees vitamin insurance

Bexel Special Formula Capsules contain five times the daily requirement of iron you must have to build rich, red blood. This is a high potency formula—packed with vitamins and minerals you need every day for better health. So play safe!

Take Bexel vitamins every day. It's a sensible way to help insure bountiful living, abundant vitality, not only for yourself, but for every member of your family. Bexel works around the clock to help you feel fit—costs only pennies a day.

Decide now! Try Bexel Special Formula Vitamin-Mineral Capsules for one month. It could be the most important decision of your life! If you don't feel better—look better—a "new person"—your money will be refunded. If your trouble is functional, organic, or due to other causes see your doctor. Ask your druggist for Bexel Special Formula.

SPECIAL FORMULA VITAMIN-MINERAL CAPSULES

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

BETTER . . . BY McKESSON

Bexel

Letters

The Curse of Nonlaughter

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading, with approval, Corey Ford's article ARE YOU AFRAID TO LAUGH? in the Sept. 20 Post. His remarks about censorship are most timely, and I call to your attention an example in The Los Angeles Times. An unknown editor has deleted partially the name of one of the characters in Al Capp's comic strip, Li'l Abner, from "Lord Cesspool" to "Lord pool" [Below]. The resulting dialogue is unintelligible, but, presumably, Los Angeles kiddies are protected from "bad taste."

BRUCE BRADBURY
Los Angeles, Calif.

© 1958, UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE, INC.

● *United Feature Syndicate was responsible for the editing in all Li'l Abner's papers.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

Cry, and the world cries with you—laugh, and you laugh alone.

MRS. VALANTINA BLANZOLE
Blackwood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Let's all laugh and let laugh!

MRS. R. J. HOOD, JR.
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Ford says: ". . . there were a half-dozen publications (in America) devoted exclusively to comedy or satire: Life (the short but merry one), Judge, Puck, College Humor, Ballyhoo, Vanity Fair. Now with the exception of the New Yorker, which, after all, is only semicomic, there isn't one."

We, with our one million circulation and devoted readers everywhere, beg to differ.

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM
Art Director, MAD
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Corey Ford writes, "Joel Chandler Harris' gentle tales of Uncle Remus are out of circulation." Not so! *The Complete Tales of Uncle Remus* are very much in print on our list, and selling briskly. You just can't keep a good rabbit down.

AUSTIN OLNEY
Houghton Mifflin Co.
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Issue must be taken with Corey Ford's statement that political satire is extinct. Fletcher Knebel conducts a column in a large number of dailies, flaying both major parties with unbounded enthusiasm.

PHILIP G. KNAPP
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

In answer to Corey Ford's "Can you name a single newspaper with a daily column of humor?"—Yes! Bill Vaughan's "Starbeams" appears seven times weekly in the Kansas City Star.

KEN COSTELLO
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

Edward W. Chew's "Morning Musings" column in The [San Leandro] Morning News.

WILLIAM S. GAULT
San Leandro, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The Houston Post's "Post-Card" by George Fuermann.

MRS. R. B. CAMPBELL
Bellaire, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Art Buchwald, New York Herald Tribune.

J. T. S. KELLY
Alexandria, Va.

Dear Sirs:

"The Innocent Bystander" by Ollie M. James in The Cincinnati Enquirer.

J. W. SELLERS
Richmond, Ind.

The Curse of Conformity

Dear Sirs:

As an urban builder I share the sentiments expressed by Dr. Walter Gropius [Adventures of the Mind 10: THE CURSE OF CONFORMITY, Sept. 6] in his plea for a reawakening of creative capacities and individual diversity through independence of thought and action. . . .

You might be interested to know that the design philosophy of Dr. Gropius will, for the first time, be imprinted on the New York office-building sky line. My associates, Herbert and Stuart Scheftel and Alfred G. Burger, and I, have commissioned Dr. Gropius, his noted colleague, Dr. Pietro Belluschi [author of The Churches Go Modern, Oct. 4 Post.—Ed.] and Emery Roth & Sons to blend their creative genius in planning Grand Central City, the world's largest commercial office structure, which will rise directly behind Grand Central Terminal in mid-Manhattan.

The 50-story, 3,000,000-square-foot tower building will, within its vast complex, seek to accomplish the principles of sound urban planning and architectural harmony so eloquently espoused by Dr. Gropius.

ERWIN S. WOLFSON, *Chairman of the Board*
Diesel Construction Company, Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

If every American would read [the article] and take it to heart, perhaps we would find ourselves well along the road to recovery from the overwhelmingly materialistic and stiflingly technological age in which we find ourselves.

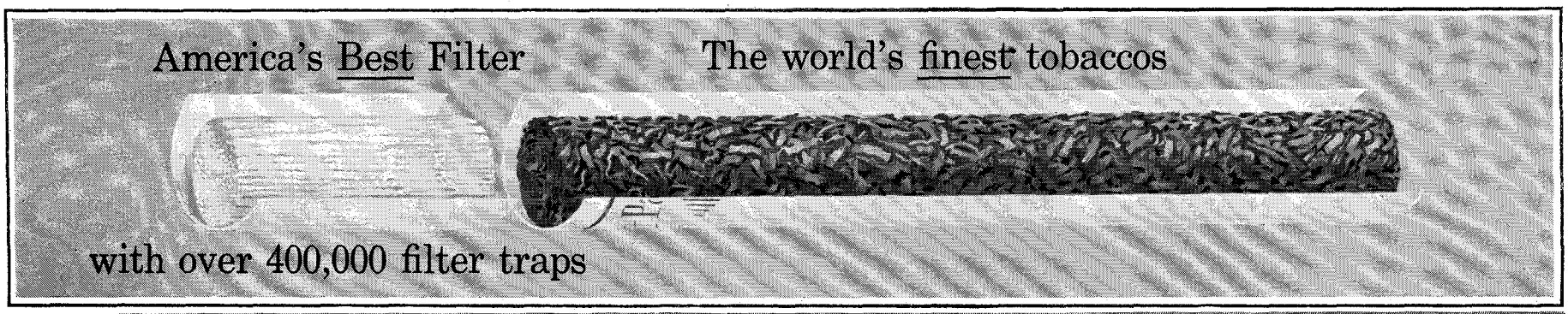
BRIAN D. ROGERS
Alfred Station, N.Y.

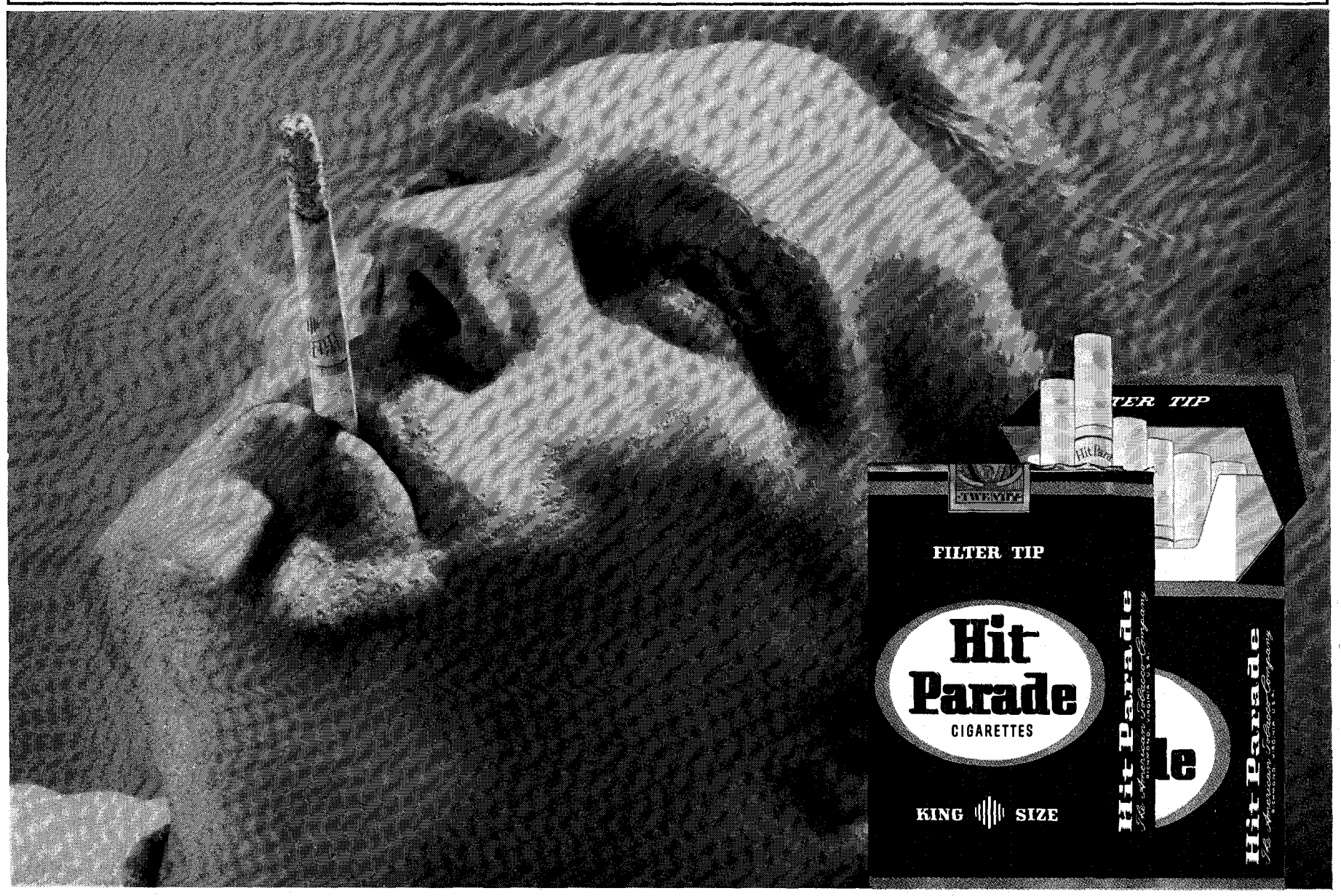
Dear Sirs:

"The Curse of Conformity" was g d, but why follow the crowd in using for a whipping boy the Puritans—who laid out the elm-lined (Continued on Page 6)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pleasure up your smoking with America's Best Filter! Enjoy <u>new</u> Hit Parade





The pleasure's all *yours* in new Hit Parade. For its remarkable filter, with over 400,000 filter traps, takes no flavor toll from the world's finest tobaccos. It draws freely . . . delivers deep, full smoking enjoyment. And test after test* proves that new Hit Parade outfilters all leading filter brands.

*By the entirely new and improved testing method of advanced accuracy that traps and weighs total smoke solids.

© A. T. Co. *Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"That's why more mothers give their children Borden's Milk," *says Elsie, the Borden Cow*

A long time ago, the people at Borden's made this solemn pledge. And to this day, Borden's Homogenized Vitamin-D Milk has *more than met* the highest standards of wholesomeness and purity.

Children love Borden's because it's the *best tasting milk*. And more mothers give their children Borden's Milk because they know this promise has been kept.

When it comes to milk for everyone in your family, better get Borden's . . . at your food store or from your Borden man.

If it's **Borden's** *it's got to be good!*

See Borden's TV show "Fury" over NBC.

©1958, The Borden Company

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

streets of Hingham and Deerfield and designed the houses, furniture, and other artifacts so sought after by modern lovers of beauty?

TRESCOTT T. ABELE
Pepperell, Mass.

● *Reader Abele is referring to Gropius' remark that "America's Puritan colonizers, in their preoccupation with the development of an* ethical *code, paid little attention to the development of an* aesthetic *code." —ED.*

"Dr. Myke's" Children

Dear Sirs:

Our whole family was thrilled to read Don Murray's excellent article [CHILDREN OF THE EMPTY WORLD] about Dr. Helmer R. Myklebust, Director of Northwestern University's Institute for Language Disorders in Children, in your September 13 issue. As the mother of a son who, under Dr. Myklebust's understanding guidance, has recovered from expressive aphasia, and as a teacher who recognizes that children with language difficulties are being overlooked in our public schools, I am so gratified that Dr. Myklebust's magnificent work is finally receiving public attention. . . .

My husband and I can never repay Dr. Myklebust for giving our son a future.

MRS. JACK C. MOTT
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Your meticulous concern for definitiveness and accuracy was deeply appreciated by us all.

"DR. MYKE"
[HELMER R. MYKLEBUST, *Director, Institute for Language Disorders*] *Evanston, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Long before Dr. Myklebust did any work on the aphasic child, great strides and progress in that field had already been accomplished by The Central Institute for the Deaf in St. Louis. . . .

It has been stated by those competent enough to make comparisons, that the Central Institute's . . . training to be used in such cases not only antedated Myklebust's work by many years but has proven far more successful.

JEROME GOLDMAN
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

The philosophy and method of these two programs differ radically but they each have had astounding success.

MRS. H. A. HOWARD
Cleveland, Ohio

● *Many approaches are being tried in this relatively new field—and the pioneering work at The Central Institute for the Deaf is significant. Author Murray chose to concentrate on Doctor Myklebust's clinic at Northwestern, a clinic devoted exclusively to the treatment of childhood aphasia. —ED.*

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

Diefenbaker

Cockatoo

Low's Diefenbaker

Dear Sirs:

In your article entitled CANADA'S AMAZING PRIME MINISTER, August 30 issue, Milton MacKaye writes: "His center crest of curly gray hair amusingly resembles—as David Low, the British cartoonist, has noted—the topknot of a parakeet."

I think what was meant was the topknot of a cockatoo. A parakeet has a smooth crown.

Low's remark regarding Diefenbaker was quoted in the *Montreal Star* as: "Your Prime Minister hasn't had time to mature into a good political-cartoon subject. But his face is full of suggestions. He'll make a first-class caricature subject. He reminds me of a cockatoo."

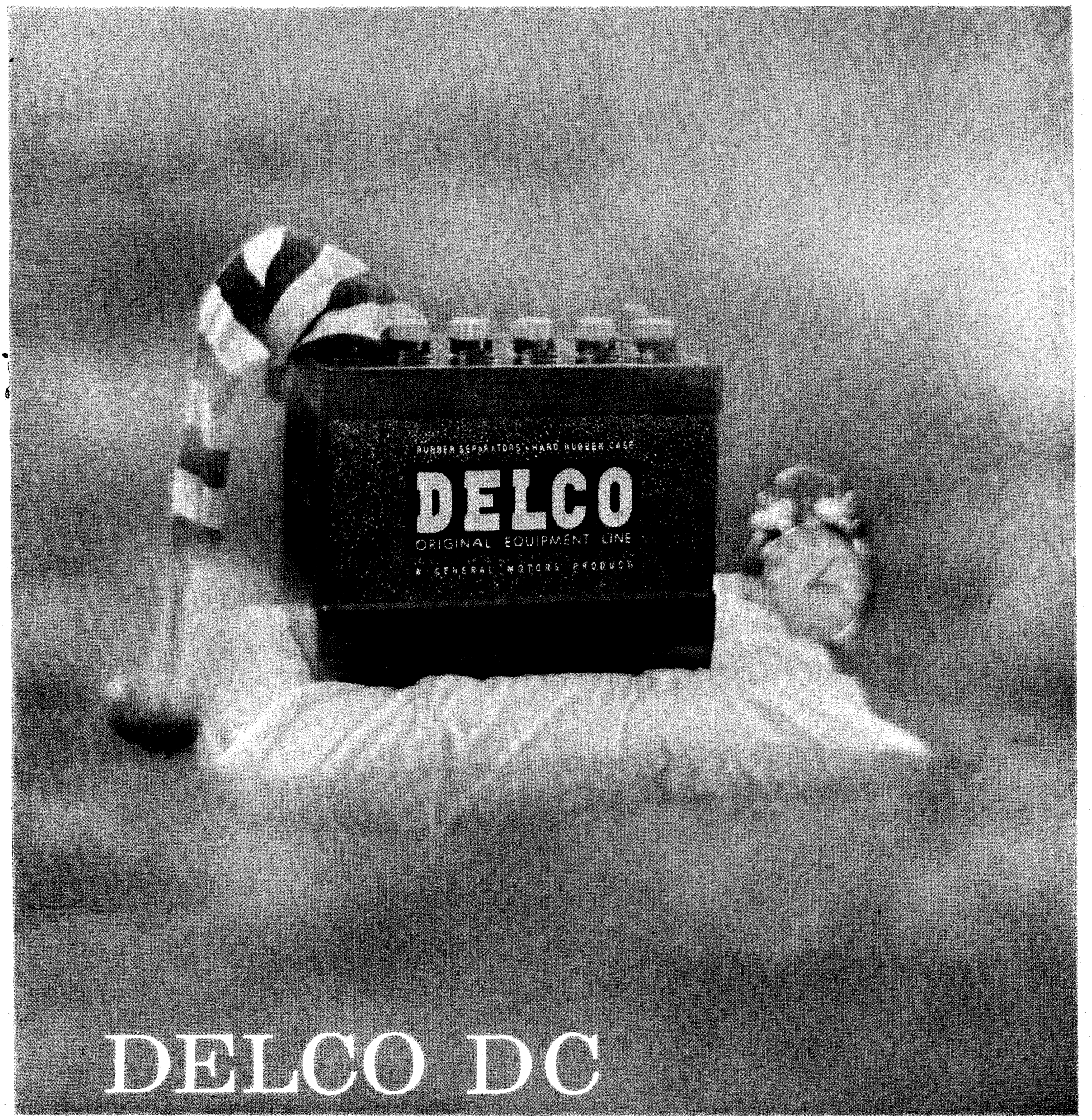
EILEEN GOODMAN
Montreal, Quebec

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Newton; Arthur W. Ambler, from National Audubon Society; David Low (World © by arrangement with The Manchester Guardian). • 23–Bill Shrout; United Press International. • 24–Sid Avery. • 25–Sid Avery; three by John R. Wells. • 26, 27–James R. Bingham. • 28, 29–Joern Gerdts. • 30, 31–Coby Whitmore. • 32, 33–Ivan Dmitri. 34, 35–Gus Pasquarella. • 36–Fred Otnes. • 37–Wide World; George X. Sand; Sidney Latham from Monkmeyer. • 38–Ollie Atkins. • 39–Ollie Atkins; United Press International; Ollie Atkins. • 40, 41–James R. Bingham. • 42–Wide World; New York Daily News; Jacob Lofman; United Press International. • 43–Larry Kritcher. • 44, 45–Frank Ross. • 49–Stan Galli. • 136–Peter A. Juley & Son; Earl Leaf; Ben Hibbs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



DELCO DC

the dry charge battery that sleeps until it's sold

Every ounce of energy that's saved while the Delco Dry Charge "sleeps" adds to its life after you buy it. You get more power, fresher power, longer lasting power. Good reason why Delco is America's No. 1 battery.

The amazing Delco DC is kept dry and dormant until the dealer adds fluid—then this power-saving battery leaps to life and is rarin' to go at a moment's notice. And you get *all the power you pay for*. More than that—you get a written warranty, even on the lowest priced Delco DC, that's backed by General Motors and good all over the United States and Canada, too. This is the same battery you've seen advertised on CBS Television—"High Adventure with Lowell Thomas," and heard about on CBS Radio—the Lowell Thomas Newscasts.

It's the Delco DC, the battery that saves itself for you, by sleeping till it's sold!

Quality built by Delco-Remy, distributed nationally through GM U-M-S PARTS SALES UNITED MOTORS SYSTEM *General Motors leads the way . . . Starting with Delco Batteries*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now there's a full series of elegant Impalas, including the new Sport Sedan shown here.

ALL NEW '59 CHEVROLET

It's shaped to the new American taste with a lean, clean silhouette, crisp new contours, beautifully restrained accents. It brings you more spaciousness and comfort with a new Body by Fisher. It has a bright new sheen—a new kind of finish that keeps its luster without waxing for up to three years. New bigger brakes. Vast new areas of visibility. New Hi-Thrift 6. New handling ease and road steadiness. It's new right down to the tires!

Never before has an automobile manufacturer made such sweeping changes two years in a row. And never before has any car been new like this one.

The 1959 Chevrolet is *your* kind of car. Shaped to reward your new taste in style. Designed to anticipate your desire for greater roominess and comfort. Engineered to bring you greater safety, economy, ease of handling and smoothness of ride.

Chevrolet's new Slimline desig brings entirely new poise and pro portion to automobile styling. Inside the new and roomier Body by Fishe you'll find truly tasteful elegance And you'll see more through th new Vista-Panoramic windshield tha curves overhead. It's more than 5 per cent larger!

There's much, much more. A new steering ratio makes handling easier New suspension engineering give

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

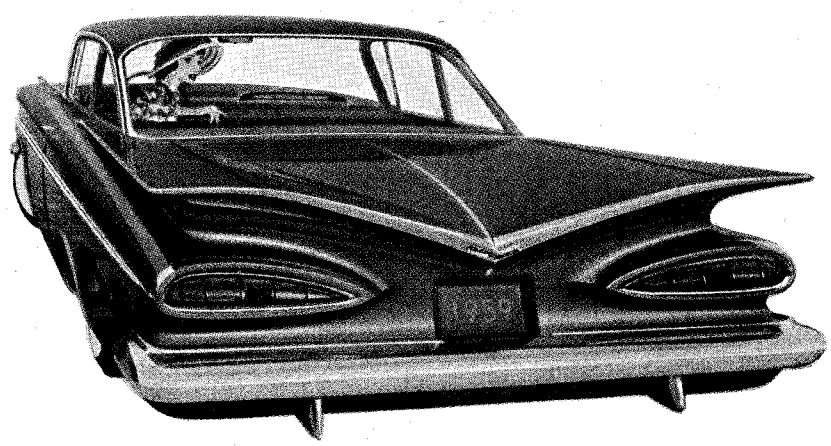
ALL OVER AGAIN!

u a more stable ride. (Level Air spension* is now even softer!) ıere's a sweet new edition of ırboglide*. A new Hi-Thrift 6 at goes and goes on a gallon. New fety-Master brakes. And with all at's new, you'll find those fine old ıevrolet virtues of economy and acticality. See this fresh new ıevy at your Chevrolet dealer's. . Chevrolet Division of General otors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost*

CHEVROLET

What America wants,
America gets in a Chevy!



The new Bel Air 2-Door Sedan—like all '59 Chevies—rolls on stronger, safer Tyrex cord tires.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

Integration is Going to be a Slow Process

President Eisenhower lost his stripes with the extremists in the integration battle when he said, in one of his press conferences, that he favored a slower pace for racial integration. "We have got to have reason and sense and education—if this process is going to have any real acceptance in the United States," he said. As the resistance in the South indicates, the President's analysis was entirely correct. For the carrying out of a social change as revolutionary, although in the long run inevitable, as this, gradualness, as the late G. Bernard Shaw used to say, is essential.

The colored people and many of their supporters, particularly among "liberal" groups, want most of all to win. They have the Federal courts on their side and few of them see any reason why every American school, regardless of geography, should not immediately include white children and colored children. In New York, the N.A.A.C.P. exerts pressure on the school authorities to transport children outside their neighborhoods to bring this about. In the long run, however, this is not likely to happen in many communities, because children normally go to school in the neighborhoods where their parents live.

Nobody can blame the Negroes, after years of enforced social inferiority, for whooping it up when the Supreme Court declares that their children can go to the same schools that white children attend, a privilege which they have a moral and legal right to enjoy. But the first flush of victory may prove more exhilarating than its eventual fruits. The experience of Washington, D.C., where thousands of white children have deserted the public schools for private ones, suggests that court decisions cannot change things overnight.

The white people in the Southern states, and to a considerable degree with support from other sections of the country, feel themselves under siege. Having worked out a system of educating Negroes which was accepted as constitutional for at least sixty years, they are expected to abolish it. This demand comes, not after the adoption of a constitutional amendment, or even a Federal statute, but in a decision by the Supreme Court of the United States, which seems to Southern people to ignore constitutional arguments in favor of sociological doctrines. The challenge to local authority over matters long considered of local concern is a "firebell in the night" in the South.

So "the South says never," without stopping to ask itself whether in the long run anything as disastrous as it has been anticipating is likely to happen. Curiously enough, one Southern city which was willing to make the integration experiment in a limited way has had to bear the brunt of liberal and antisegregationist abuse. But Little Rock had proposed a plan for limited integration which, had Governor Faubus managed to hold his horses, might have worked, or at least taken the heat off for a time. Few other Southern communities have moved as far as Little Rock tried to move, and, as the bitterness increases, few will change their minds.

The usually "liberal" Washington Post recently pointed out that a workable solution lay not in "massive integration," but in some sort of plan which would "remove the stigma of segregation based on race and still result in relatively little mixing." If President Eisenhower's advice could be taken, partisans on both sides of the fence would have an opportunity to decide whether the practical issues, as opposed to the emotional issues, are worth so much furious controversy.

The U.S.A. Can't Surrender its Rights in the Panama Canal

Agitation in the Republic of Panama over the status of the Canal Zone features two claims: (1) "The Canal is ours!"; and (2) Panama and the United States are equal partners in the Canal, and should therefore split its gross revenues fifty-fifty, while we meet all expenses.

In this country, some voices, notably Mr. James Warburg's, have been raised to suggest that we should internationalize the Canal, to set a good example to Colonel Nasser.

None of these proposals makes sense. There is no legitimate comparison between the position of the American Government at Panama and that of the Suez Company in Egypt. As Congressman Flood (D., Penna.) has pointed out in several speeches, the Canal Zone is "constitutionally acquired territory of the United States." While the British Government owned 43.75 per cent of the Suez Company, and its administration was largely French, the company was an Egyptian enterprise, operating on a one-hundred-year lease, when Nasser expropriated it.

Our treaty of 1903 with the Republic of Panama gave us sovereign rights over a strip of land ten miles wide across the Isthmus. The stated purpose of the grant was that we might build, maintain, operate and defend an interoceanic canal, and the grant was perpetual.

We undertook to pay the Republic of Panama $10,000,000 in 1903, and an annuity thereafter. The payments have been increased several times, and now stand at about $1,900,000. It is conceivable that this will be increased but the notion that Panama can rightfully claim a half share of the tolls is ridiculous. Yet it was put forward by the Deputy Foreign Minister of Panama, who now occupies a professor's chair at the University of Panama, where he instructs students in the fancied rights for which they riot periodically.

Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State in 1923, made this statement to the Minister from Panama, when he raised the question of sovereignty in the Canal Zone: "It is an absolute futility for the Panamanian Government to expect any American Administration, no matter what it is, any President or any Secretary of State, ever to surrender any part of those rights which the United States has acquired under the Treaty of 1903."

Considerations of international law and hemisphere security make the Hughes declaration of 1923 even more valid today.

Next Move for Our Ex-Urbanites: a Cut-Rate Castle in Spain!

Back in the '20's, when anyone mentioned an American expatriate, he was usually talking about a type that approximated an F. Scott Fitzgerald character at the Ritz bar, or a bearded painter in Montparnasse. According to John C. Tysen, president of an international real-estate firm, Previews, Inc., the '50's have produced a brand-new and different crop of expatriates.

They are rebels against the high cost of living. Previews' American customers have found that it costs less to buy and maintain a European château or even a castle on the Mediterranean coast than it does to keep up a four-bedroom ranch house in the New York suburbs. Overseas sales by Previews, Inc., which have jumped 3 per cent over last year, now account for 8 per cent of the firm's total business; they have sold such bargains as a seventeen-room villa in Southern Spain for $15,000. A house like it here, they estimate, would cost $45,000.

It isn't only well-to-do elderly persons who have decided to retire abroad. A fair number of the new expatriates are men under forty-five who prefer to live in a Mediterranean villa while doing, say, free-lance advertising work or collecting dividends on American securities.

According to the president of Previews, Inc., "It's almost impossible to spend as much as $300 a month in many sections of Europe. Less than that amount is required by many young couples to buy food and clothing for a family of three and to maintain an eight-room home with two servants. Cooks and maids are about eight dollars a week."

This new group of American expatriates have found a way to have their cake and eat it too. But the rest of us are compelled to stay at home, with our high taxes, inflated prices and eight-dollar-a-day (not week) cleaning women, and like it! And, in spite of all we've read about châteaux and castles, there's a lot to be said for life in the U.S.A.

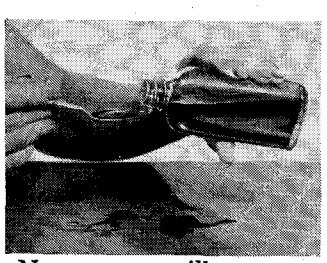
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For fast relief of cough and cold miseries

Candettes® cough-jel

New way to cough relief

Just a squeeze of the handy tube, a swallow of the delicious Jel, and the child's throat is coated with soothing medication. *"Specific Cough Control" action brings relief in minutes.*



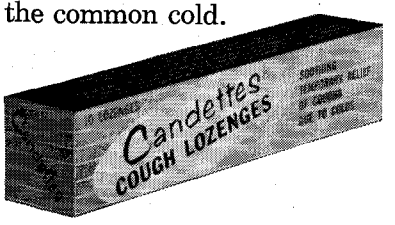
Now . . . no spill, no mess

CANDETTES COUGH-JEL is the modern answer to annoying coughs due to the common cold. It's easy to use—simply squeeze the Jel into a teaspoon. No fuss, no mess, no spill. Children love to swap the "medicine taste" of old-fashioned cough liquids for the taste-treat of delicious raspberry flavored CANDETTES COUGH-JEL.

Adults, too, like the CANDETTES COUGH-JEL way of checking coughs. Keep a tube handy in your medicine cabinet, office desk—it is at home wherever you go.

CANDETTES
COLD TABLETS

For relief of nasal congestion, headaches, aches and pains of the common cold.

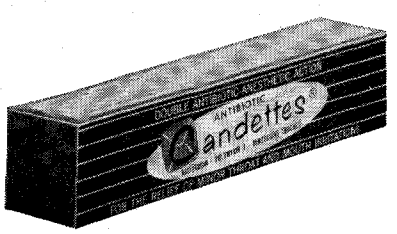


CANDETTES
COUGH LOZENGES

The fast, convenient way to soothing cough relief, at work or play.

CANDETTES
COUGH SYRUP

Quickly clears up nasal stuffiness as it helps relieve cough.



CANDETTES
ANTIBIOTIC TROCHES

For temporary relief of minor sore throats.

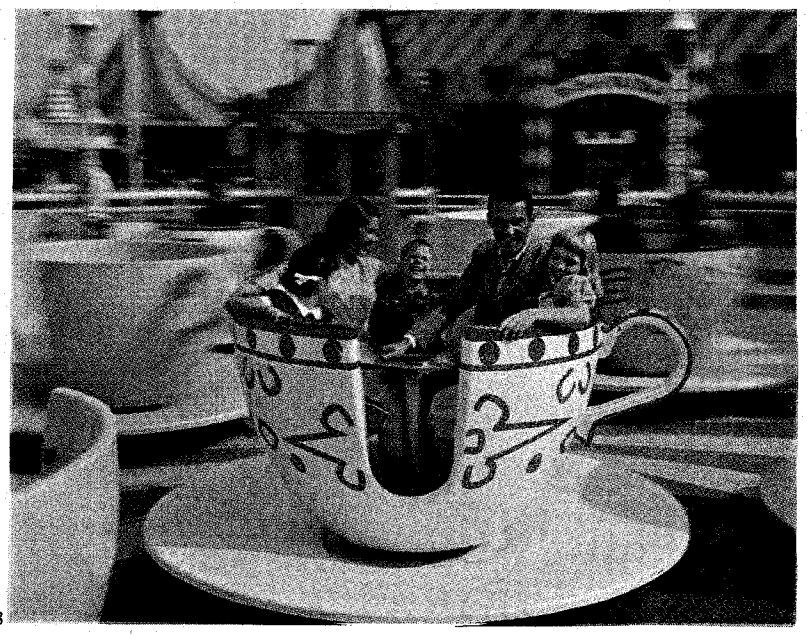
All fine Candettes products are available at your drug store

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

These color photos of INA's Family with a Future were taken at world-famous Disneyland in California. INA maintains the visitor's information center there. Earlier this year, INA brought many families to Disneyland to exchange views on security in family life. The carefree feeling Disneyland gives visitors is just what Insurance by North America brings to families everywhere.

NEW PAY-BY-THE-MONTH IDEA

makes the complete protection of



© W.D.P. 1958

To go places and do things and live in the modern American way, your family needs *complete* modern insurance protection.

For many, this has meant big annual insurance payments, due at awkward times. But now you can s-p-r-e-a-d the payments for *all* your INA insurance evenly through the year.

All you do is open an account through your nearby INA agent. From the moment you write your first check—even though it's only a small *partial* payment—INA gives your family the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INA family insurance far easier to afford

complete protection that makes you feel truly secure and carefree.

Every benefit in the well-known INA policies listed on the right can be yours immediately with this pay-as-you-go plan.* All the economies of INA's "packaged protection" are yours. All the strength and safety of Insurance Company of North America, founded in 1792, stand behind you. And this protection is so simple to buy and pay for by the month. Your INA agent —or your broker—is as near as your telephone.

Your one small monthly check pays for any combination of this INA protection:

HOMEOWNERS & TENANTS policy protects home and contents against fire, windstorm, theft, liability and other risks at a substantial saving in cost.

FAMILY ACCIDENT & SICKNESS policy provides: an income if head of family is disabled; a sum for accidental death. Pays most normal *and major* medical and surgical costs for all the family.

FAMILY AUTOMOBILE policy provides *all* important coverages for car and occupants.

LIFE INSURANCE policies provide a full range of protection for any and all members of the family.

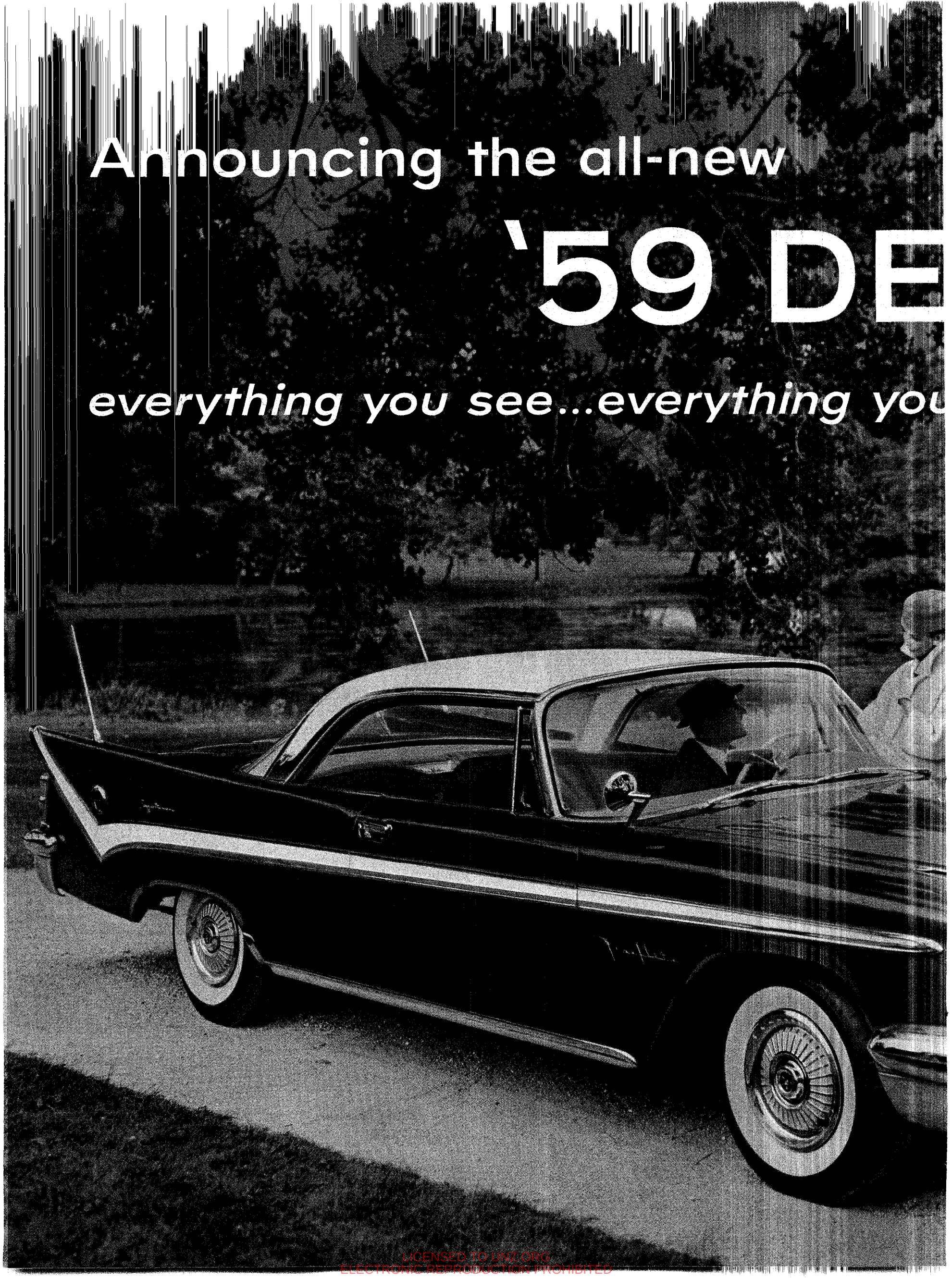
** Sorry—not yet in Ohio or Virginia*

INSURANCE BY NORTH AMERICA

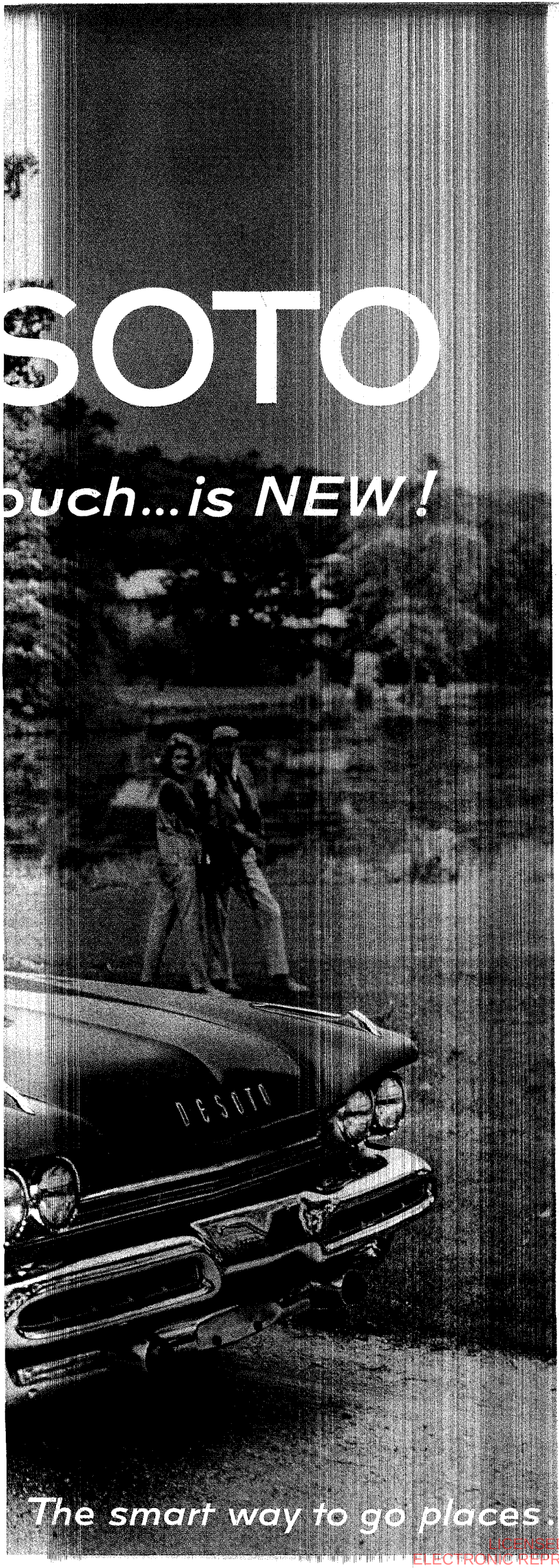
INA

Insurance Company of North America · Indemnity Insurance Company of North America · Life Insurance Company of North America · Philadelphia

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW SPORTS SWIVEL SEATS

1929 1959

A GENERATION OF FINE CARS

New Adventurer Engine
New Level-Cruise Ride
New Swivel-Seat Comfort
New Flair-Stream Beauty

Wherever you look, you'll see something smart and new in the exciting '59 De Soto. New style outside, new elegance inside, new power under the hood.

NEW ADVENTURER ENGINE. Now pick the all-new De Soto engine right for *you*. There are mighty Turboflash V8's that pour out smooth, economical power with a whisper. Or choose the fabulous Adventurer engine with twin four-barrel carburetors for the finest power performance on the road. Adventurer engines optional on *all* models.

NEW LEVEL-CRUISE RIDE. Automatic load leveling now optional with famous *Torsion-Aire* suspension. This *exclusive* Chrysler Corporation engineering achievement, combined with De Soto's longer wheelbase and steadying weight, gives you America's *smoothest*, *safest* ride.

NEW SPORTS SWIVEL SEATS. Simply touch a lever in the new De Soto and your half of the front seat swings gently out. Enter, and it swings you in and locks in place.

NEW FLAIR-STREAM STYLING for 1959 makes De Soto the smart way to go places. Low center of gravity makes De Soto driving so much safer driving.

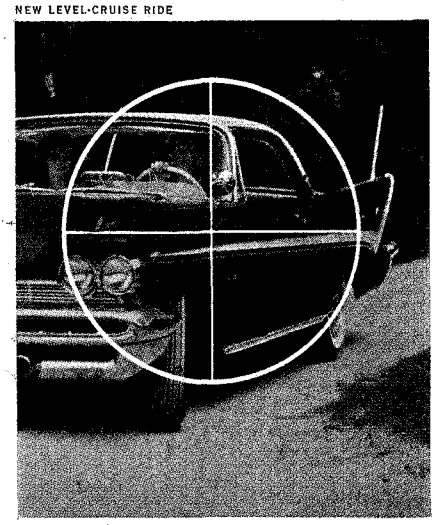
NEW FASHION-VOGUE INTERIORS. You get more headroom, leg room, shoulder room front and rear...and far greater visibility. Coachwork is tailored with smart nylon fabrics and rugged vinyl.

NEW ADVANCED FEATURES: new push-button heating, advanced push-button drive, new electric-eye rear-view mirror, new automatic headlight dimmer.

See the *very newest* at your De Soto dealer's today. And take your wife along. De Soto Division, Chrysler Corp.

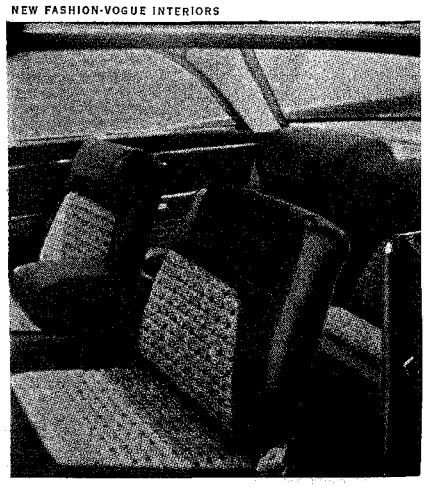
NEW ADVENTURER ENGINE

NEW LEVEL-CRUISE RIDE



NEW FLAIR-STREAM STYLING

NEW FASHION-VOGUE INTERIORS

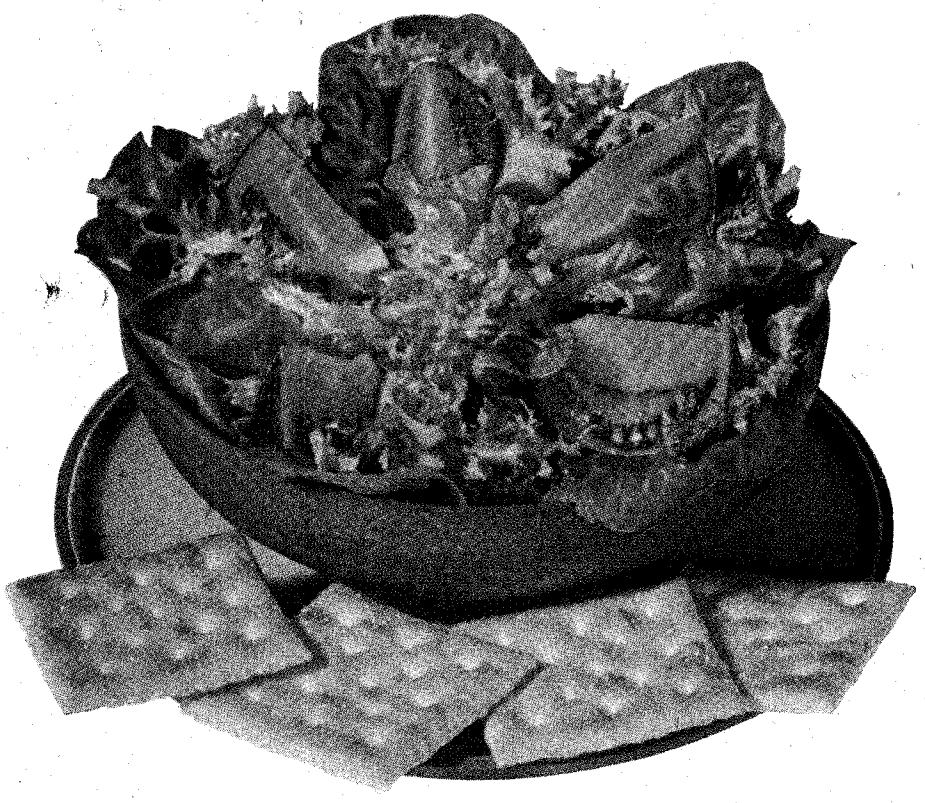


The smart way to go places... **DE SOTO**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NABISCO

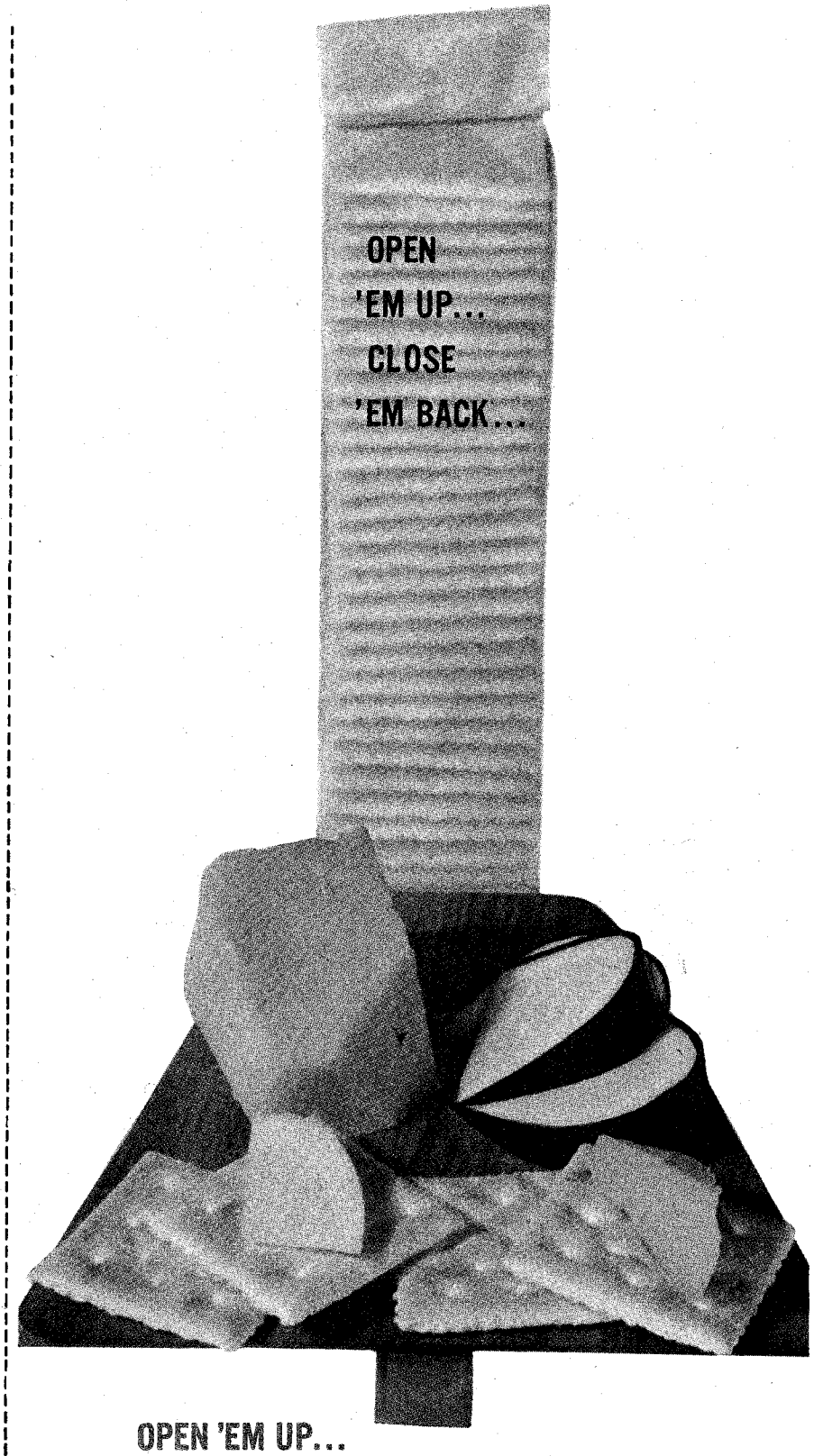
RECLOSABLE STACK PACKS KEEP



OPEN 'EM UP...

MONDAY 6:30 PM, DINNER

Serve Premium Saltines out of a Stack Pack with your crisp lettuce and tomato salad. Aren't they FRESH? GOLDEN GLOW, Nabisco's extra baking step, bakes crispness in. Now... CLOSE 'EM BACK!



OPEN 'EM UP...

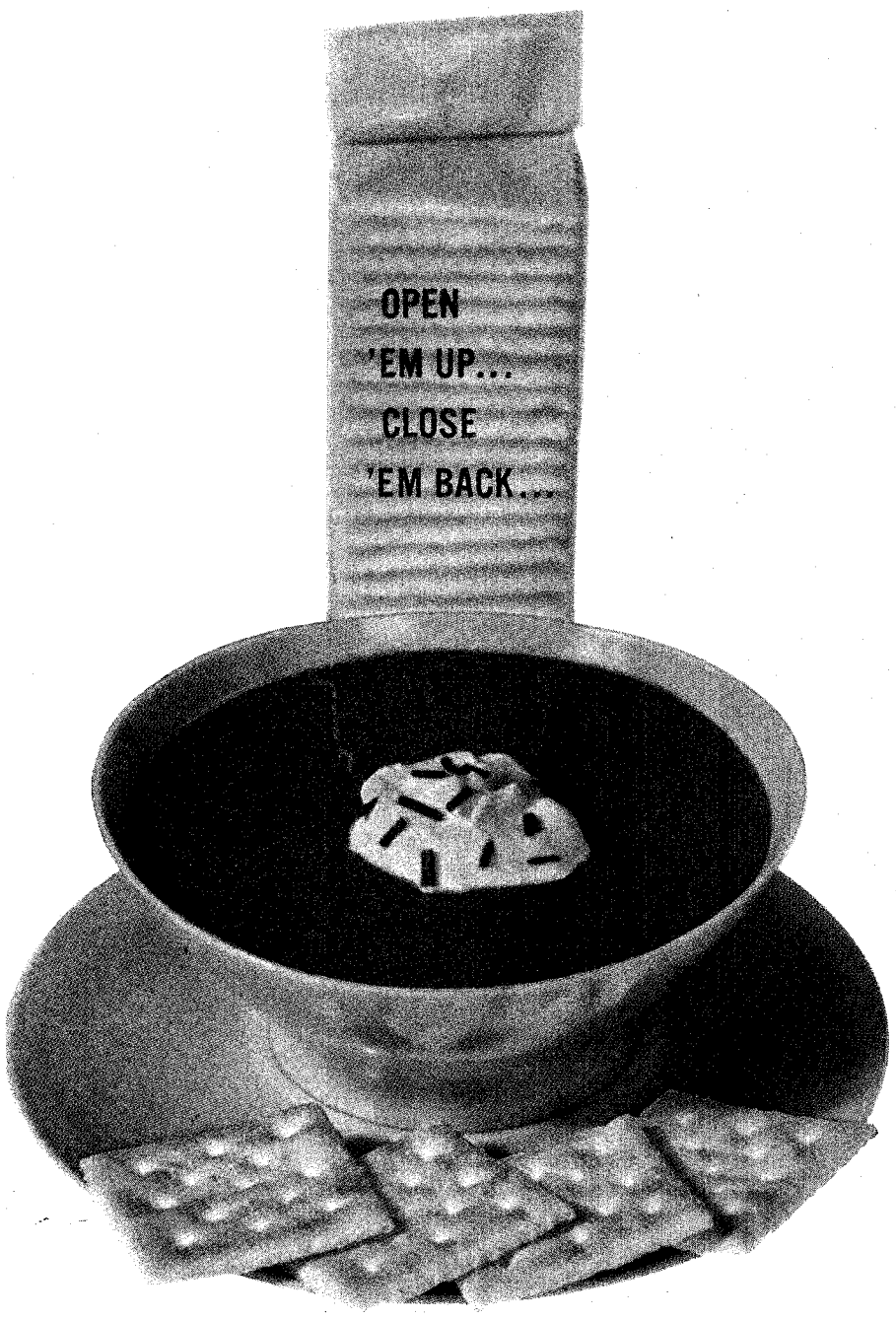
MONDAY 10 PM, SNACK

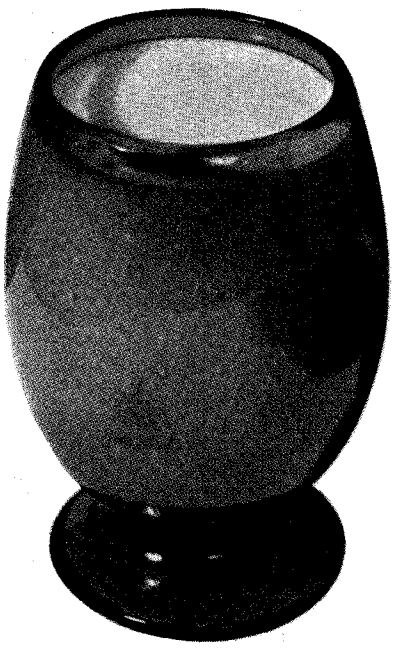
Re-open the Stack Pack, find Premium Saltines still FRESH. And they're stacked one by one, EASIEST TO GET OUT to go with slices of Cheddar, Edam and "store" cheese. Now... CLOSE 'EM BACK!

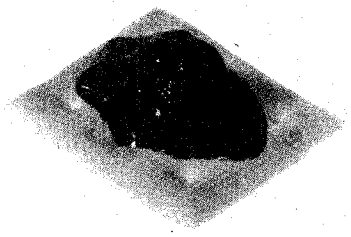
NO CRACKER BLOCKS TO BREAK APART... STACK PACKS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PREMIUM SALTINES CRISP TO THE VERY VERY VERY VERY LAST CRACKER







OPEN 'EM UP...

TUESDAY NOON, LUNCHEON

Hearty tomato soup, topped with sour cream and chives, calls for plenty of FRESH crackers. The four Stack Packs in every pound package are reclosable, so these are fresh as ever. Now... CLOSE 'EM BACK!

OPEN 'EM UP...

TUESDAY 3 PM, SCHOOL'S OUT

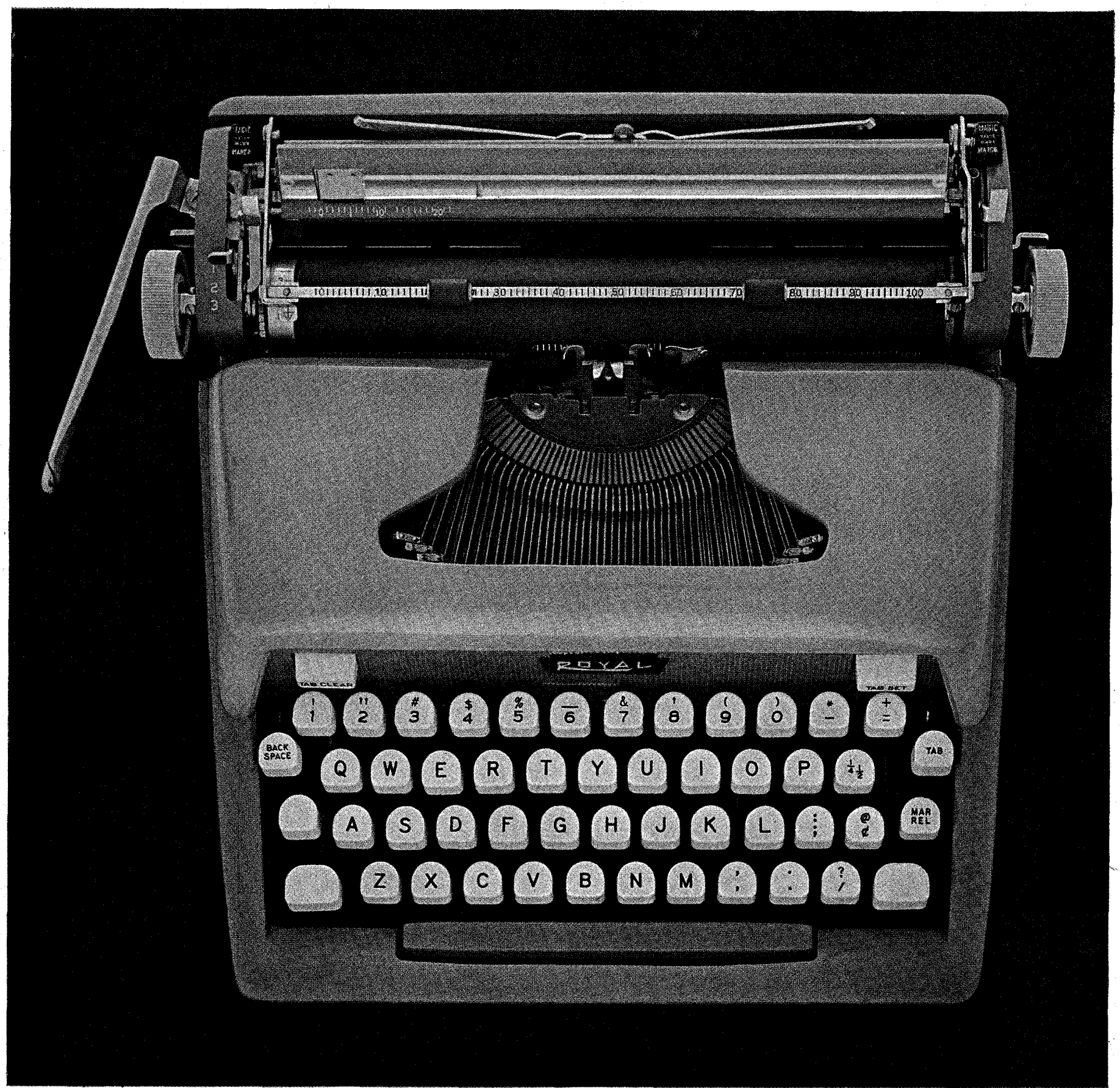
Time for jam and milk... and Premium Saltines, still fresh. Yes, inside wax-wrapped Stack Packs keep Premium FRESH — (unlike outside wax wrappers on other saltines). Now... TIME TO BUY MORE!

SERVE YOU PREMIUM ONE BY ONE!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROYAL DESIGNS A NEW



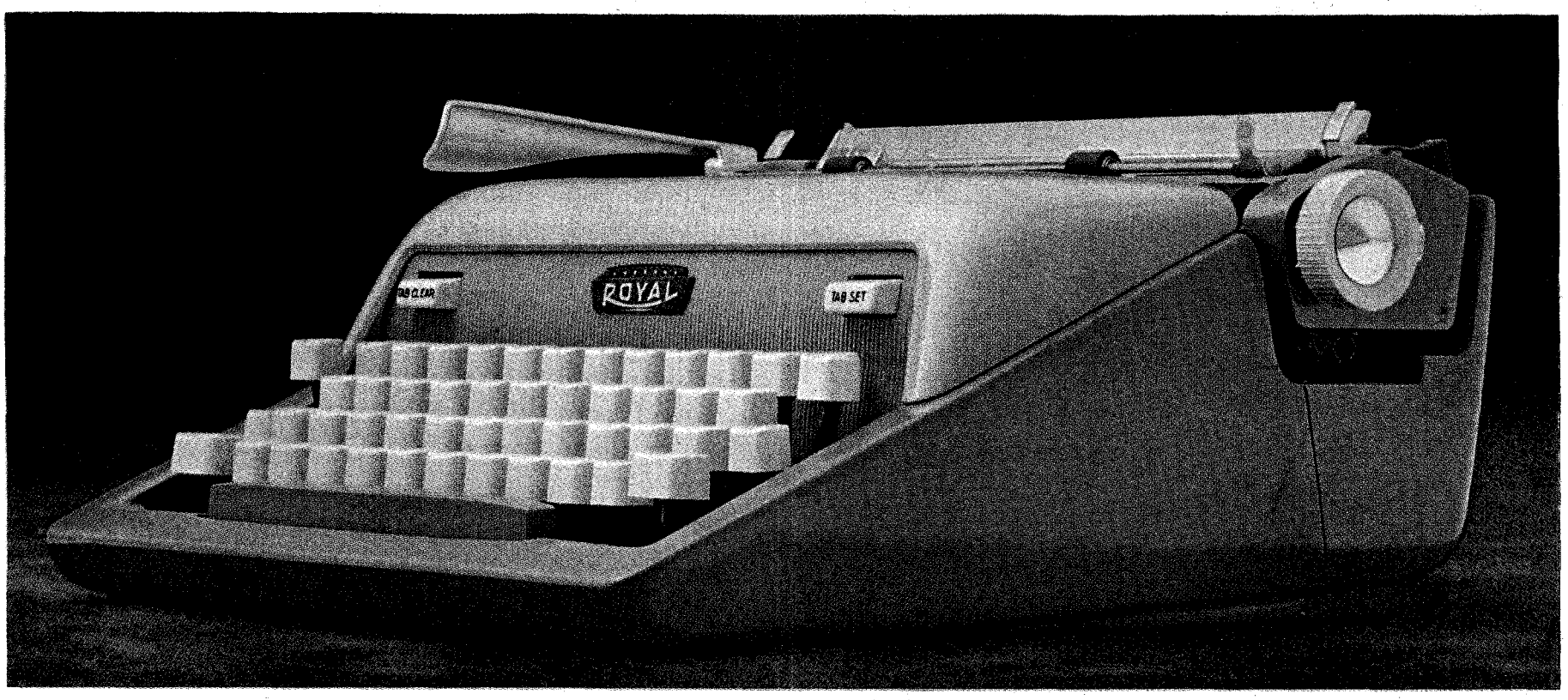
FROM KEYBOARD TO RIBBON, IT HAS ALL THE FEATURES OF A STANDARD OFFICE MACHINE!

the FUTURA

A PRODUCT OF ROYAL McBEE CORPORATION, WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF TYPEWRITERS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KIND OF PORTABLE



The first and only portable with ALL the practical convenience features of a standard office typewriter!

At last! A completely new portable . . . completely fitted with *all* the features of the best standard office typewriter.

Try the new FUTURA and see how smoothly and effortlessly you can type on (1) Royal's *full* standard keyboard with (2) finger-flow keys and (3) Royal's own comfortable keyboard slope. And see how easily you can tailor the keyboard to your own touch by simply moving (4) Royal's Touch Control® lever. Ribbon need changing? You do it in seconds with (5) exclusive Twin-Pak, without touching ribbon or smudging fingers. You set margins automatically with a flick of your finger on the (6) Magic® Margin button. You set the foolproof (7) Line Meter to show you how many lines are left at the bottom of your page. And when you want to tabulate columns of figures, you simply press the (8) Magic Column Set key. Add to all this . . . (9) one-piece, unitized construction . . . so rugged it can take all the pounding you can give it.

All these features combine to give you brilliant typing results that you would never expect from any portable typewriter.

Let your Royal Portable dealer show you the new FUTURA—beautifully styled in four gay colors. Go ahead and try it.

Also manufactured and sold in Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For 59, Ford presents the WORLD'S BEAUTIFULLY

These Fords you've got to try! The new Ford Fairlane 500 Club Victoria is shown below. And that's the new Sunliner above with Ford's styling inspiration, the 4-passenger Thunderbird. Across the page . . . the new Fordor Country Sedan.

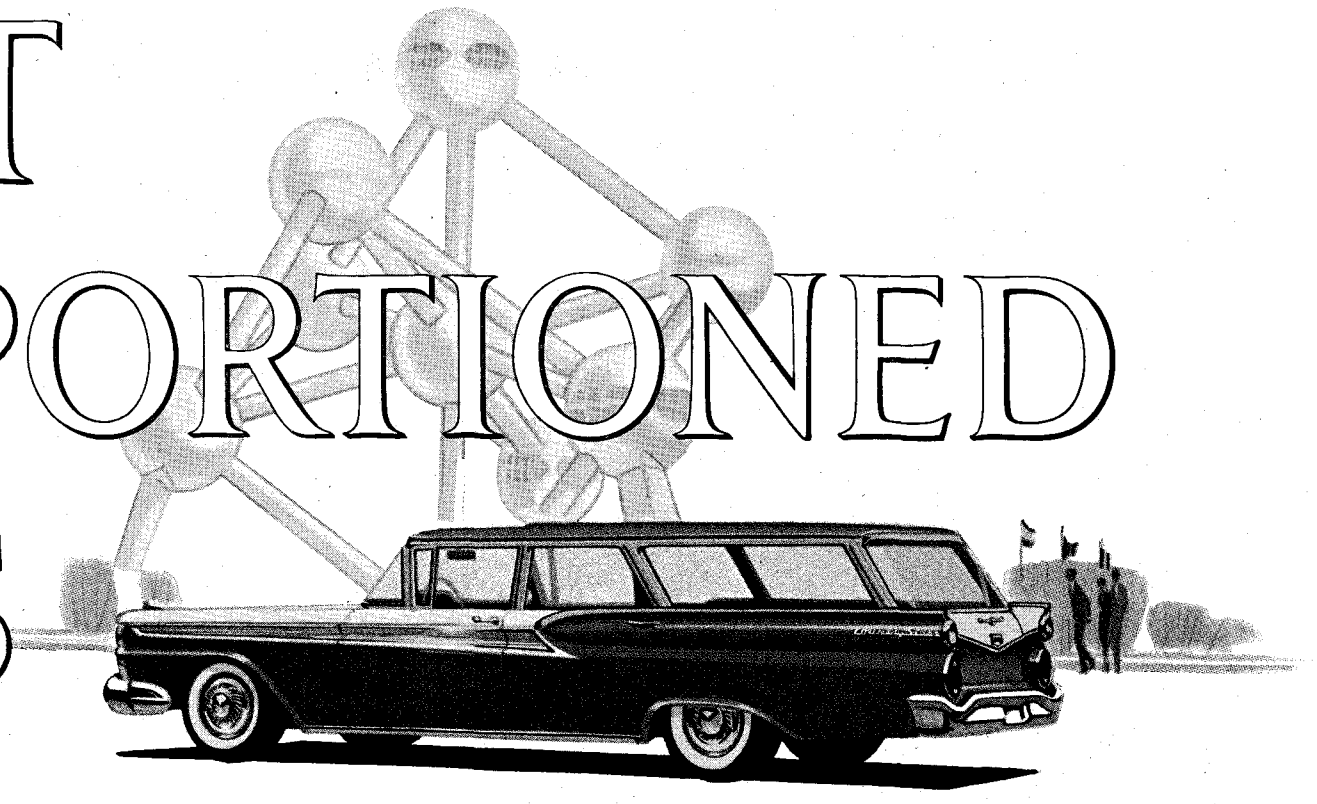
AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL
by the Comité Français de
L'Elégance, for beautiful
proportions—at the
Brussels World's Fair

the 59 FORDS

Get that NEW FORD FEELING

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOST PROPORTIONED CARS



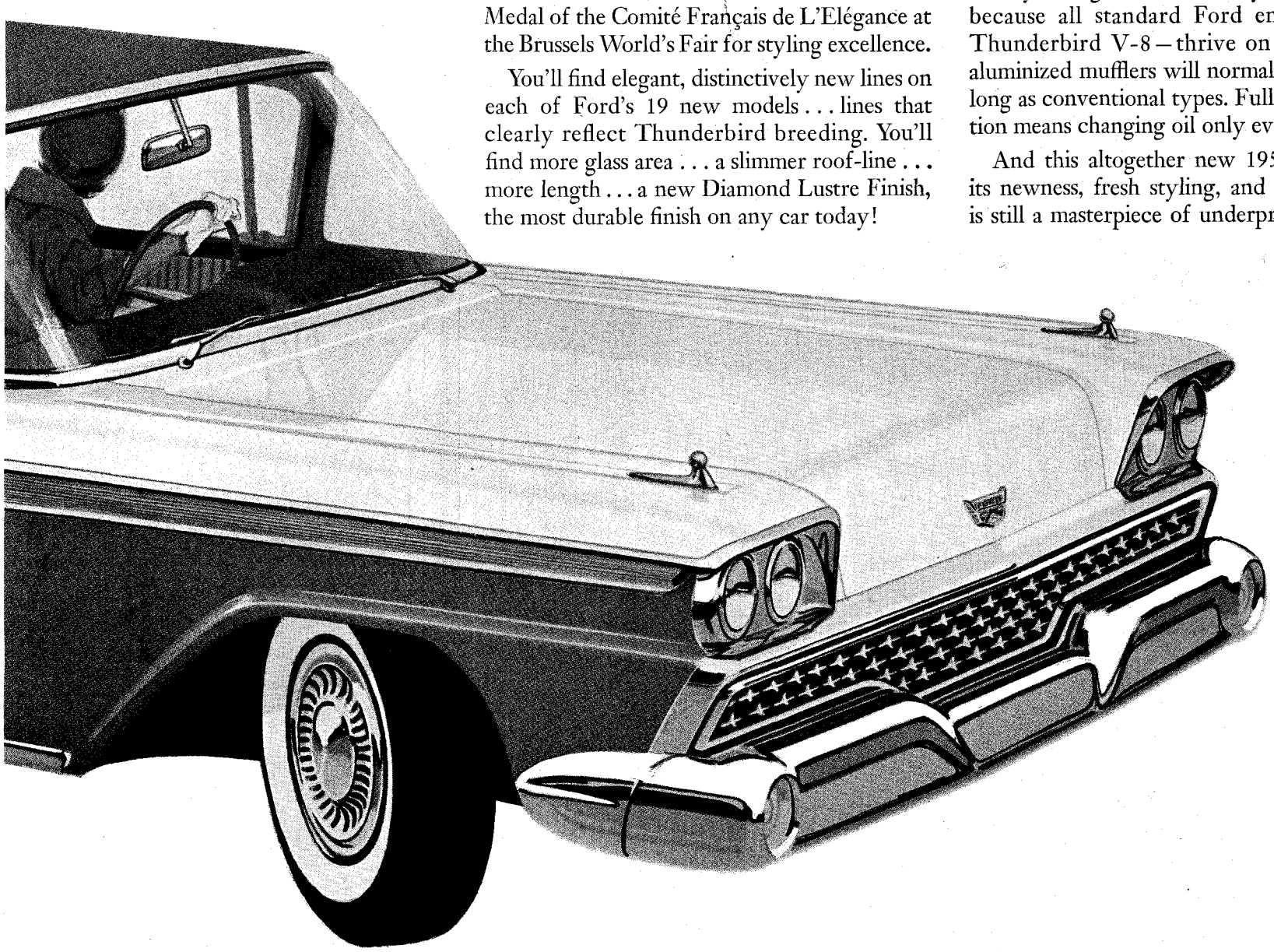
Altogether new in everything you see, feel or touch —with new economy for today's driving

Every so often a car is born so perfect in proportion that it is universally acclaimed a classic. Such a car is the 59 Ford . . . awarded the Gold Medal of the Comité Français de L'Elégance at the Brussels World's Fair for styling excellence.

You'll find elegant, distinctively new lines on each of Ford's 19 new models . . . lines that clearly reflect Thunderbird breeding. You'll find more glass area . . . a slimmer roof-line . . . more length . . . a new Diamond Lustre Finish, the most durable finish on any car today!

You'll get more responsive power at the speeds where you need it *most*—30 to 70 m.p.h. And you'll get the economy of *regular gas* because all standard Ford engines—Six or Thunderbird V-8—thrive on regular. New aluminized mufflers will normally last twice as long as conventional types. Full-flow oil filtration means changing oil only every 4000 miles.

And this altogether new 1959 car with all its newness, fresh styling, and true economy, is still a masterpiece of underpricing!



in the cars that bring Thunderbird elegance to the low-price field

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new!

These Sunsweet Prunes capture the flavor of freshness

A new exclusive SUNSWEET process makes them an exciting new taste sensation!

They're new! They're different! They taste better! They cook quicker! Just wait until you've tried them! These "New Process" Prunes bring you the fresh tangy flavor of the ripe fruit on the tree. They're tender and mellow . . . a treat to eat out of hand (for TV time, snack time, any time). A treat when they're cooked, too (ready in 10 minutes or less). You'll love 'em!

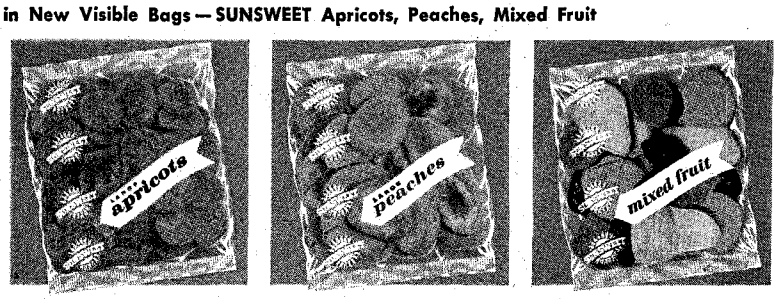
The pits are easy to remove when you want stuffed prunes. The meat is easy to clip into bits for your cakes and puddings. Handiest prunes you ever used.

These new prunes are packed in visible bags as shown. To be sure you get the true "New Process" SUNSWEET Prunes, look for the SUNSWEET name on the bag. Note the illustration.

Look for these new prunes at your grocer's.

READY TO EAT! QUICK AND EASY TO COOK!

Also **in New Visible Bags — SUNSWEET Apricots, Peaches, Mixed Fruit**



A SUNSWEET Fruit

Packed by the growers of the famous SUNSWEET carton prunes

SUNSWEET GROWERS INC., SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Staggering case loads of juvenile crime confront our judges, few of whom have special training. There is a dearth of programs to salvage the youngsters. But here's what some towns have done to establish

Better Courts for Kids

By RUTH and EDWARD BRECHER

Baton Rouge, La: Dr. Charles A. Feigley, a court psychiatrist, helps decide disposition of juvenile cases.

At a conference on juvenile delinquency, the sheriff of a small Minnesota county presented his views with vigor.

"Juvenile-court judges should stop coddling delinquents," he declared. "Lock 'em all up for a good long stretch. Teach them—and all the other kids—a lesson they won't forget."

After his talk, Juvenile Court Judge Thomas Tallakson, of Minneapolis, buttonholed the sheriff and asked: "Do you know how many boys we have in the Red Wing training school right now?"

"No."

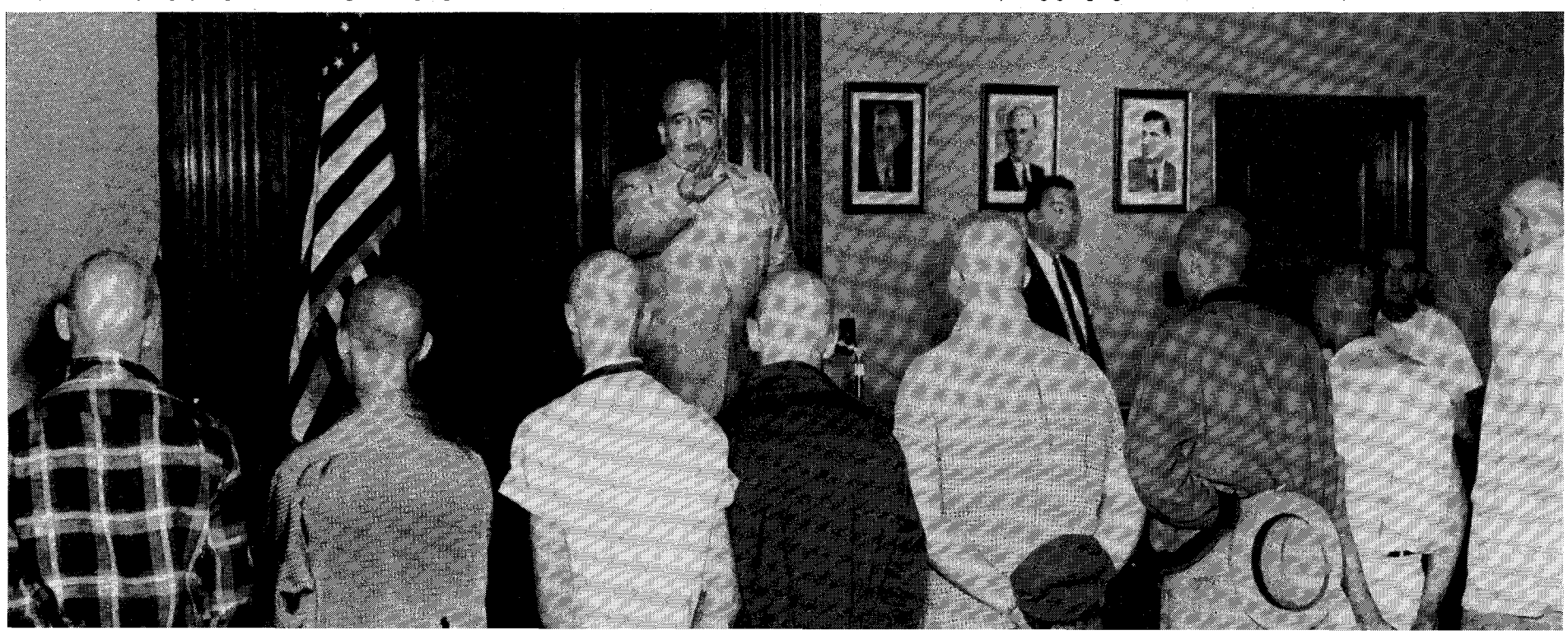
"More than five hundred. And do you know how many Red Wing has room for? Only about three hundred. Tell me, how many layers deep do you want us to pile them up?"

When Judge Tallakson related this incident to fellow judges at a recent convention, they all got the point. Almost everybody these days has a pet theory about handling the 500,000 boys and girls, aged six to sixteen or seventeen, who land in court each year for offenses ranging from mischief to murder. Many people, like the sheriff, believe that a "get tough" policy is a cure-all. But strangely enough, little attention has been paid to the counsels of the men who should know the most about the problem—the juvenile-court judges themselves, the men who must wrestle with those half million cases, one at a time, day after day, year after year.

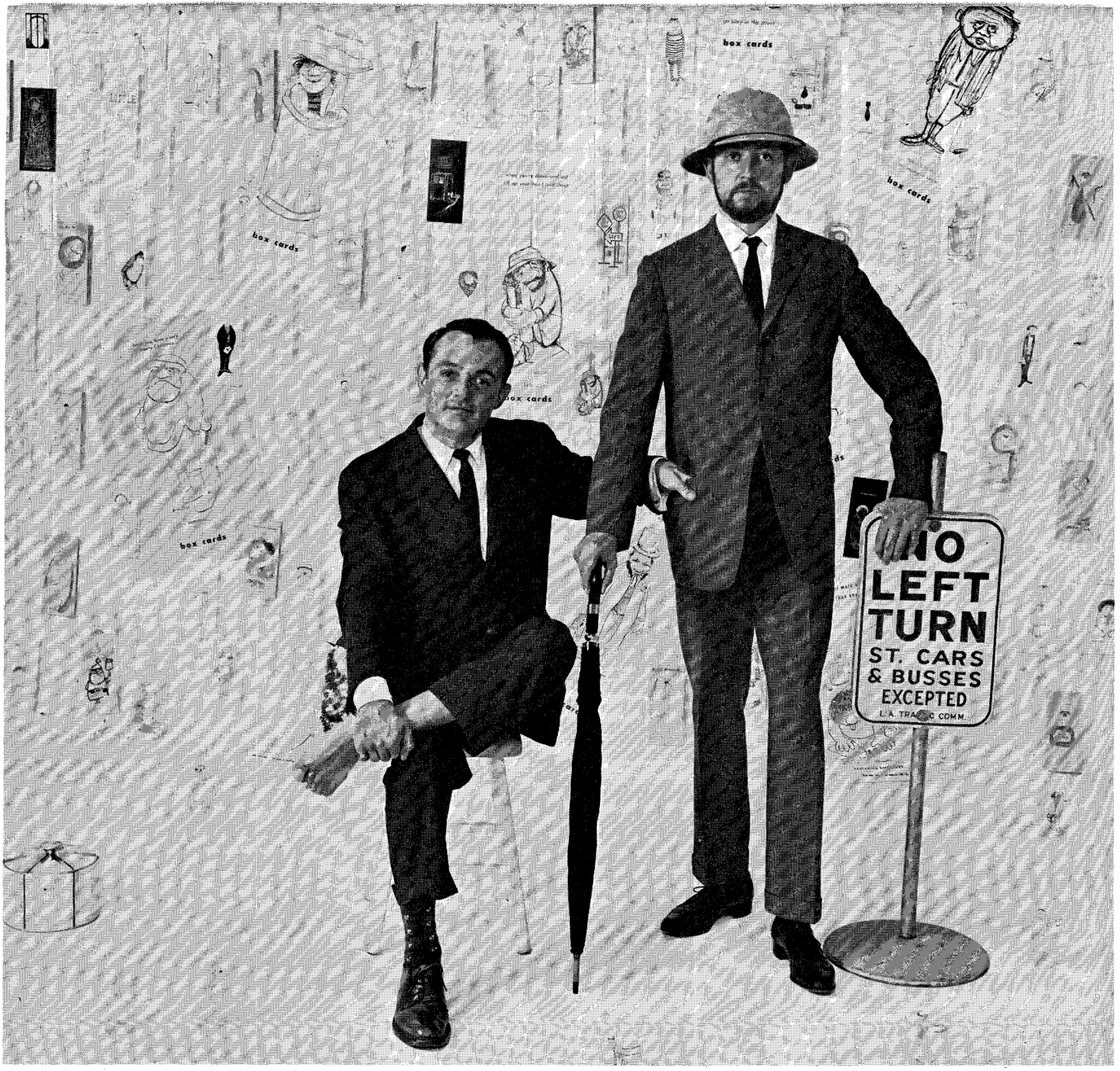
Those judges do have much to say that is worth while—especially the judges who have developed effective court methods for coping with youthful offenders in their own communities. Judge Joe W. Sanders, of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, is one, for example, who has learned from experience what it takes to make progress with the serious problem of juvenile delinquency.

Back in 1951, the Baton Rouge Parish Council established a commission to investigate what seemed (Continued on Page 128)

Gary, Indiana: Judge Joseph Meszar, improvising a primitive form of "rehabilitation," ordered shaved heads for these young gang fighters, in lieu of reformatory sentences.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



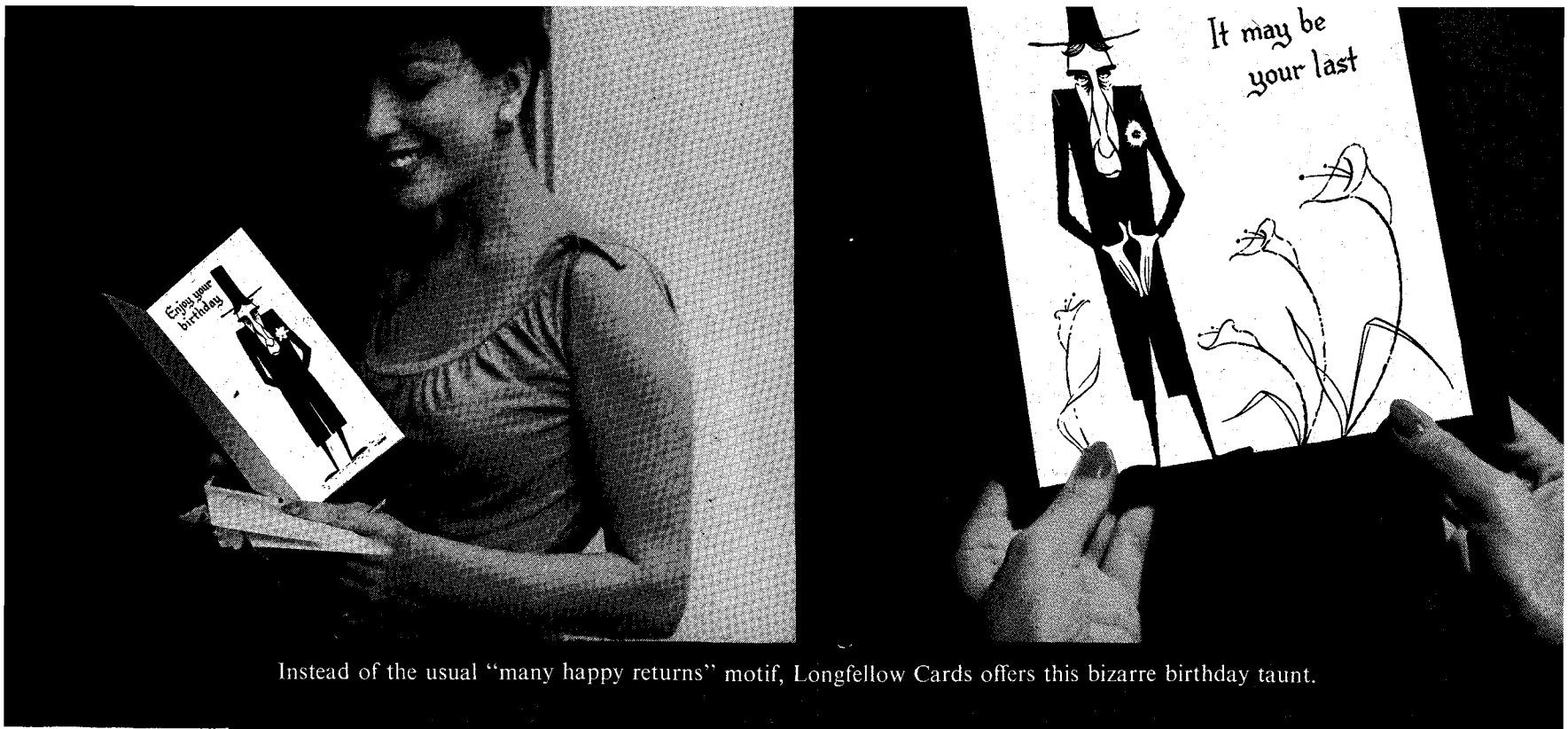
Above are William Kennedy (left) and William Box. As partners in Box Cards, Inc., they pioneered in producing zany greetings.

GREETING CARDS WITH NO INHIBITIONS

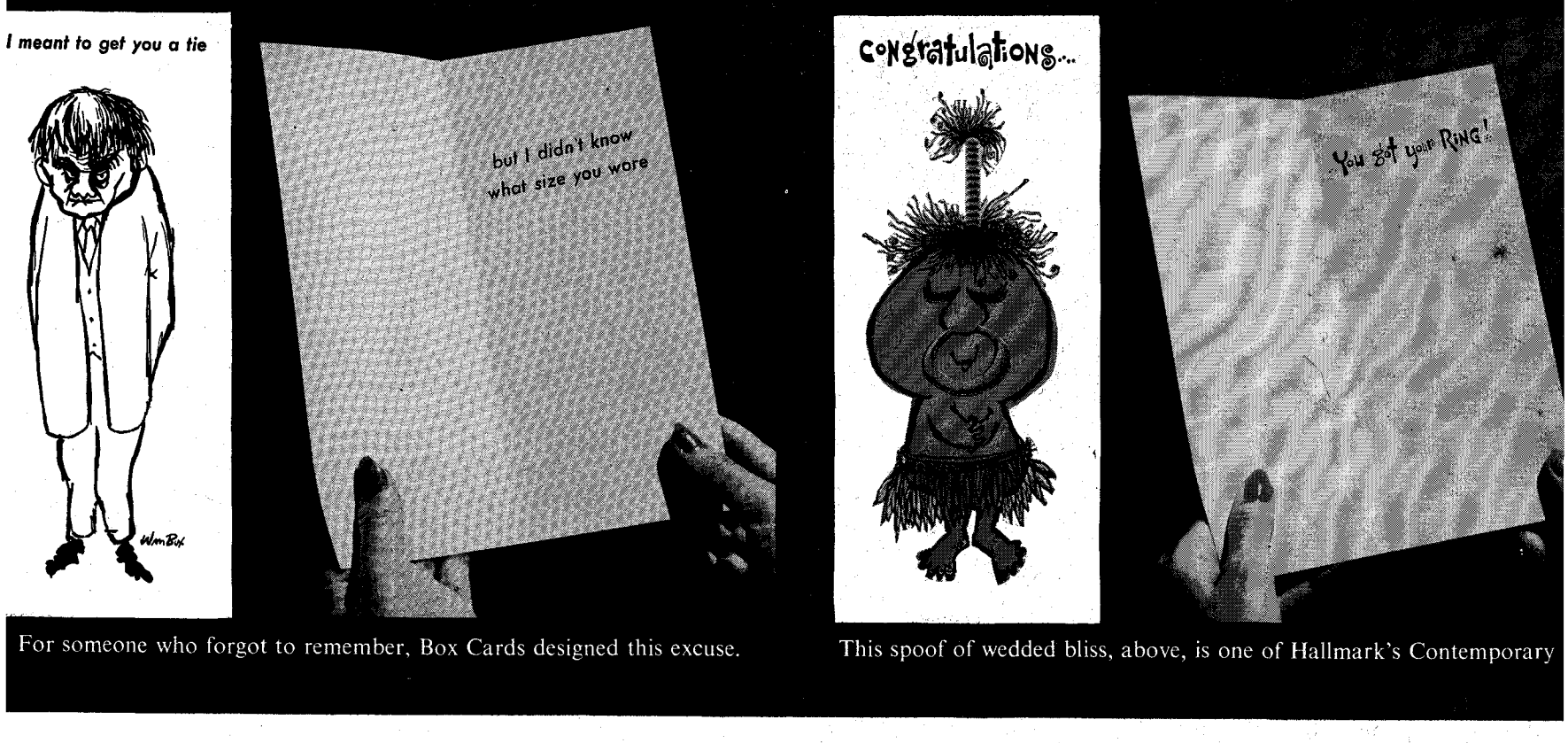
BY JOE HYAMS

The curious story of a phenomenal success: Studio cards, those whimsically illustrated messages that let you get away with things you wouldn't have the nerve to say in person.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Instead of the usual "many happy returns" motif, Longfellow Cards offers this bizarre birthday taunt.



For someone who forgot to remember, Box Cards designed this excuse.

This spoof of wedded bliss, above, is one of Hallmark's Contemporary

The girl you were engaged to has eloped with another man. You're furious and hurt and you'd like to tell her so, but you're at a loss for words. . . .

Your rich uncle is about to have a birthday. He has everything, including money, and you're broke. You want to congratulate him on the birthday, but you don't dare send a trivial gift. . . .

Last night at a party thrown by your boss, you really pulled a blooper. You told off his wife, insulted his best client and stepped on his daughter's toes while doing a *rumba*. This morning your head is in outer space with a satellite, and you have a suspicion you may be headed toward unemployment. . . .

Luckily a couple of bright young Bills—Kennedy and Box—have the solution to your problems. You can borrow their smart minds at your local stationers, where you can pick up three Box cards.

To the girl who jilted you, you send a folded card on the cover of which is a sketch of a doctor in three pensive poses. Opening the card reveals the message: "You're sick sick sick." For the uncle, you select a card with an illustration of a haggard character and the caption, "I meant to get you a tie." Inside, it says, "but I didn't know what size you wore." And the boss will receive a sketch of an old crone slithering across the floor with a bone in her mouth. Inside: "I'll do anything you say."

The cards cost twenty-five cents each. Your problems have been solved—or if not solved, made impossible—for seventy-five cents. You may wind up girl-less, disinherited and jobless, but at least you have the feeling of being clever.

By producing cards which enable people to express themselves imaginatively, at a low cost, the two thirty-year-old Bills have successfully parlayed a twenty-six-dollar investment into a business that grosses $750,000 a year, makes a tidy net profit and is considered to be worth at least $1,000,000 net—all this in less than four years.

As partners in Box Cards, Inc., they are the world's largest manufacturers of black-and-white studio (Continued on Page 124)

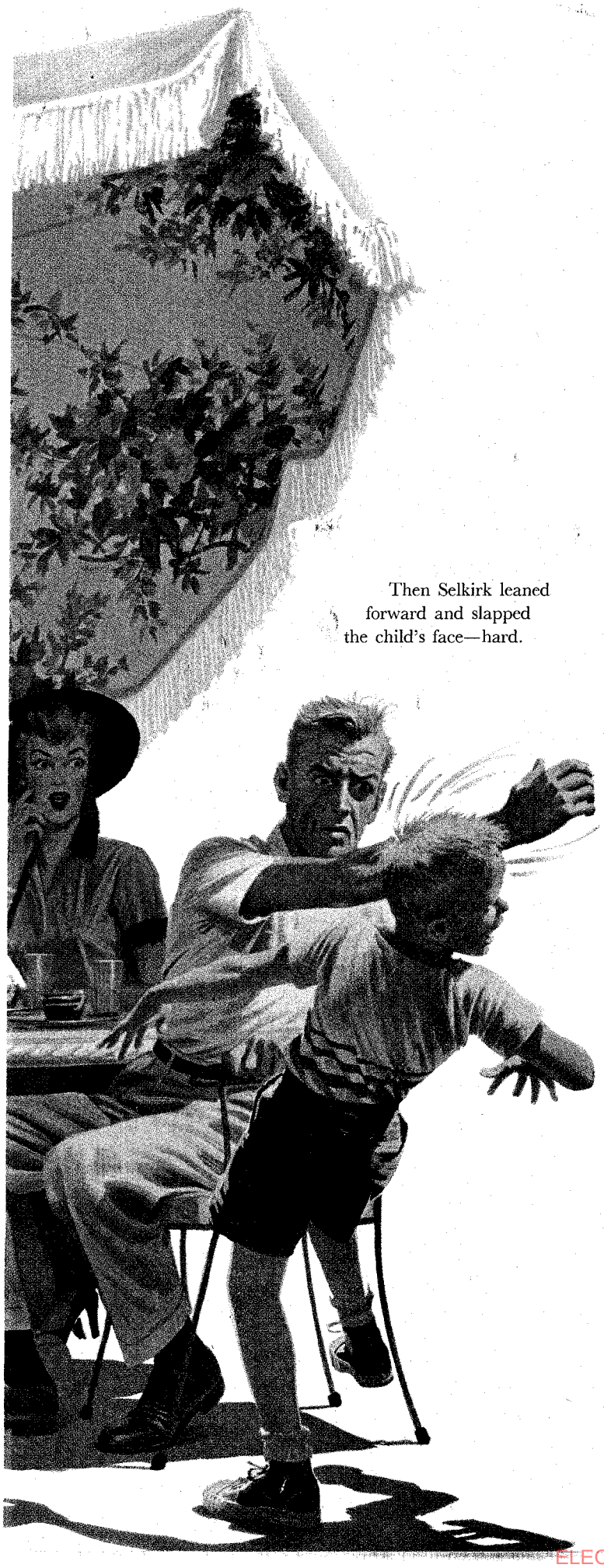
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by James R. Bingham

The Case of the GREEDY GRANDPA

Someone fired a shot in the dark,
and a beautiful blonde had a premonition.
With only these clues Perry Mason had to solve a
crime that had not yet been committed.

Beginning a new mystery By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER



Then Selkirk leaned forward and slapped the child's face—hard.

With the politeness which characterized everything he did, Mervin Selkirk said to Norda Allison, "Excuse me, please." Then he leaned forward and slapped the child's face, hard. "Little gentlemen," he said to his seven-year-old son, "don't interrupt when people are talking."

Then Mervin Selkirk settled back in his chair, lit a cigarette, turned to Norda Allison and said, "As you were saying?"

But Norda couldn't go on. She was looking at the hurt eyes of the child, and realized suddenly that that wasn't the first time his father had slapped him like that.

Humiliated, fighting back bitter tears, the boy turned away, paused in the doorway to say, "Excuse me, please," then left.

"That's his mother's influence," Mervin Selkirk explained. "She believes in discipline from a theoretical standpoint, but she can't be bothered putting it into practical execution. Whenever Robert returns from a visit with her, it's a job getting him back on the beam."

Suddenly in that instant Norda saw Mervin Selkirk in his true character. The lazy, indolent, smiling politeness, the affable courtesy of his manner, was a mask. Beneath the partially contemptuous, partially amused, but always polite manner with which he regarded the world was a sadistic streak of ruthless cruelty.

Abruptly, Norda was on her feet, stunned not only by her discovery but by the clarity with which her new realization of Mervin's character came into mental focus.

"I'm afraid I'm bushed, Mervin," she said. "I'm going to leave you now. I've been fighting a beastly headache, and I'm going home and see if some aspirin and a little rest won't help."

He jumped up to stand beside her. His left hand reached out, caught her wrist in a tight grip and turned her to him.

"Your headache was rather sudden, Norda."

"Yes."

He hesitated then, just as he had hesitated for a moment before slapping the child. She felt him gathering psychic forces for an onslaught.

Then it came with no preliminary. "So you can't take it."

"Can't take what?"

"Disciplining a child. You're a softie."

"I'm not a softie, but there are ways of disciplining children," she said. "Robert is sensitive, he's intelligent and he's proud. You could have explained that it wasn't polite to interrupt; then he'd have accepted the correction. You didn't do that. You leaned forward and slapped his face, and you slapped it hard. You humiliated him in front of me. You undermined his self-respect and ——"

"That will do," Mervin Selkirk said coldly. "I don't need a lecture on parental discipline from an unmarried woman."

"I think," Norda said quietly, "I'm just beginning really to know you."

"You don't know me yet," he told her, his eyes cold and hard. "I want you, and what I want I get. Don't think you can walk out on me. I've noticed lately that you've been talking quite a bit about that Benedict chap who works in the office with you. Perhaps you don't realize how frequently you're quoting him. It's Nate this and Nate that. Remember, Norda, you've announced your engagement to me. I won't let any woman humiliate me. You've promised to marry me and you're going through with it."

For a moment his fingers were as steel on her wrists. His eyes were cold, hard and deadly. And then, almost instantly, the mask came back. He said contritely, "But I shouldn't bother you with these things when you're not feeling well. Come, dear, I'll take you home. I'm really sorry about Robert. That is, I'm sorry if I hurt you. But, you see, I happen to know Robert quite well, and I think I know exactly how he should be handled."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now look here," Mason said. "Are you telling me the truth?"

That night, after giving the matter a lot of thought, Norda wrote a formal letter breaking her engagement to Mervin Selkirk.

Three nights later she went out with Nathan Benedict for the first time. They went to the restaurant which Nate knew was Norda's favorite. There was no incident. Two nights later Mervin called to ask if he might talk with her. "It won't do any good," she told him. "Anyway, I'm going out tonight."

"With your Nate?" he asked mockingly.

"None of your business," she snapped, and slammed the phone back into its cradle.

Nate came for her at eight. She was glad to see him, felt that she was really beginning to see him clearly. He was tall, sensitive, slender, with wavy, dark brown hair and the most expressive eyes Norda had ever seen. They went once more to the same restaurant. There was some delay at the table reservation. It was suggested they wait in the cocktail lounge.

Norda didn't see Mervin Selkirk until it was too late, nor could she swear afterward that he had actually thrust out his foot so that Nathan Benedict stumbled. There were plenty of witnesses to what happened after that.

Mervin Selkirk got to his feet, said, "Watch who you're pushing," and hit Benedict flush on the jaw.

As Benedict went down with a broken jaw, two of Mervin's friends, who were seated at the table, jumped up to grab his arms.

"Take it easy, Merv," one of them said.

There was a commotion, waiters, and eventually the police. Norda had been certain she had seen a glint of metal as Mervin Selkirk's right hand had flashed across in that carefully timed, perfectly executed smash.

The surgeon who wired Benedict's broken jaw was confident the injuries had been caused by brass knuckles. However, police had searched Selkirk, at Norda's insistence. They had found no brass knuckles, nor were there any on the friend who was with Selkirk and who volunteered to let the police search him. The second friend who had been with Selkirk had disappeared before the police came.

Selkirk's story was quite simple. He had been sitting with his friends. His back was to the door. Benedict, in passing, had not only stepped on his foot but had kicked back at his shin. He had got to his feet. Benedict had doubled his fist. Mervin Selkirk admitted he had beaten Benedict to the punch.

"What else was there to do?" he asked.

A week after that, Norda Allison began to get the letters. They were all mailed in Los Angeles. They were sent in plain stamped envelopes. Each envelope contained newspaper clippings; sometimes one, sometimes two or three. All the clippings dealt with stories of those tragedies which are so common in the press: The divorced husband who couldn't live without his wife, who had followed her as she walked from the bus and shot her on the street. The jilted suitor who had gone on a drinking spree, had then invaded the apartment where his former fiancée lived and fired five shots into her body. The drink-crazed man who had walked into the office where his former girl friend was working and had said, "I can't live without you. If I can't have you, no one else will." Despite her screams and pleading, he had shot her through the head, then turned the gun on himself.

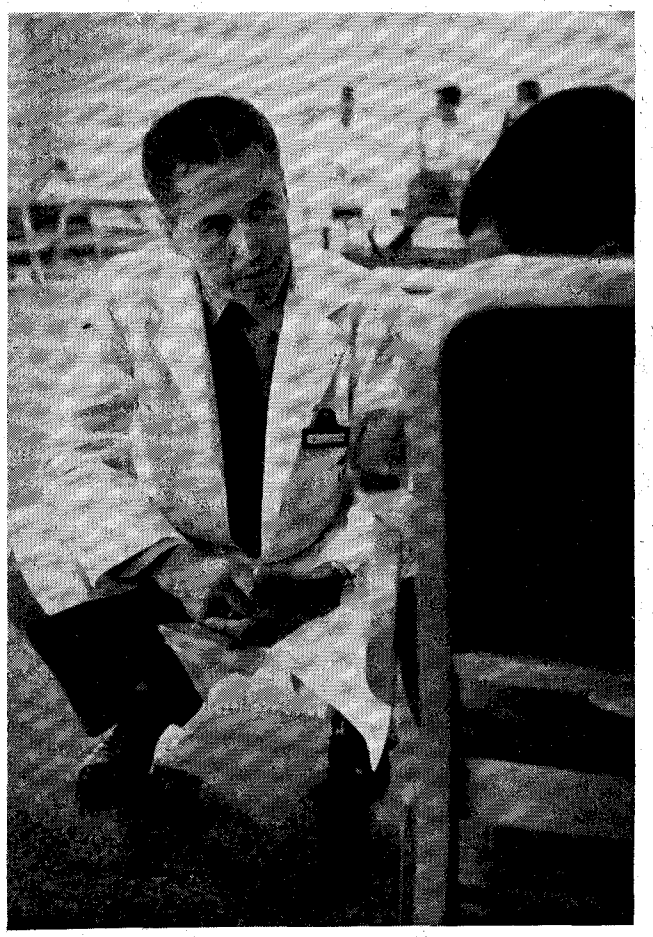
Norda went to a lawyer. He called in the postal authorities. They went to work, but the letters continued. (Continued on Page 64)

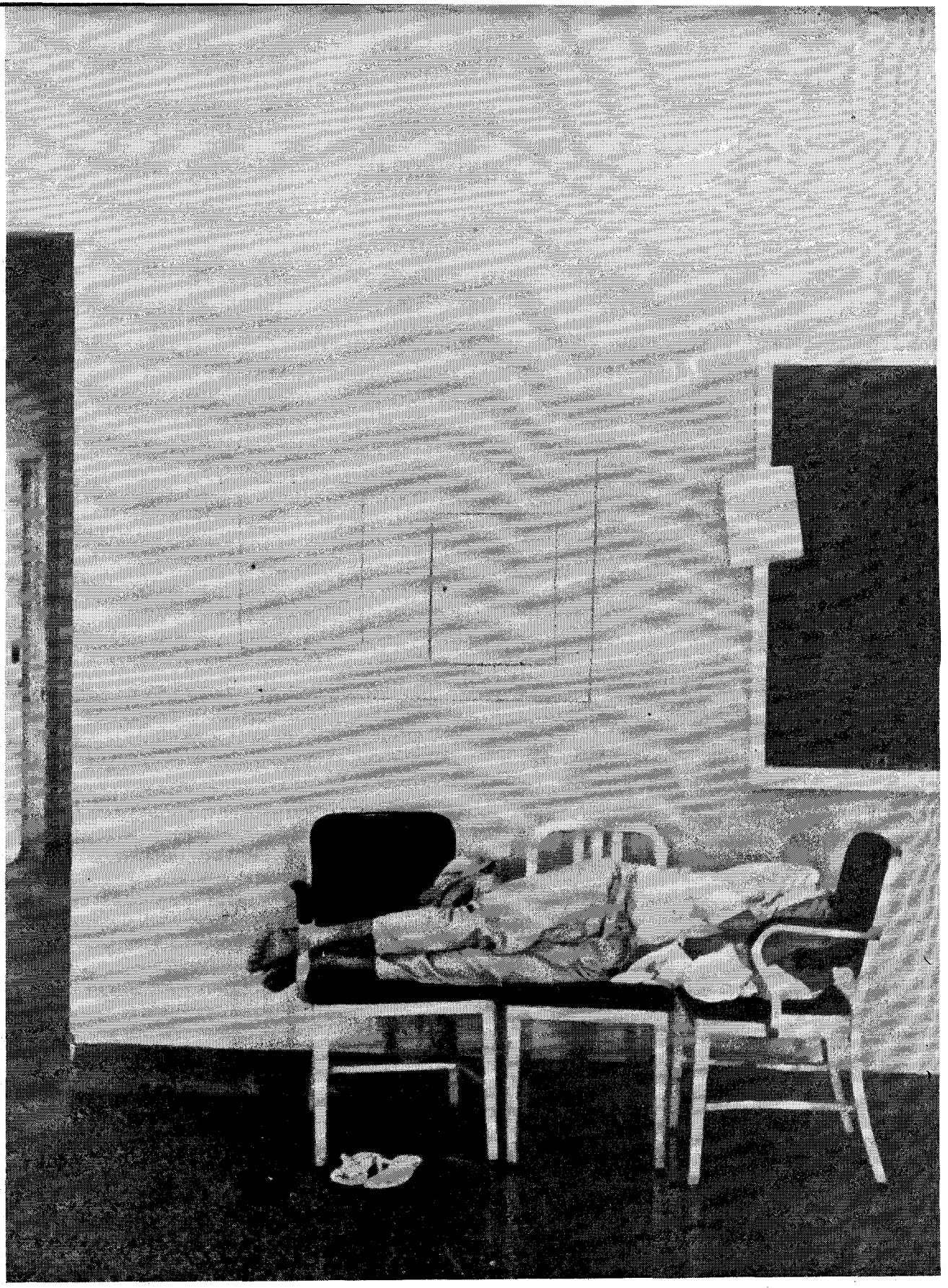
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The victim of acute depression shown at right is a patient in an "open" psychiatric ward at the Oakland (Calif.) Naval Hospital. Until recently, cases such as this were kept behind locked doors.

Photographs by Joern Gerdts

Below: Navy psychiatrist Marion Roudebush attempts to draw out the depressive (see picture at right) by persuading him to join other ward members in a discussion of their illnesses.





Asylums Without Bars

A radically new concept in the treatment of disordered minds . . . no strait jackets, no padded cells, or heavy sedation. Sometimes it works even on the dangerous patients.

By Milton and Margaret Silverman

One morning last spring, forty-six people held a routine meeting in the ward of a state mental hospital at Stockton, California. Six of them were members of the hospital staff—doctors, nurses and attendants—who said little during the session. The forty others were the patients themselves—men who were confused, deluded, depressed or terrified, victims of severe mental disease.

The chairman was a middle-aged farmer, a manic-depressive who had been committed to the hospital because of his insane rages.

The secretary was an eighteen-year-old schizophrenic who mumbled constantly about Communist plots, persecution and huge purple butterflies, but who kept the minutes of the daily meetings with astounding accuracy.

"Joe wants a weekend pass," said the chairman. "What does the group think about it?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The group was overwhelmingly opposed. "Last time we let Joe go outside," said another patient, "he got in trouble with his wife. He got drunk. He gave the whole group a lousy name. That's no good. First Joe learns to get along with us. Then he can try to get along with his family."

The group likewise determined that, regardless of the fears of some conservative staff members, the iron bars should be removed from the ward windows, and the doors should be left unlocked during the day.

"If the doors are open," explained one patient, "then we don't feel we have to escape."

Another said, "The bars and the locks have only made us feel that we can't be trusted—that we'll never get well."

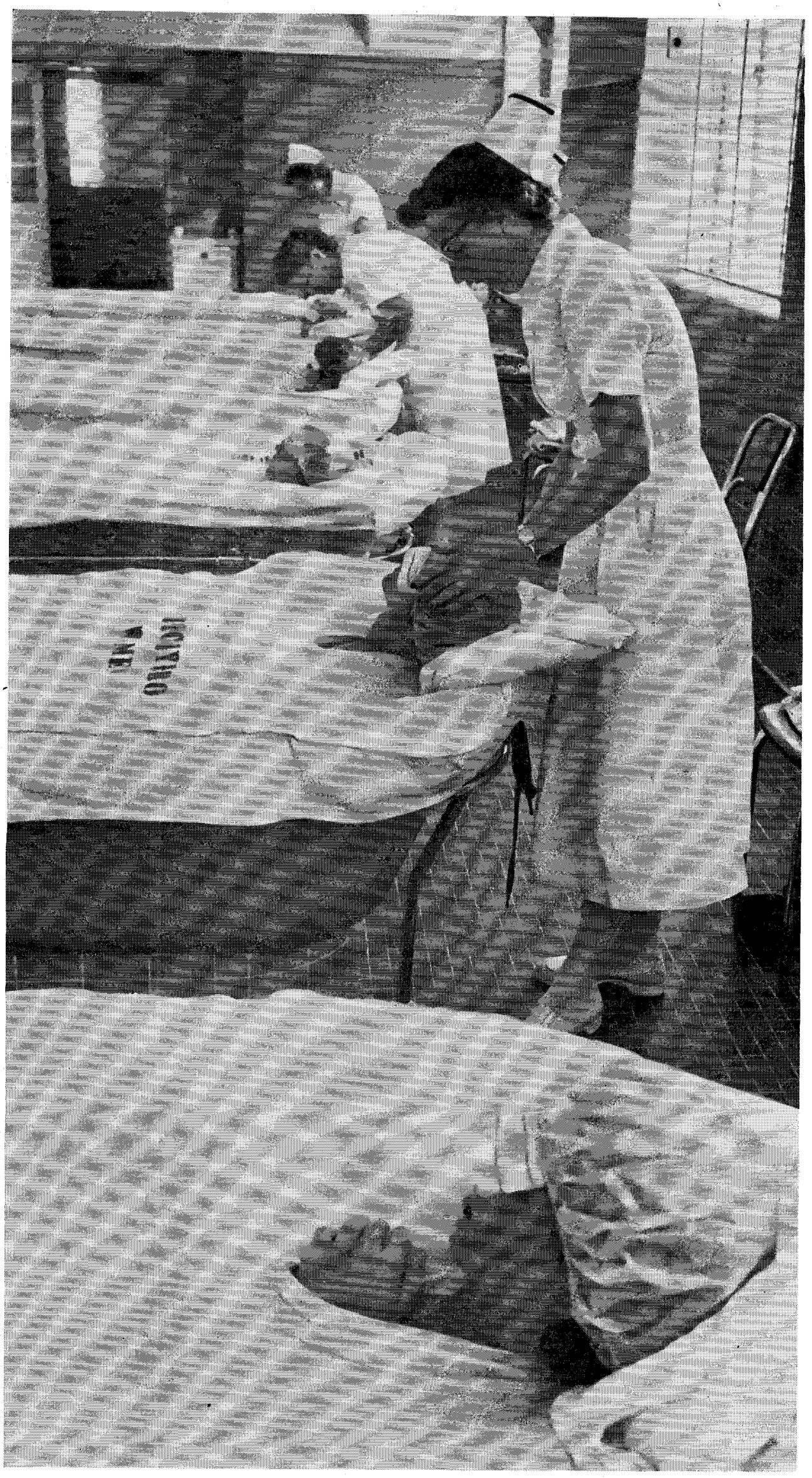
Together with the staff members, the patients agreed that, except in the most unusual circumstances, no patient should be restrained in a jacket or locked seclusion room, or given large doses of sedatives. They sympathetically rejected a plea from one patient who demanded personal intervention by the governor of the state, they turned down a request from another who wanted a narcotic permit so he could "play the bongo drums good," and they carefully explained to one confused man that his "vision of a white-robed, blood-sucking vampire" was actually the night nurse making her ward rounds.

After long and penetrating discussion, and with adroit guidance from the doctors, they proposed that one patient's frightening death wishes seemed related to his long-buried hatred of his parents, that another man's refusal to use a knife or fork was involved with strange sex fears and that still another patient's terrifying nightmares resulted somehow from terrible memories of his childhood.

"If we can get him to talk to us more about what it was like when he was a little kid," suggested the secretary, who himself was tortured by terrifying memories, "maybe he can find out for himself where all his troubles started."

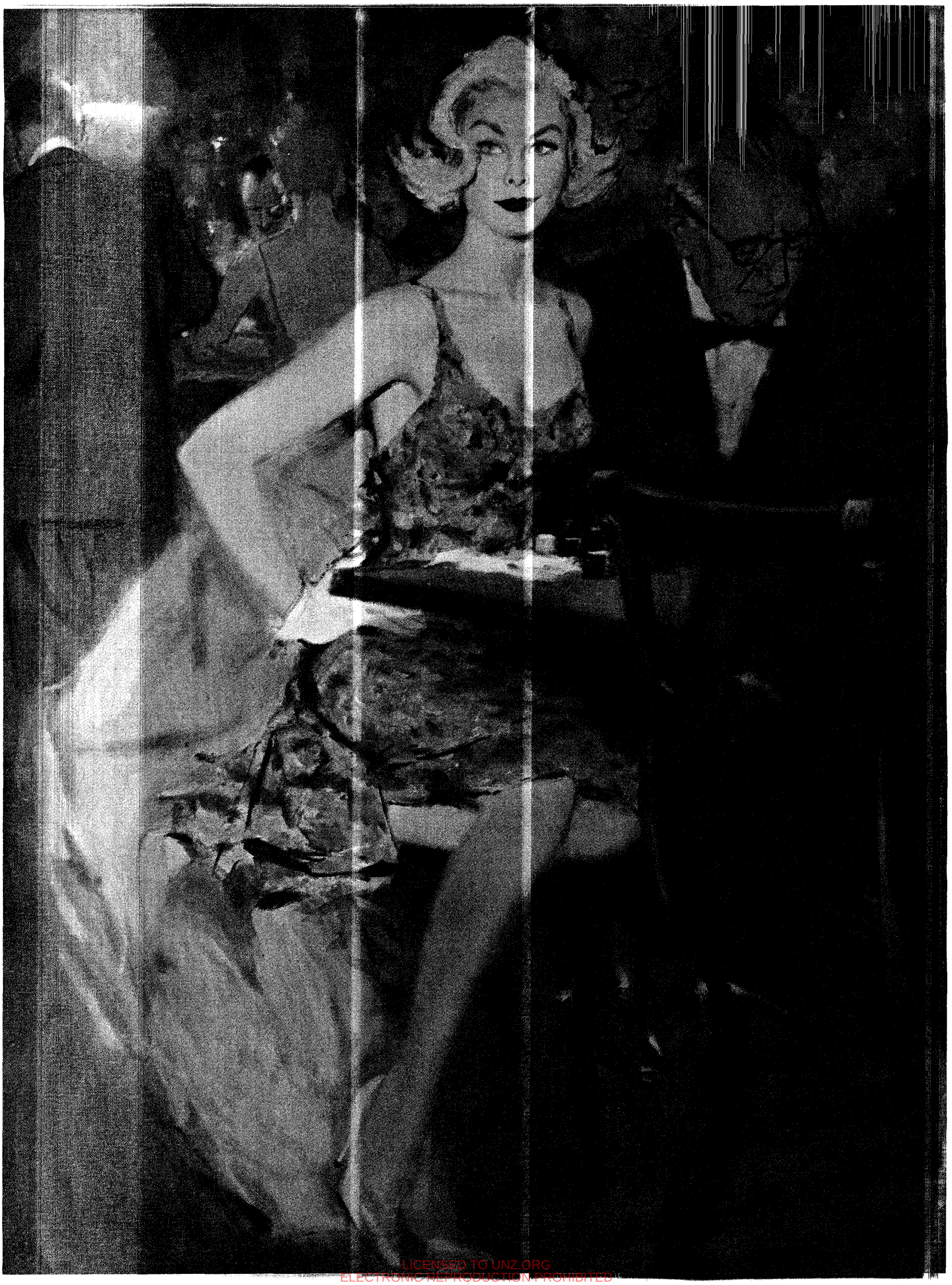
The patients in the ward were unquestionably ill. Most were (Continued on Page 110)

Below: At the Stockton (Calif.) State Mental Hospital, patients vote to give ground privileges to a ward inmate.

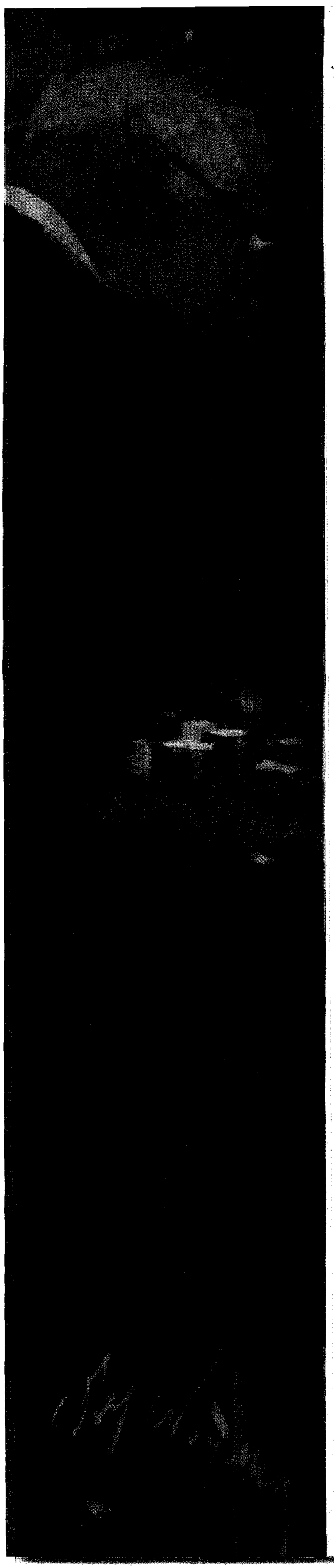


Acutely disturbed patients at Stockton receive hydrotherapy in covered bathtubs. They get this nerve-calming treatment only if they accept it voluntarily.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Janet smiled with her eyes, but from Marc there was not a flicker of recognition.

THE GIRL WHO ALWAYS WON

By ROBERT STANDISH

She defied the law of averages to beat the roulette wheel. What was her system?

This story will make far better reading if you will consent to read it without moral judgments, which is the way it should be told. For example, the important thing to remember about "Colonel" Julius Treadgold is not so much that he was a crook—which indeed he was—but that he clung to the outmoded technique of the con man long after international police co-operation had made it so hazardous that those of its most eminent practitioners—anyway, those who were still at liberty—had either diverted their talents to other sorts of crime or, in extreme cases, turned honest. Neither of these alternatives commended itself to Julius Treadgold, who found himself in the unenviable situation of an old-style coachman early in the century, too set in his ways to learn to drive a gasoline buggy.

In the '30's, when Julius was at the peak of his charm and plausibility, he met and married a lovely young woman named Isabel Jenkins, better known in European cosmopolitan circles as the "Countess" Isabella Mortola y Cabroni, a name which she borrowed from an old circus bill. In con circles she was known as the Weeper. Isabel's specialty at the time was anguished weeping in the lounges of the most expensive hotels in Europe. This she did so convincingly that rich old men were impelled to come to her rescue.

There is, as Isabel soon found out, a strict limit to the number of hotels where such lachrymose scenes can be staged. Wise enough to realize that her act could not be staged twice in any hotel, she quit. Less wisely, perhaps, she married Julius Treadgold, who at the time was unloading upon the gullible a block of shares in an exotic venture called the La Fiesta & Natividad Gold Mining Corporation, incorporated under the laws of Uruguay.

Julius was an American. Isabel was English. For reasons which were doubtless excellent, Julius preferred not to go to the United States Consulate-General in Paris in order to register the marriage. Isabel died in childbirth a year later. Her infant, a girl, survived, but the birth was never registered. Julius called his daughter Isabel, but was forced later to change her name to Martha in order to conform to the name of an infant daughter of a New Zealand couple, on whose passport he entered Switzerland at the outbreak of war in 1939.

Being well in funds at the time, he put her in the care of a kind Swiss couple for the duration of the war, promising to come back after it was over. He came back in 1947 to find Martha, aged eleven, perfectly happy with her foster parents, speaking French, German and Italian fluently, but not a word of her native English.

By constituting himself his daughter's guardian and obtaining for her a Swedish passport in the Geneva black market, father and daughter were able to set out on their travels. In London, with the help of a "fringe" lawyer and a good deal of perjury, a bewildered girl was sent to a good boarding school and thence to another, from which she emerged in 1954 a lovely, charming and well-poised young lady of eighteen to whom her father tried to explain why her name was now Janet Murchison. It's all extremely complicated for us, but think how it must have looked to her. (Continued on Page 76)

Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

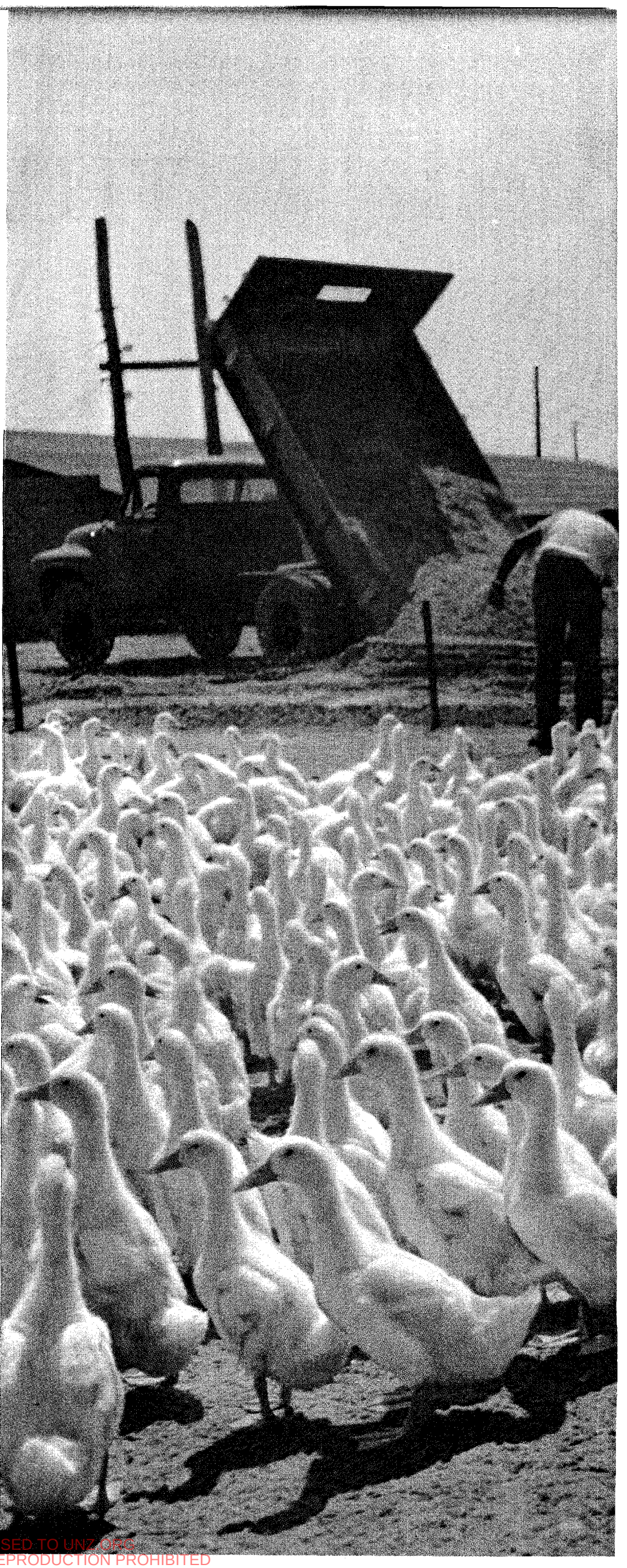
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Face of AMERICA

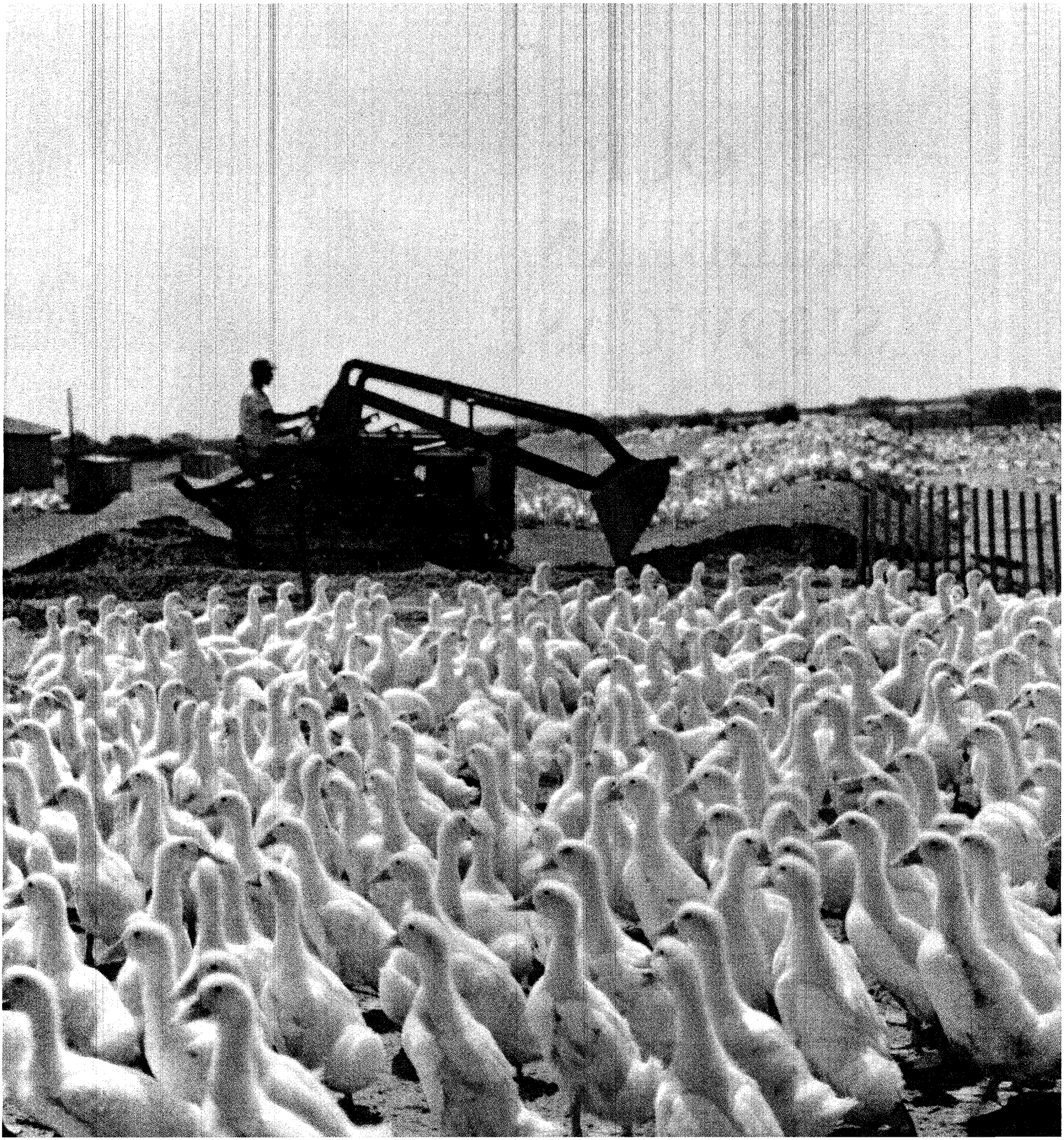
A Short, Happy Life

That paradoxical fragment of New York State which includes such diversities as Brooklyn, Coney Island and the palaces of many moneyed moguls happens also to be one of the best places in the world to raise ducks. In fact, a tiny area of eastern Long Island produces nearly two thirds of all the ducklings eaten in America. Long Island Duckling, a byword amongst gourmets, is of Chinese descent. Chinese Americans still rely on the Imperial Pekin Duck as the chief ingredient of many a tasty dish—a duck, that is, out of Pekin by way of Suffolk County, N.Y. The ducklings of Long Island, in their short, heedless lives, are pampered beyond reason. As babies they dwell in warm, clean, dry sheds, with fresh straw underfoot daily. They are stuffed with protein-packed vitamin-enriched food, and, as they grow, move outdoors to clean sandy pens—from which their collective smell pervades the countryside for miles. Then, at the age of nine weeks, just as life must seem almost unbearably pleasant, they lose their little heads. Farmer John Bellini, of Water Mill, for example, regularly slaughters 3800 ducks a week; his fowl shown at right were eaten several weeks ago. Fortunately, the duck is a fairly low order of animal, with little imagination and less foresight. It can scarcely be said to suffer; who knows but what, given a choice, it might elect, in its greedy way, to live thus—briefly but well fed.

● Photograph by Ivan Dmitri



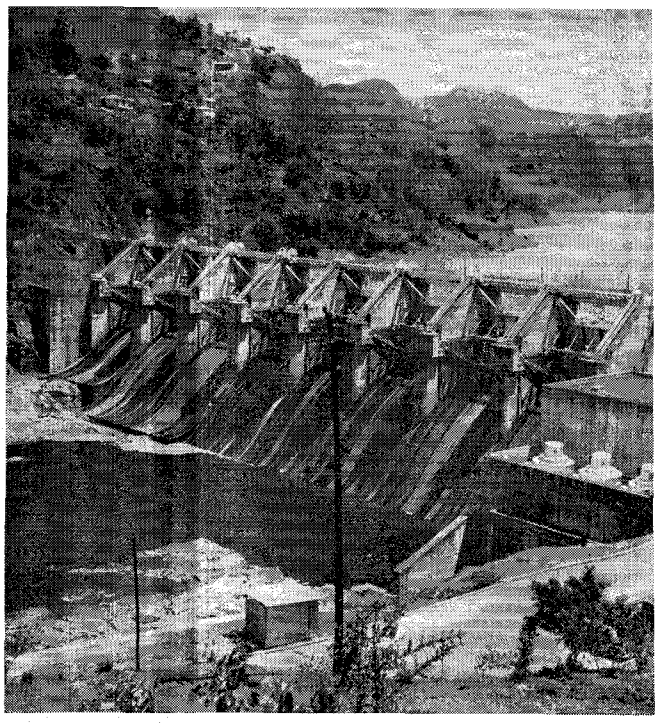
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photographs by Gus Pasquarella

OUR CARIBBEAN SHOWCASE



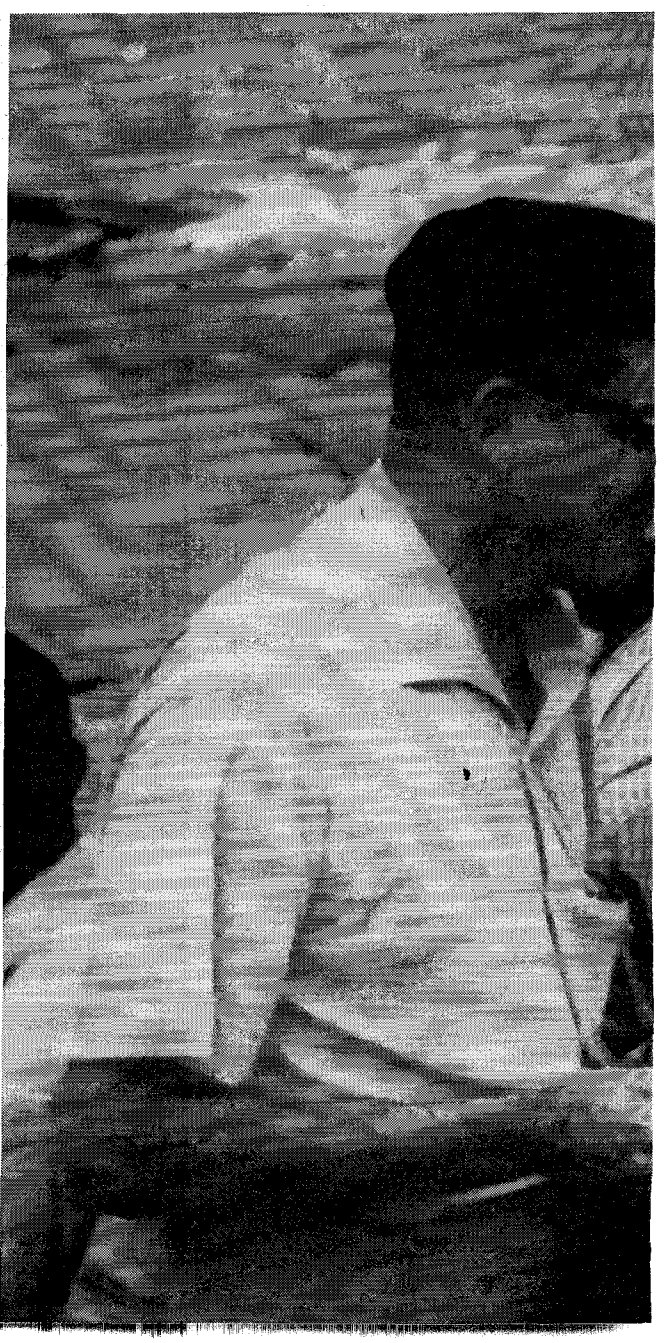
Water power helps Puerto Rico produce more electricity per capita than any country in Latin America.

Dr. Arturo Morales Carrion, Puerto Rican Undersecretary of State. He heads the foreign-trainee program.

Underdeveloped nations all over the world are watching the remarkable success of Operation Bootstrap, Puerto Rico's do-it-yourself fight against poverty.

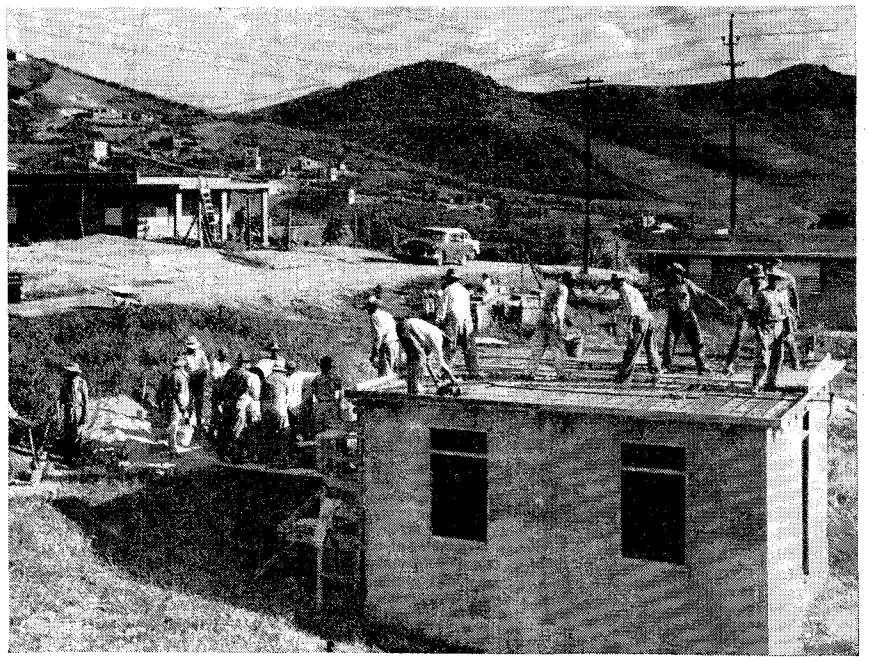
By HENRY LaCOSSITT

As part of a course in tropical forestry, foreign students learn tree-planting techniques to use back home.



Since 1950, nearly 5000 trainees have come from 106 nations and territorial areas. Here, at a picnic for his charges, is Dr. Carrion (left) with Kadarisman S. Wirabumi, of Sumatra, Indonesia; Lutgarda C. Guanzon, of the Philippines; Richard K. Kpan and Henry W. Currens, both of Liberia. Their hostess was San Juan's lady mayor, Doña Felisa Rincon de Gautier.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This dwelling at Borras is one of the hundreds of $300 concrete homes which island householders are building under the rural-development plan.

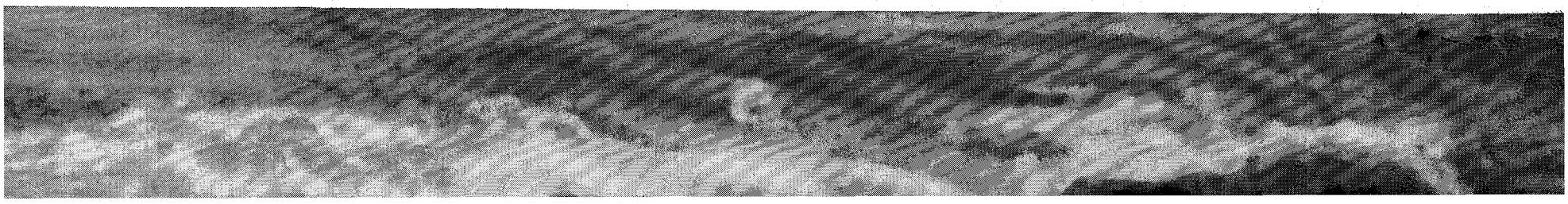
At community education meetings such as the one above at Bello Sitio, villagers learn how they can solve local problems on their own initiative.

Six months after the presidential inauguration of January, 1949, the governor of Puerto Rico, Luis Muñoz Marín, went to Washington. He talked with President Truman. The governor suggested that Puerto Rico might serve as a model for Point 4 recipients and that, as such, it could win friends for the United States in the underdeveloped countries of the world.

Muñoz, of course, was well aware that Puerto Rico was still no promised land. Miserable slums adhered to the edges of its cities like diseased growths; it was overpopulated, its economy precarious and in a state of transition. He was aware, also, that some of Puerto Rico's problem simply had been passed over to the United States by the migration of hundreds of thousands of his people—most of them to New York City, where they complicated already serious situations in housing, race relations and public welfare. Because they were the latest immigrants, and consequently in the lowest salary bracket even when jobs were available, many were forced on relief. (In mid-1958, 12 per cent of the 600,000 Puerto Ricans in New York are in this category.)

Nevertheless, Puerto Rico was a great deal better off than it had been because, under a project known as Operation Bootstrap, the island had worked out techniques and solved many of its basic problems. It had done this just as recipients of Point 4 aid would have to do it.

Puerto Rico, of course, was not eligible for Point 4 because it is a part of the American Union; but it did receive grants-in-aid, as did the several states, and other Federal considerations as well. Such benefits, while different from Point 4 aid (Continued on Page 120)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"All right, Mr. Gilmore," the Kid said. "Drop that gun belt."

RANGE QUARREL

By MERLE CONSTINER

What made the outsider think he could handle a family feud?

Halfway down the mountain was a shelf of rock, and here the Kid brought his horse to a halt. He was a wispy boy of seventeen in hand-me-down work clothes. His nose was broken and askew and his big hands were calloused. The mount he sat was wiry and mean-looking, and the pistol in his holster was a rusty old .44–40 with a makeshift butt of hand-whittled oak. Directly below him, within the web of two sheltering foothills, lay a cluster of ranch buildings and a rickety windmill. It wasn't much of a spread, but the Kid was in no mood to be choosy. He hadn't eaten for two days.

As the Kid approached the ranch house, a man came to the door. He was a tall, hunched man, middle-aged. Behind his shoulder a girl materialized, a girl maybe sixteen years old, round-faced and lavender-eyed.

"Well, howdy," said the Kid enthusiastically. "How-dee!"

"I don't know who you are," said the man grimly. "And don't care. But if you've got any howdying to do, do it to me and not my stepdaughter. Hereabouts we don't think it overly mannerly for a strange male to pinwheel at every new female. I might add, too, that you ain't no feast to these eyes of mine. You look mighty like a pint-size hardcase to me. I got as much trouble now as I can handle, so if you ain't got no important business I'd thank you to move on. What do you want?"

"My name is Otis Beekman, though I'd almost forgot

(Continued on Page 115)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Hunter's Greatest Peril

More deadly than angry grizzlies are those so-called sportsmen who stagger into the woods, shoot anything that moves—and spoil the hunting for the rest of us.

By Paul Schubert

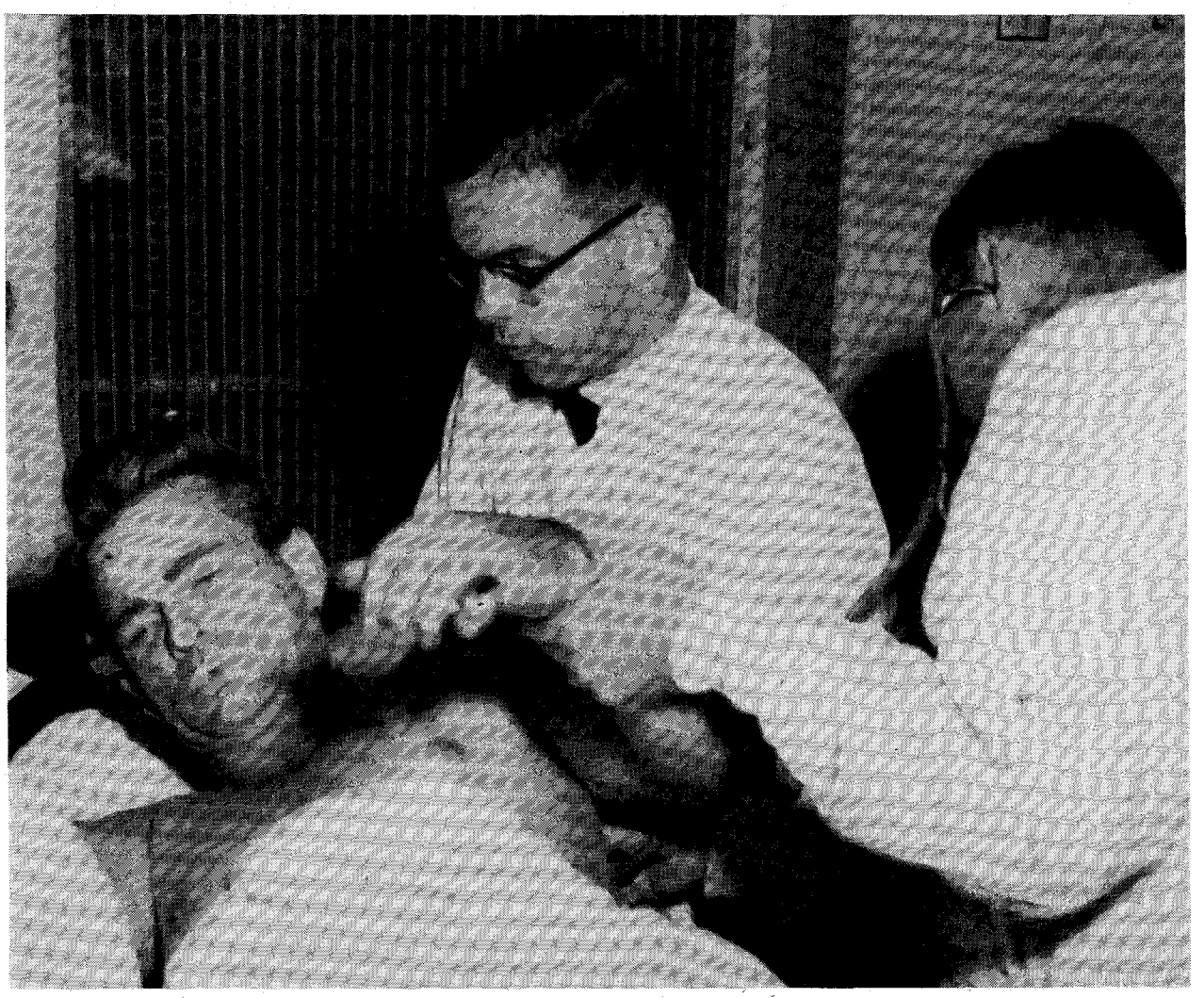
This fall several million Americans, male and female, will go hunting. They will arm themselves with every kind of weapon from the muzzle-loading Kentucky long rifle to the latest in magnum elephant guns equipped with telescopic sights. They will penetrate every wild area of the country from the local wood lot to the most remote ranges of the high Rockies. They will pursue every kind of game from the gray squirrel to the moose, every kind of bird from the partridge to the wild turkey. They will dress in hunting costumes ranging from fringed buckskin jackets to fully insulated space suits.

Hunting is big sport, big business and great fun for people who get a big bang out of the atavistic challenge: Is man still the smartest of the mammals? Make no mistake, the pursuit of wild food induces a primitive and pleasing glandular disturbance, remotely akin to falling in love or winning a fist fight. It is remarkably good medicine for the jaded spirits of the urbanized twentieth century. The quest makes everything seem bigger than life size. The air is fresher, the crisp autumn scene more beautiful every year, and the world seems as young as it used to be in the Stone Age.

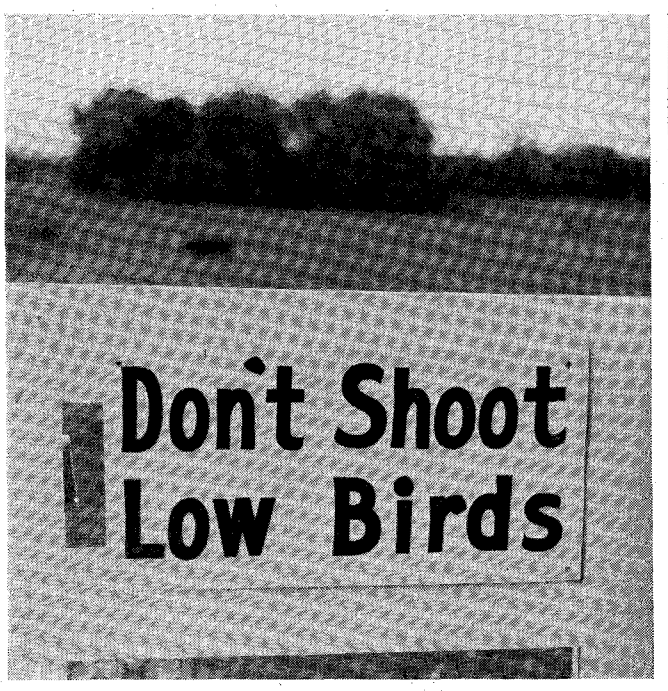
Unfortunately the hunting field is also populated by a small minority of gun-toting heels who turn much of the sport into ugliness and tragedy. For some men—and women too—the very act of picking up a loaded rifle or shotgun seems to work a personality change as crude and dramatic as the classic contrast between Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

Every year, too, a lot of people go hunting who are just plain ignorant. Some are city folks who have actually never been in the wild woods or on the open plains before, and they make criminal mistakes because no one has taught them any better. I live in Wyoming, and during recent years have hunted with and guided a wide variety of these types. I have also many close friends in Wyoming and other states—guides, game wardens and outfitters—who chorus rueful familiarity with the hunting heel, and also with that other troublemaker, the hunter who is scared—scared of the fact that he plans to kill something or scared of seeming inadequate to his more experienced companions.

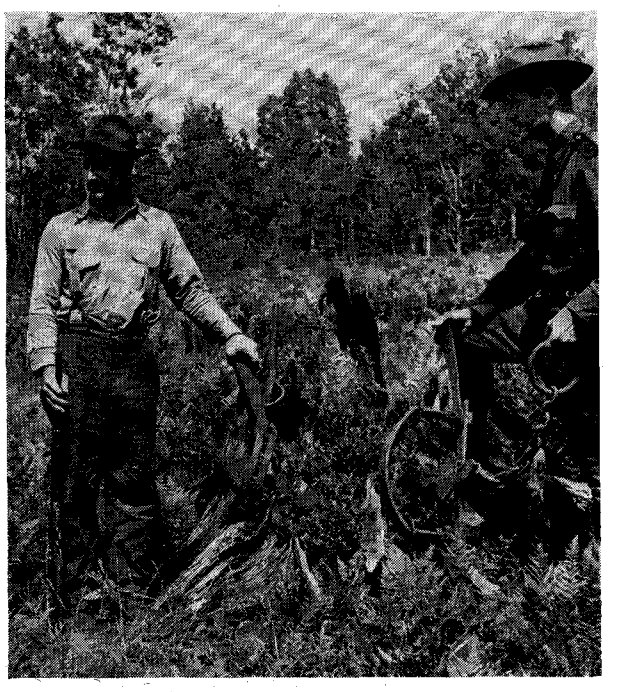
All these people not only mess up the hunting but do things for which they ought to be fined or put in jail—and some of them ought to be quietly put aboard a space rocket for a one-way trip to the moon. Their most minor offense is to violate game laws, laws of trespass and laws of (Continued on Page 95)



The twenty-nine-year-old sportsman above was shot in the back while hunting deer in a California valley. Here doctors examine the wounded man at a San Jose hospital, after he was brought out by helicopter.



Despite the warning posted on the fence, a gunner accidentally shot his hunting companion in the face in this Florida field.



Some hunters do anything for a kill—even use a bear trap to bag a deer, as N.Y. State game protectors show in posed picture.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Rockefeller has three enormous political assets: a huge grin, electric vitality and the priceless ability to project sincerity."

Battle of the Millionaires

In their down-the-stretch race for New York's governorship, Democrat Averell Harriman and Republican Nelson Rockefeller struggle to be just plain folks. And whoever wins, it will be a victory for the liberal side.

By STEWART ALSOP

Politics is people, and people are what make American politics so eternally fascinating. The people involved in the crucial election fight in New York State are, moreover, a peculiarly interesting and surprising assortment. Why, you keep asking yourself as you watch them in action, are these people doing what they are doing?

Take Averell Harriman, governor of New York and Democratic candidate to succeed himself. As everybody knows, Harriman is a very rich man—estimates of his fortune range between $75,000,000 and $100,000,000. He is not a young man—he will be sixty-seven next month—and he has worked hard all his life. Under the circumstances, he might be expected to ease up a little, to enjoy the pleasurable indolence he can so well afford. But spend a day with Harriman on the hustings as he darts, like a restless honeybee, from fair to picnic to rally to street-corner meeting, making speeches, dandling babies, hefting outsize pumpkins, smiling, shaking hands, electioneering tirelessly, sweating, working, working, working for votes, often till after midnight. Why does he do it?

Or take Nelson Rockefeller, Harriman's Republican opponent. Rockefeller is younger than Harriman—he is fifty and he still manages to look a good deal of the time as though he had just been graduated from college. He also is much richer—he shares with his family a fortune which goes well past the billion mark. *Taking care of that kind of money is a big job* in itself. But spend a day with Rockefeller on the hustings, and you find him working at the business of politics with a single-minded determination equal to Harriman's. Rockefeller

Ken Keating, old-pro GOP Senate candidate, "has been outcampaigned by rank amateur Rockefeller."

Judson Morhouse, Republican State Chairman, "boldly bet his political shirt on Nelson," says Alsop.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

also hurries tirelessly from place to place, sweating, grinning, shaking hands, clapping strangers on the back, devoting every minute of every working day to a single objective—to win on November fourth. Why does he do it?

A part of the answer—and a big part of it—is oddly simple. The plain fact is that both these enormously rich men enjoy the man-killing business of political campaigning more than anything money will buy. This is a little hard to believe, but it is demonstrably true.

Rockefeller's large, powerful face lights up when he talks about the campaign. "Enormously exciting," he calls it. He describes how, when he was supposed to be resting at one of his country places after he was nominated, he took off in an old car with his son, Steve, and traveled about upstate, just talking to people.

"It was a fascinating experience," he says. "Of course, I'd never done anything like it before—never had a reason to, an excuse. There was one man, for example, who had lost his job with the New York Central and he had his mother to support, and he told me he didn't know what he was going to do, where to turn. Well, that man wasn't a statistic on the unemployment rolls; he was a human being. Until you get out and talk to people that way, you feel kind of cut off, separated from reality."

Averell Harriman is reserved, even shy, by nature, and until rather late in life he moved in circles largely confined to the very rich, the very fashionable or the very powerful. Now he is spending most of every day hip-deep in the unwashed multitude. Asked if he really enjoys the sweaty business of electioneering, he replies with a broad smile, "I love it." And he obviously does love it. The Averell Harriman of today gets an oddly boyish pleasure out of doing things that would have amazed and appalled the Averell Harriman of a few decades ago. Coherent conversation in an automobile with Harriman is impossible, for example, because most of the time Harriman has his head out the window, waving and shouting greetings at the astonished occupants of passing cars.

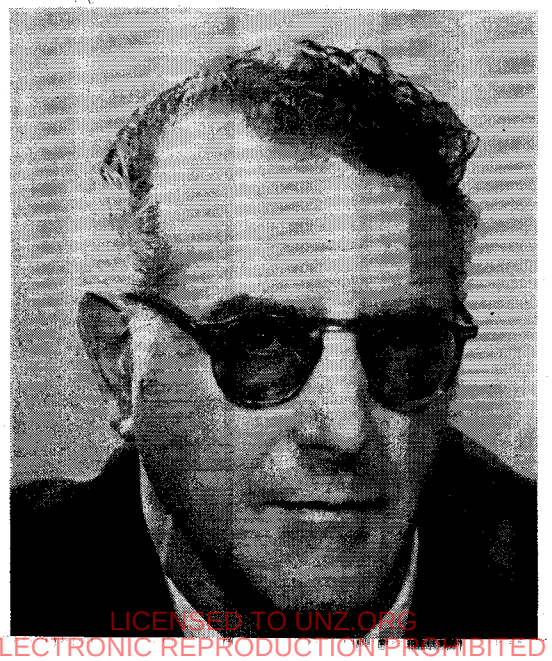
Recently Harriman was sharing a limousine with his predecessor, Thomas E. Dewey, when both were attending a ribbon-cutting ceremony for the St. Lawrence Seaway. The car stopped, and Harriman instantly seized the opportunity for a chat with some workmen at the side of the road, asking them about their jobs and their families. As the car drew away, Dewey looked enviously at Harriman and remarked, "You know, I've never been able to do that." This small episode gave Harriman immense pleasure, for it proved that he could make the kind of human contact that even such a professional tribune of the people as Dewey could not make.

This suggests one reason why both Rockefeller and Harriman "love" campaigning and find it "fascinating." An immensely rich man is hedged off from his fellows by an invisible high wall of money, as divinity doth hedge a king. Both Harriman and Rockefeller have found in politics the means to break through the invisible wall, and both clearly find in the experience an immense satisfaction, perhaps even a kind of relief.

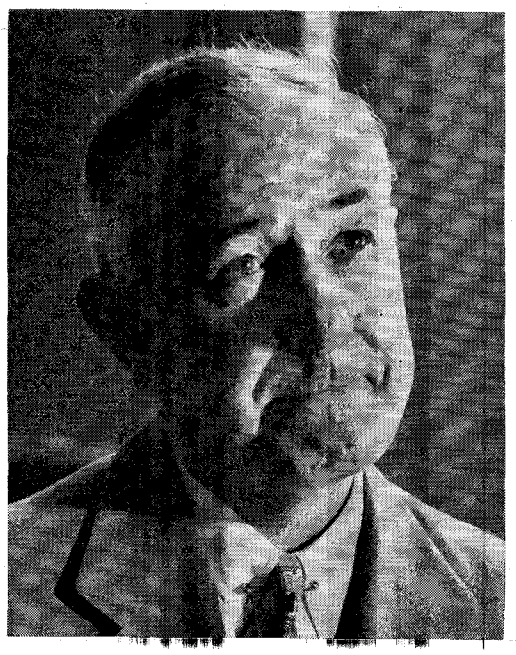
Being very, very rich is, after all, an extremely rare experience, with a powerful emotional impact, and it is inevitable that men who share this rare experience should have certain qualities (Continued on Page 98)

"Harriman is a curiously effective campaigner . . . as his elegant, stooped figure moves through a crowd, he gives the impression of being larger than life."

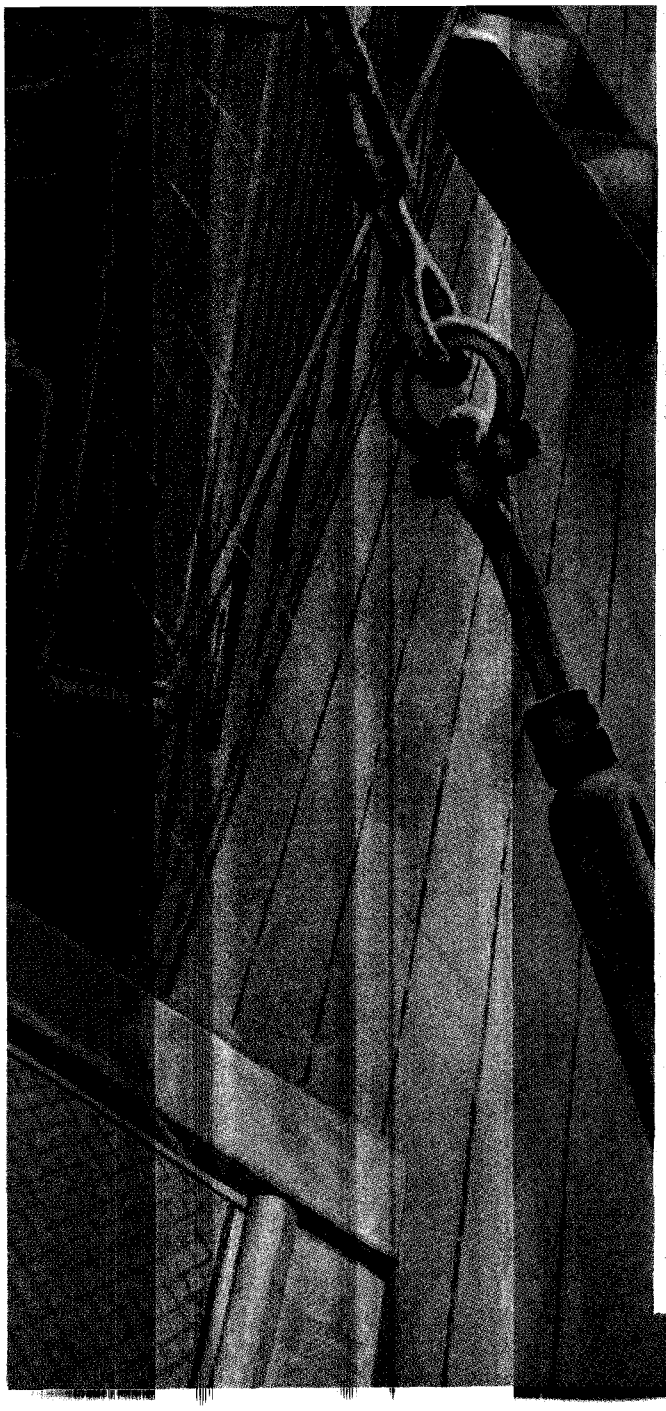
Tammany's Carmine De Sapio showed who was boss when he blackballed Harriman's choice for senator.



Frank Hogan, Democratic nominee for senator, is Tammany's pick—but not Governor Harriman's.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Annie and her crew, tense and alert, were on deck, their aching eyes fixed upon the glaring, floodlit area that barred them from their prize.

Tugboat Annie's Secret Stratagem

By NORMAN REILLY RAINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As rain-lashed darkness fell, the southeast gale screamed through the swaying pines cresting the steep mountainside behind the busy logging terminus of Tidewater Bay, Washington. But at the foot of the slopes the wide log-storage pond, with its pungent scent of wet bark and forest leaves, scarcely was rippled, while one by one lights sprang up along the water-front buildings and on the small vessels taking shelter from the storm.

Among them, alongside the wharf that was a short extension of the single main street, was the big blue-water tug Narcissus, Tugboat Annie Brennan, master, and flagship of the Secoma Deep-Sea Towing and Salvage Company fleet.

Inside the warm, hospitable messroom her crew were at supper, stowing away thick, gravy-dripping steaks, mashed potatoes, fresh Vashon Island vegetables and crisp icebox salad, with, as a fragrant background, strong hot coffee and sugar-and-cinnamon-spiced deep-dish apple pie. But the usual bonhomie of mealtimes was missing.

"Where's Annie?" asked Pinto, the cook, as he entered with another brimming tureen of rich brown gravy. "Most times she's workin' on her second steak by now."

"Last I seen of her, she was up topside smellin' the wind for trouble before stompin' ashore," muttered Big Sam, the engineer, morosely, and shook his head. "I'm tellin' ya—there's times when Annie goes on a rampage this tug needs a built-in cyclone cellar!"

"Mebbe so, Sam," said Peter, the paunchy, phlegmatic mate. "But when her gizzard starts boilin' there's generally a solid reason."

Hank, the husky young second deck hand, looked up. "True enough," he agreed. "But what's her present gripe? We're heading home from Nanaimo this morning and hoping for another job, when Clem there cops word from head office to put in here and tie onto a sixty-section log boom for Anacortes. And that's a million and a half board feet better'n traveling light!"

"That's why she's upset," put in Clem, the radio operator. "Because know who this log boom belongs to? Murdoch McArdle, of McArdle Enterprises."

"Oh-oh!" ejaculated Big Sam deeply.

"'Oh-oh!' is right!" said Shiftless, the gangling, wide-shouldered first deck hand. "McArdle and Annie get along like two bobcats in a gunny sack; and up to now McArdle's always given his towin' business to Bullwinkle's Salamander. And you know why, don't ya?"

"Sure!" growled Big Sam. "Because it takes a double-dealin' odd-ball like Bullwinkle to cope wi' that dirty skinflint! How come he missed out on this job, Clem?"

"That's the first thing Annie wanted to know. McArdle claimed Bullwinkle gave him a fast shuffle on some deal they had and now he wants no part of him. Annie called him a liar and turned the job down, but the boss got on the phone and shot her some hot steam, so she had to take the boom and like it. That's why ——"

Clem broke off abruptly as heavy feet thumped along the deck; suddenly the door was flung open and on a blast of cold, wet air Tugboat Annie hoisted her bulk across the coaming, oilskins streaming, untidy, rain-sodden hair jammed under an old sou'wester, and blue eyes snapping with purposeful vitality in her mastiff, weather-beaten face.

"O.K., you guys!" she rasped. "Soon as ye've finished stowin' them combustibles we're gittin' under way!"

"Under way, Annie?" Peter protested. "Try takin' that boom out in Juan de Fuca Strait tonight, an' there'll be a log spill from here to Flattery!"

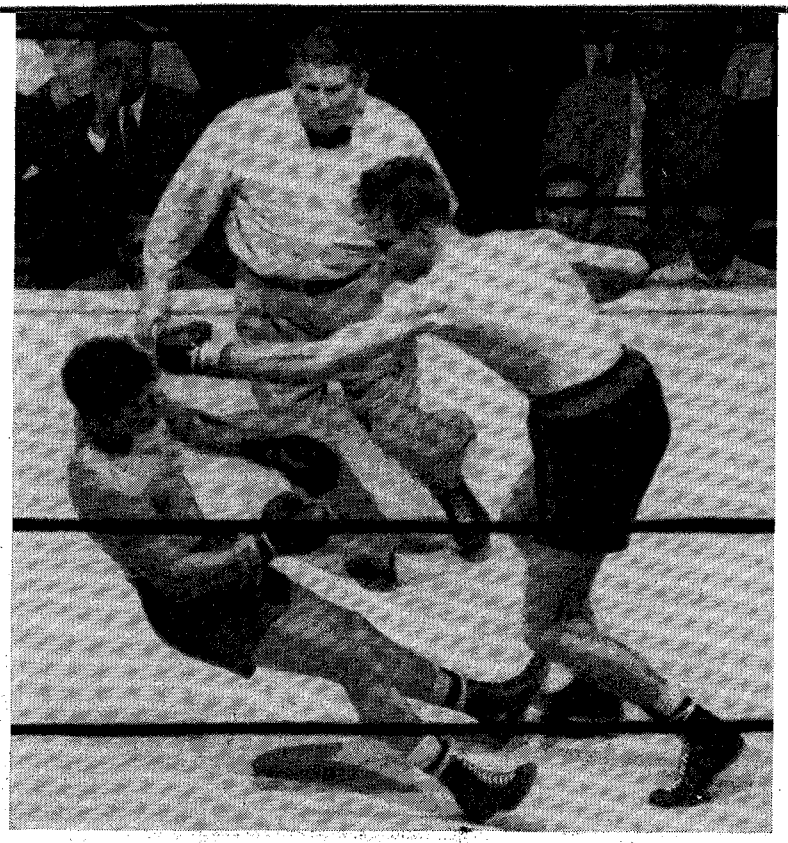
"We ain't takin' it outside," said Annie, slamming the door shut and wiping her moist red face. "It's waitin' right here. The office is sendin' the Daffodil from Port Townsend to pick it up an' tow it across in the mornin' if the weather's cleared. Meanwhiles, we're takin' off!"

(Continued on Page 83)

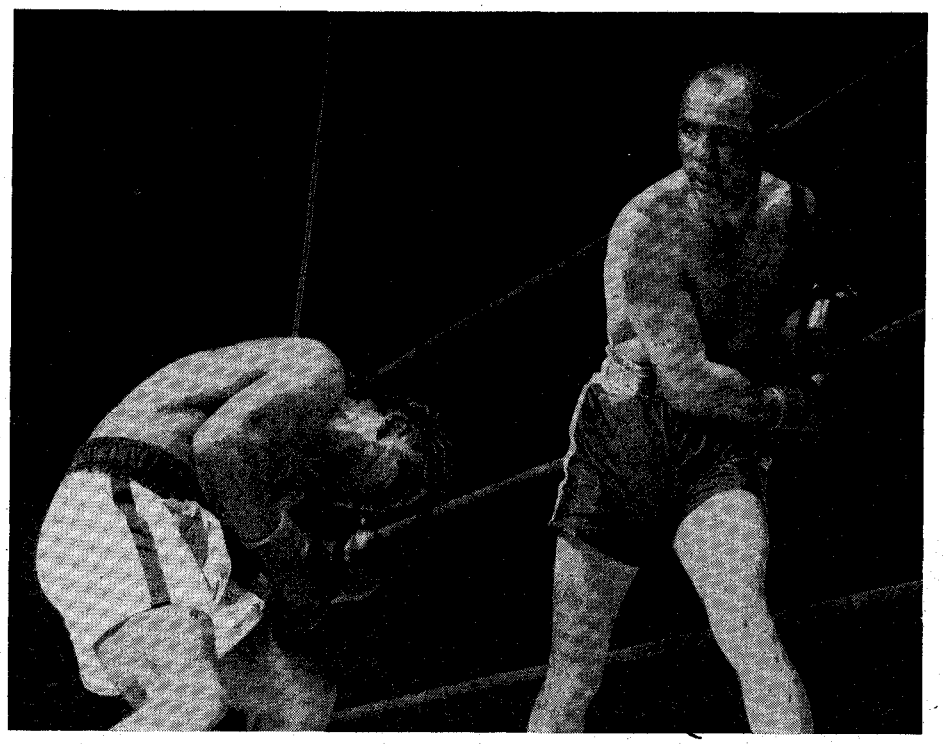
Illustrated by James R. Bingham

The stowaway struggled ineffectively to break away.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In a tragic 1951 battle—at which the author was one of the judges—George Flores (left) went down when Roger Donoghue landed this left hook. A few minutes later Flores went into a coma from which he never recovered.

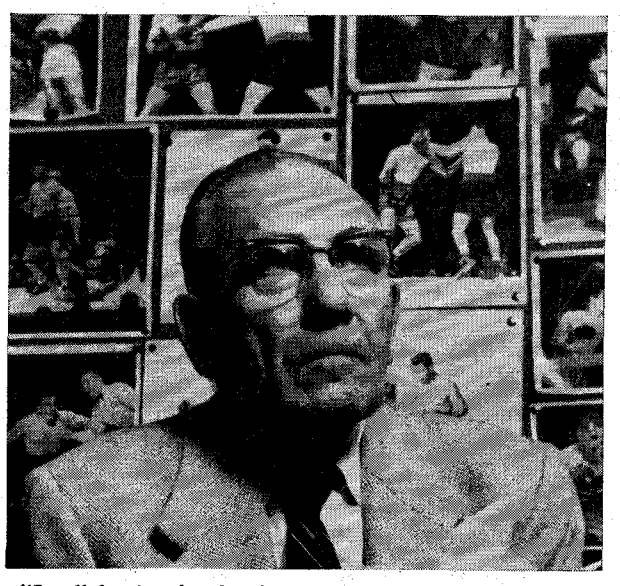


One of the bloodiest bouts at which Barnes ever officiated was the Robert Villemain-Steve Belloise match. Villemain (left), the loser, later needed 16 stitches in his face.

LET'S ABOLISH BOXING

By HAROLD BARNES
as told to Al Silverman

A veteran ringside official, alarmed at the continuing toll of dead and maimed fighters, presents firsthand evidence demonstrating why the sport should be outlawed.



"I call boxing legalized murder," says Barnes. "It's the only sport in which the object is to injure an opponent."

A dying boxer: At left, Jimmy Doyle is carried out unconscious from his fight with Sugar Ray Robinson.

For the past thirty-seven years I have taken my seat at ringside and tried to judge prize fights as accurately as is humanly possible to do so. Currently I am the senior official of the New York State Athletic Commission. I estimate that I've officiated at 6000 fights, including 2000 main events and 100 championship bouts.

There is one other statistic I'm not at all proud of. I've seen almost as much bloodshed in the ring as if I had been working all my life in a Chicago slaughterhouse. I'm sixty-three years old now, and I've seen enough. If I had the power to do it, I would outlaw boxing. To put it bluntly, I consider boxing legalized murder.

Since 1945 some 156 fighters have died from injuries inflicted in the ring. This total takes in boxers all over the world—both amateur and professional—and may not sound too staggering. However, when you consider that there are more deaths per number of participants in boxing than in any other sport, you get a better idea of the situation.

In any event, it isn't just the deaths that disturb me. Only a small percentage of prize fighters actually lose their lives in the ring. But a large percentage lose something else in their years of fighting. Way back in the 1920's a doctor in Newark, New Jersey, made an exhaustive study of fighters. He found that 50 per cent of those he examined were punch drunk to some degree.

Since then many—although not all—of the other doctors and physical educators who have had a chance to examine professional fighters have made similarly alarming reports. Dr. Ernest Jokl, professor of physical medicine and rehabilitation at the University of Kentucky Medical School, concluded after a study of 185 fighters, "While very fortunate boxers may escape serious brain damage, the great mass of fighters are not so lucky."

Whatever the exact percentage, it is too high for my peace of mind—all those men walking the streets on wobbly legs, their minds not quite so sharp as before they started fighting; their reasoning,

(Continued on Page 133)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Derelict's Daughter

Monaghan loved the girl, but her father was a Skid Row bum.

By JOSEPH CARROLL

Monaghan hired the girl for no other reason than that he liked her at sight and found her interesting. Nothing was at stake really, he kept telling himself, except that his new employee should be pleasant to have around and at least all right to look at. This one was all right and then some. The work was simple—the genteel drudgery of routines—and efficiency in the usual sense was alien to Monaghan, if not his outright enemy.

His office always looked as if it had been raided by police in search of evidence or burgled by frightened amateurs working against time. Drawers stood open and filing cabinets could never quite be closed because they held such a miscellany of books and magazines, shaving gear, articles of intimate attire and odds and ends, as well, of course, as files. But these were arranged in contempt of the alphabet and on no system whatever but Monaghan's conviction that whatever he wanted was there somewhere. It was, too, for his inner clarity was as remarkable as the outer disorder of his premises. He bore serenely in mind what one Irish poet had once said of another: that he didn't have enough chaos in him to create a universe. Monaghan liked to keep a good supply of chaos on hand.

The girl's name was Delia something (he had already lost the application form she had filled out), and she looked barely the legal age for working; but she had a self-possession many people live long lives without gaining. It was, what was more, a self worth possessing. She had a large-eyed prettiness, the eyes being a smoky blue. And her thin body was still a child's in its anarchy of bones, but its grace was already a woman's, one that had met and survived the many challenges of a graceless world. She knew her charms were in some sort more promising than actual, and she eked them out with an intelligent sense of clothes. The eking had its touch of pathos for an observer like Monaghan, who spent much of his business day with women who were well-packaged, even if the contents of the package were likely to be disappointing.

The girl's blue billowing skirt and white blouse were veterans of (Continued on Page 101)

Delia dropped to her knees beside the body which lay huddled against the door.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the news travels fast. Here neighbors gather at the Rawlings farm and

Erland Johnston—another neighbor—helped load the
mill. They produced just enough cider to fill that 50-g

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Secret of Maine Cider

A down-Easter recites the pleasures of an almost forgotten autumn custom—putting down a barrel of cider; and the rewarding sensation of drinking it ten or so months later.

By CHARLES RAWLINGS

The valiant old Russet apple trees standing neglected in a thicket of briers had set a golden bumper crop that nobody wanted. There was an empty fifty-gallon oak wine barrel in the cellar with hoops still stanch. The sweet-cider truck supplying the autumn socials and dances was going by every other day, headed for the old press near Searsmont. There was a fine chance to do what is so pleasant in a place like Maine: establish a living link with the still-vivid, virile past. Put down a barrel of cider and let her rip.

Cider, of course, was an uproarious part of Maine's past—all New England's, for that matter. Apples came in with the first settlers, and before the recent infesting funguses and scabs and worms arrived, making apple production one of the most arduous and expensive of all fruit cultures, they grew clean and bountiful in every dooryard and orchard. The Spies, Baldwins, Ben Davises, Grimes Goldens, Wolf Rivers and Russets of yesterday. After the best fruit was set aside for storage and market, there were the culls and drops to tantalize Yankee frugality. The way to save them was to do what the pioneers had been taught in Europe—press out their juice and make good cider.

Insidious cider! The apple was not chosen to team with the serpent in Eden without thought. It can teach the grape and the malt grains and rum's sugar cane sly tricks in insidiousness. Its juice lives in three stages. Two of them are important to the economy and approved by the most ardent teetotaler.

In its first sweet stage, cider is a longed-for beverage to wash down doughnuts and nurture goblins at Halloween; it is an ingredient of the mincemeat and pies and apple butter of harvest cookery. Barreled and allowed to ferment completely with bung ajar, cider becomes the vinegar of pickling and preserving. But in between there is the odd barrel in which a sinful man's cider has fermented just enough. With the ferment held in slow abeyance inside the tight-bunged barrel, cider becomes a heady wine that will knock your wig askew. It has figured in song and story, and built many a stone wall on Sunday, and put many a normally clean man abed wallowing dirty, and made too many women weep, and raised general and particular hell ever since the first pioneer musket killed the first Frenchman—or maybe it was an Indian.

Rum, of course, once the West Indies trade was opened, did all these things, too, but rum came from far away and cost money. Cider was the drink of the land, indigenous and free. It was rarely bought or sold. I asked my next-door neighbor, who knows a great deal about "old ci-dah," as he calls it, if the juice of the apple would make an interesting narrative.

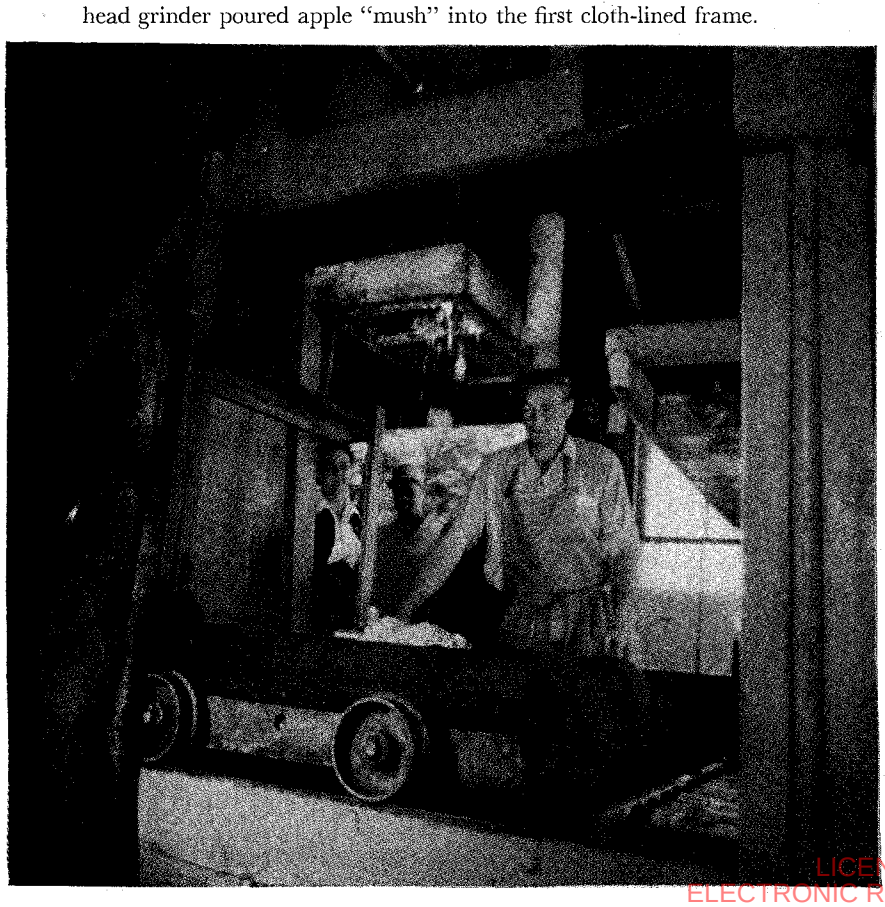
"Well, now," he said, "if you take it right from the innocent little apple blossom to the man fallen happy and snoring into the woodbox, I should say it might. Ci-dah's nothing today, though," he added. "All dressed up to keep it sweet and seventy-five cents a gallon in the stores. But I've seen the day ——"

It was a pleasant task to put down my barrel. The brier thicket died under the scythe. The old trees laid a golden cobble of their fine apples on the cleared ground. With fifteen bushels in fifteen burlap feed bags heaped beside my washed-out barrel, we waited for the truck. That was the old count: fifteen bushels to yield fifty gallons of juice.

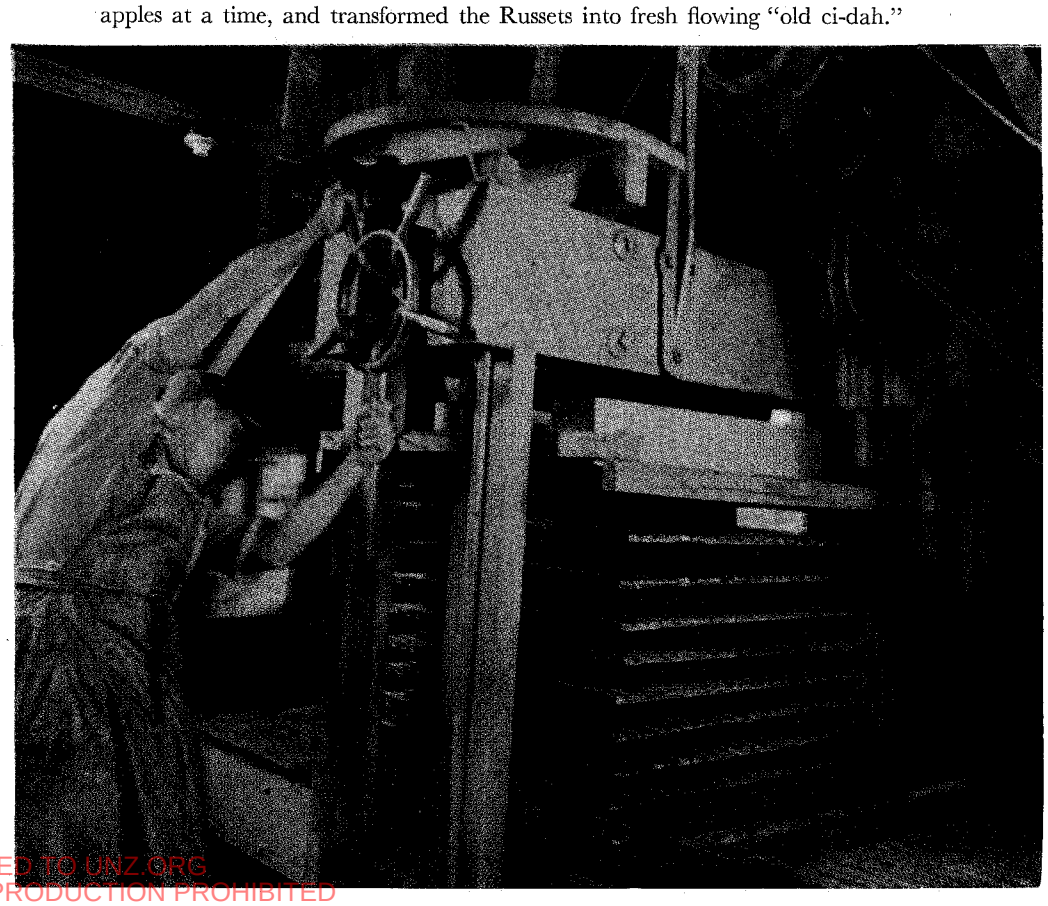
The October sun burned away the night mists. Riding atop the load with a burlap bag for a pillow, we jolted along in a fragrance of apples—Flora's autumnal perfume. It enveloped us in a heady reek when we stopped at the mill and our fresh perfume joined with the half-fermented, "stinking sweet and rotten" smell coming off the drift of pomace—the pressed-out waste pulp of a thousand bushels of apples that had come before us.

That pomace drift was a magic sward. A small crawler tractor with a pusher blade standing with (Continued on Page 106)

"They got that deep-down sugar," said the mill man as the overhead grinder poured apple "mush" into the first cloth-lined frame.

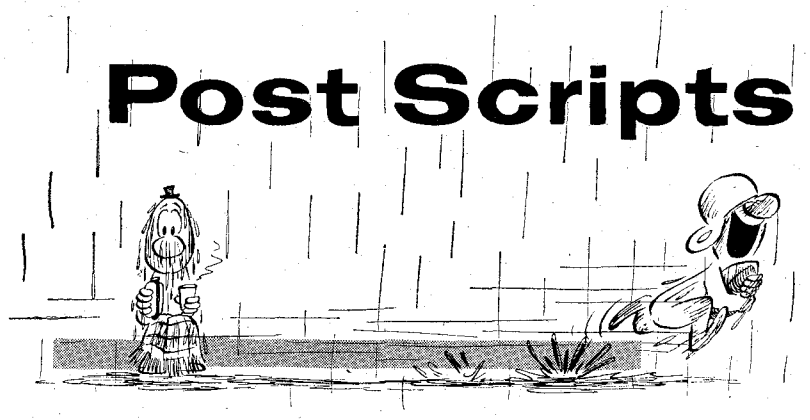


Big squeeze: A 55-ton hydraulic press squashed eight frames of the ground apples at a time, and transformed the Russets into fresh flowing "old ci-dah."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Scripts



With a Bow to My Better Half

Thanks for doing all the work which someday
I expect to,
Hanging pictures here and there, as only a
woman can,
Fixing leaks and oiling squeaks whenever I
neglect to,
Nailing this and gluing that as well as any
man.

Thanks for little paint-up jobs done quietly and
neatly,
For being such a talented and uncomplaining
spouse,
And thanks, my dear, for smiling and agreeing
so completely,
When someone says, "How nice to have a
man around the house!"

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

To See Ourselves . . .

People don't know me
As well as they should:
Never was mortal
So misunderstood.

Moody, they call me—
Simply absurd!
Temperamental's
The accurate word.

Stubborn, they say:
I object to the term.
Others are stubborn—
Me, I'm firm.

Cocksure? No, *confident*.
Frugal, not tight.
Why don't they ever get
Anything right?

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Tell us, Ellen—were you really surprised?"

"One order 'Chef's Salad.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Mamma Tackles the Toy Dept.

"May I help you, ma'am?"

"Well, yes, I wanted to get something sort of active to keep my little boy occupied ——"

"And how old is the little fellow?"

"Just three and a half, and ——"

"Yes, ma'am! Just the age when we want to strengthen and build that little body with ——"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't want him any stronger, he's ——"

"—— with the proper choice of the larger playthings to develop those all-important muscles of the back, legs, and ——"

"Gosh, I'm afraid I couldn't stand anything like that. I mean, he's big for his age anyway, and I just thought ——"

"Of course, ma'am! Something to satisfy those busy little eyes and fingers, so eager for experience, so ——"

"Say, aren't they! Last night when he was playing service station he filled his father's gas tank with the garden hose, and ——"

"Wow! I hope you blistered his—er—isn't it amazing how even the toddlers will imitate the world around them! But what really seems to interest him most? Does he ——"

"Well, he more or less likes to hit things. I mean, like he'll take a big spoon, say, and a bucket ——"

"Of course, ma'am! The inborn desire for rhythmic, musical expression! And here you are—a set of life-size drums, complete with South African jungle voodoo gong ——"

"Heavens, his father would kill m—— That is, I don't think it's the rhythmic expression Junior's so fond of, it's just the hitting, you might say. Like he'll take a stick and Wham goes a flower pot, or Boom goes a light bulb ——"

"Then how about ——"

"Or Bang goes the end table, or Boinnngg—that's the bridge lamp—or ——"

"Or how about a nice—end table, h'm? Bridge lamp, h'm? Really lays into the furniture, does he? Say, our second kid was that way, too, and I thought I'd lose my mind. Look. Tell you what you do. Clear the garage, follow me? Then hang up a rug, see? Then hand him a baseball bat, get it? Wears the kids out in no time, and you'll be surprised the dust they can beat out of a rug. You're welcome, ma'am. That's perfectly all right, ma'am. Next?"

PEG BRACKEN

Heinrich Schnibble and the Moonwatcher

"Good afternoon, sir; my name is Bindel, and I'm a moonwatcher. I wonder if ——"

"Ich ben Heinrich Schnibble. Meinself ist also watchen das moon oftenisch."

"Ah, splendid! Do you have a glass?"

"Ach, ja! Ich ben haben ein, zwei glassers."

"Then perhaps you would join me tonight for ——"

"Goot, goot! Insiden gecomen. Ich ben upfillen der glassers mitout waiten."

"I beg your pardon? You say you ben upfillen der glassers?"

"Ja, mit der foamisch beer."

"Oh, no! I'm afraid you misunderstood me. The kind of glass I mean is a telescope. I want to ——"

"Himmel! Meinself ist nicht ein peepentommer mit der snoopenglass!"

"Well, I don't nicht —— Sir, I'll have you know I use my telescope only to look at the satellites; the artificial moons."

"Der smallisch whizzenspeeders mit beepen?"

"Why, yes. I'm an official beep ——"

"Und uppen-gezoomen mit der schnortenwhooshen?"

"Right! Now, what I would like to do is ——"

"Meinself ist nicht believen der schtunkers ben worken!"

"Of course they ben worken! I'll just set up my equipment in the clearing on that knoll back of your barn and show you."

"Ach, du lieber, nein! Ich ben refusen!"

"You ben refusen? But why, Mr. Schnibble?"

"Das flamen explodenspouten ist burnen mein barn!"

"Well, that's no reason to —— Burnen your barn? Look, my friend, you're all mixed up. There won't ben any flamen mit burnen your barn. All I want to do is set up mein ——"

"Dumkopf! Meinself ist watchen der pikturs. Mitout das tailer ben exploden mit spouten, der beeper ist nicht uppen-gezoomen!"

"Confound it, I know that! I don't ben gonna uppen-gezoomen der beeper. All I want to explode ist mein snooper—I mean, mein telepeep mit watchen der whooshen —— Ach! Das boopenwhizzer nicht ben spouten when mein schnortenscoop —— Himmel, Mr. Schnibble! Meinself ist joining yourself! Upfillen der glassers mitout waiten!"

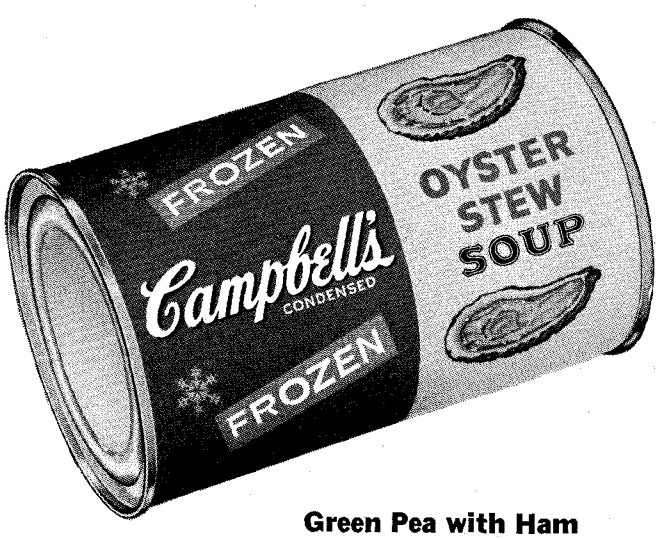
DAVE MORRAH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Is the luxury of its flavor worth the extra cost?

(She'll know... and so will you the moment you taste it)

People who know fine food will wonder why this costs so little



Green Pea with Ham
Oyster Stew • Clam Chowder
Old-Fashioned Vegetable with Beef
Cream of Shrimp • Cream of Potato

Here's oyster stew for folks with definite feelings on the subject. It's made with ocean-fresh oysters . . . simmered with all their good juices in fresh milk and special seasonings . . . and enough butter to float in golden pools on top. Then Campbell's freezes it fast—to hold all that wonderful flavor.

Discriminating people won't be surprised that this elegant oyster stew is higher priced. The wonder is that it costs so *little*. (As little as 13 cents for a generous serving.)

Why don't you try Campbell's Frozen Oyster Stew soon? Look for it in your grocer's freezer.

OYSTER STEW

FROZEN *by Campbell's*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Ugly American:

PART FOUR

The Tactics of Terror

The Communists won battles by breaking all the rules of warfare.
The only way to beat them was to play dirty too.

By WILLIAM J. LEDERER
and EUGENE BURDICK

In his first weeks as American ambassador to Sarkhan, Gilbert MacWhite bungled his own campaign against Communist influence. Determined to avoid future mistakes, MacWhite obtained permission to study, at first hand, the anti-Communist operations of other Asian countries. His first stop was the Philippine Islands, where he visited Maxim Magsaysay, an eminently successful fighter in the cold war.

MacWhite was struck by the truth of Magsaysay's criticism that "average Americans in their natural state are the best ambassadors a country can have. But something happens to most Americans when they go abroad. Many of them are not average; they are second-raters." Then Magsaysay suggested that MacWhite go to Vietnam, where he could see how the Free World's ignorance was helping the Communists win a crucial victory.

IV

The lean American drew himself up sharply in front of the French officer sitting behind the desk and saluted. "Major James Wolchek, United States Army, reporting for duty as observer with the Second Régiment Amphibie, Légion Étrangère," he said crisply.

The Frenchman was obviously tired. He looked up from his desk and examined Wolchek. Then he smiled and spoke in English.

"I'm Monet," he said. "Major Monet. You look like what I have heard Texans call 'whang leather.' I hope that's not an insult; it's not intended so."

Major Wolchek smiled. "Thank you, sir. I do happen to be from Texas."

"And, of course, your nickname is Tex," Monet said.

Wolchek nodded. They smiled at each other for a second, and then Monet began to search through a desk (Continued on Page 53)

Tex switched on the carrier's lights just as the quadruple mount began firing.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR '59...IF IT'S NEW

ANNOUNCING A GREAT NEW PLYMOUTH *that brings you new beauty*

YOU ENJOY NEW SWIVEL SEATS that make '59 Plymouth Sport Fury the easiest car in the world to get in and out of. Front seats swing with you as you enter or leave. A terrific new Plymouth exclusive in the low-price field!

YOU AVOID GLARE as electronic Mirror-Matic rear-view mirror* automatically dims headlights from cars behind. Also new: safe, courteous Automatic Headlight Dimmer*.

YOU DISCOVER A GREAT NEW STANDARD OF PERFORMANCE with advanced design New Golden Commando 395 Engine*! Other engine choices include Fury V-800 and PowerFlow 6.

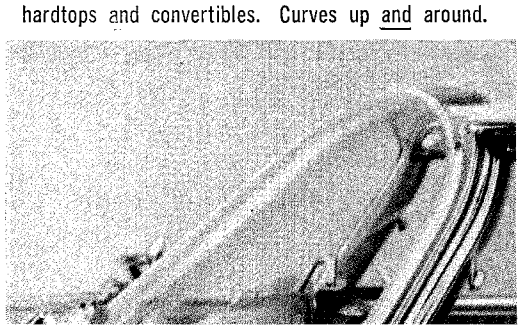
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLYMOUTH'S GOT IT!

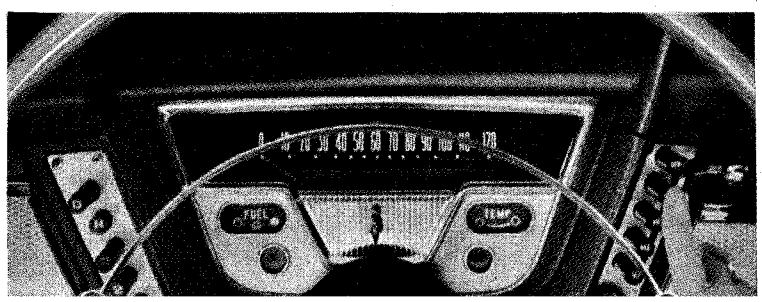
NEW SPORT DECK standard on SPORT FURY models shown above... available at slight extra cost in every Plymouth price range. * Optional, extra cost.

..new features...and new FURY models at a new low price!

YOU SEE TRAFFIC LIGHTS BETTER through the new compound Star-View Windshield in all '59 Plymouth hardtops and convertibles. Curves up and around.



YOU GET INSTANT HEAT at finger-tip touch with new Push-Button Heating and Ventilating Controls*. No waiting for warmth. Teams with Plymouth's magic Push-Button Drive*. Buttons conveniently grouped in Master Control Center.



YOU RIDE ALWAYS LEVEL thanks to great new Constant Level Torsion-Aire Suspension*. Or you may prefer Plymouth's famed Torsion-Aire Ride — at no extra cost.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The rich full tone of this clock radio tells you it's a Zenith!

Beautiful new designs! Beautiful new colors!

Wake up to the magnificent tone of this all-new Zenith. Open your eyes to the most distinctive new styling in clock radios today. Even its back is beautifully finished—it's attractive from any angle.

And remember, it's the radio that makes the big difference in clock radios—and only a Zenith radio gives you all this: a big, Zenith-quality speaker with an Alnico 5 magnet, Zenith's famous long-distance AM chassis, Zenith's exclusive, built-in Wavemagnet® antenna.

Above is the Zenith Starlighter, one of a wide variety of new Zenith clock radios. It comes in lovely new decorator colors: Champagne Gold and White, Ebony, Two-tone Blue, Gray and White. Has sleep switch—alarm buzzer, too. Model B515, AC, $34.95*.

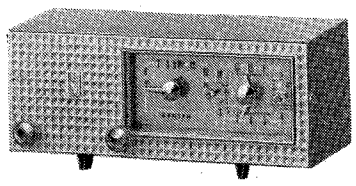
The Zenith Starling (without sleep switch) in Coral Pink and White, Silver Pine and Frost Blue, or White, Model B514, AC, $31.95*. In Pilgrim Gray and White, $29.95*.

ZENITH® *The quality goes in before the name goes on*

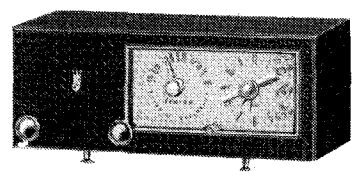
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS. The Royalty of television, stereophonic high fidelity instruments, phonographs, radios and hearing aids. 40 years of leadership in radionics exclusively. **Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Price and specifications subject to change without notice.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

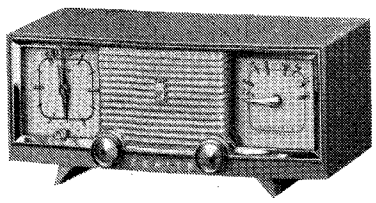
New level of performance in these Zenith Clock Radios!



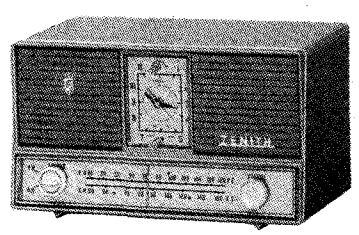
New! Super-Deluxe AM Clock Radio—a fresh, new note in cabinet styling. Zenith's incomparable tone lulls you to sleep, sings you awake. Zenith-quality speaker with Alnico 5 magnet; Wavemagnet® antenna for long distance reception. In White, Ebony, Green and White, Pink and Gray, Model B519, AC, $39.95*.



New! The Royal Six AM Clock Radio—Zenith quality in a beautifully styled radio that works for you in any room of your home. Operates appliances with up to 1100 watts. Big-set Zenith quality components such as 3-gang condenser, Vernier Tuning, and added RF stage for the finest performance in any clock radio made. In Ebony, White, and Two-tone Gray, Model B624, AC, $49.95*.



New! Deluxe AM Clock Radio—no finer clock radio than this distinctively styled Zenith. Provision for private radio listening. Long distance AM reception, Wavemagnet® antenna. In French Beige, Sandstone White or Slate Gray, Model B516, AC.



New! Multi-Purpose FM-AM Clock Radio—from Zenith, the pioneer and leader in FM. Has Radio Alarm Buzzer, Appliance Outlet, Slide Rule Dial Scale, Built-in FM-AM Antennas in a trim and handsome cabinet. Comes in Charcoal Black, Snow White or Pine Frost Green, Model B728, AC, $79.95*.

ZENITH

The Ugly American

(Continued from Page 49)

drawer, explaining that he had Wolchek's orders.

Tex stared out the open window while he waited. Monet's office was on the outskirts of Hanoi, and Tex could see the long columns of trucks, jeeps and half-tracks moving toward the Vietnam lowlands where the Battle for the Delta was being fought. On both sides of the road, heading in the opposite direction, were lines of Vietnamese natives. They were fleeing to the city.

Tex smiled as he thought of Monet's use of "whang leather." In a way, he thought, it was ironic that he should look so much like the world's conception of a Texan. His parents had come to Fort Worth from Lithuania two years before Tex was born. They were short, dark, slender people, but something about the sun and the food and the Texas climate made their children grow tall and muscular—models of what Texans thought Texans looked like. Father Wolchek was openly proud of the fact that his oldest son was an officer and a fighter. And the knowledge of his family's love and support had helped Tex through many bad times.

Tex's body held bits of the iron of two wars. The first time he was hit had been in Normandy. He was one of the paratroopers who were dropped in the early darkness of D day behind the Normandy beaches. A German flare burst just over his parachute, and on the way down he caught seven machine-gun slugs in his legs.

A disorganized platoon of Germans came upon Tex leaning casually against a tree. He had a confident look on his face and a carbine in his hands. He did not speak to the platoon—merely signaled for them to throw down their arms and put up their hands. The German officer attempted to bolt; before he had gone three steps, Tex shot him. A half hour later the German platoon realized that their captor was leaning against a tree because he couldn't use his legs, but by that time it was too late. Doctors later removed six of the slugs from Wolchek's legs; the seventh they left because it was embedded in the bone. Tex received a Silver Star for this action.

He got his second wound on Pork Chop Hill in Korea, when he led a reinforced patrol into the misty ground between the American and Chinese lines. Fog and darkness made it impossible to see, but Tex heard sounds of fighting. They had gone only 100 yards before he realized that the Chinese were launching a massive attack. He knew that his hilltop redoubt could not stand against so many men. He had no choice but to move ahead with his patrol and disrupt the attack.

Tex led his patrol through the Chinese like a farm mower through a fresh field. He cut through to the divisional headquarters' bunker of the Chinese lines, put it under a heavy grenade attack and captured it. The raiders killed every man in the bunker, including one general and two colonels; and they also killed 120 other Chinese. They had shattered the Chinese attack, but what was left of the patrol, including Tex, was captured.

Tex had two dozen needle-sharp pieces of grenade steel in his back. He administered morphine to himself and politely asked the Chinese officer in charge if one of his own men could cut out the splinters. The American did a rough job that left Tex's back a fantastic tangle of scars. Several tiny bits of Chinese steel were left in his flesh. On extremely cold nights they felt like slivers of ice.

Tex escaped from a Communist aid station and returned to the American lines. Ten months later his regimental commander recommended him for the job of observer with the French forces operating in Vietnam, outside of Hanoi.

The French major laughed, and Wolchek turned toward him.

"Tex, you must excuse me if I use your nickname from the very start," Monet said, "but this is an informal situation. I have some bad news for you. Your orders attach you to my company and call for you to drop into Dienbienphu with us."

"What's wrong with that?" Tex asked.

"Although the newspapers don't know it, yesterday Dienbienphu was completely encircled. My company is going in by airdrop the day after tomorrow. I'm sure that under the circumstances at Dienbienphu, you would prefer to remain here."

"Major," Tex said, "how many jumps have you made?"

Monet was busy with his papers and he answered without looking up. "About two dozen."

"And how many have you made under enemy fire?"

"None. There has never been an opportunity."

... ...

Chemiseration

From risk, as women's
fashions change,
No lady can escape,
For destiny which shapes
her ends
May also end her shape.

Paul Armstrong

... ...

"Major, I've made over a hundred practice jumps and I've jumped five times into enemy fire," Tex said softly. "Maybe you'll need an experienced hand along."

Monet's eyes went to Tex's left-hand breast pocket, looking for the parachutist insigne. There were no medals of any kind on the shirt.

"I am very sorry," Monet said, his voice just barely under control. "There was no way of knowing. I would be very glad if you would jump with us."

Tex and Monet spent the next two days together in Hanoi. In many ways they were opposites, but they did have an attitude in common; both saw themselves as soldiers and fighters. Monet was infinitely sophisticated in the art and literature of war. He came from a family in which there was always at least one son who was a graduate of St. Cyr; in the last three centuries there had been a General Monet in every war involving France.

As the two of them went from bar to bar looking for brandy, and from one munitions dump to another gathering materials for their drop, Monet talked as a connoisseur on the history of war. They argued about theory; and both of them worried about the drop into Dienbienphu.

On the second day Monet took Tex to visit his company of Foreign Legionnaires. The men were lined up for inspection. Among the Legionnaires were middle-aged blond soldiers who had been officers in Hitler's army. There were also Poles, Ukrainians, Russians, Argentinians and even a few Britons. In one of the lines stood a tall, skinny Negro. Tex looked sharply at the man, then turned to Monet.

"Major Monet, I have the honor to inform you that among your troops is at least one American," Tex said in a sharp voice. "Maybe this man told you he was an African or something like that, but I can tell you that he's really an American."

The tall Negro smiled, but just barely. Tex knew at once that he was right.

"I wouldn't know, Major Wolchek," Monet said quickly, speaking formally in front of the men. "All I know is that this man is a very good soldier. There is a tradition in the Legion that we do not inquire into a man's background."

"Well, there's a tradition among Americans that they shake hands whenever they meet," Tex said.

He offered his hand to the Negro, and for a tense moment the two men stared at each other. Then the Negro smiled, and his hand came out. While the other Legionnaires stood at rigid attention, the two Americans chatted briefly.

The soldier's name was Jim Davis, and he was from Los Angeles. He had gone to U. C. L. A. for three years and had joined the Legion to see action; he was a born soldier. They talked for perhaps two minutes. Then the French major moved, and Davis instantly snapped back to attention.

Tex and Monet continued their walk down the columns. Tex didn't tell Monet how he had recognized Davis as an American—that when Davis heard Wolchek's Texas accent, the trace of an unfriendly smile had flitted across his face. Tex had stopped to make sure that the next smile would be friendly.

"Davis is a good man, Tex," Monet said when they were back at the CP. "He is superb on patrols. We have a couple of Viets assigned to the regiment as guides, and Davis is the only man they'll make a night patrol with. He's never lost a Viet yet, and he always comes back with good intelligence."

The next morning the entire company drove in lorries to the airfield to board the planes that would drop them over Dienbienphu. The moment they passed through the guard post, Tex knew that something had gone wrong. The guards were tense; too many planes were lined up on the hardstand; too many men were standing around.

A half hour later Monet discovered what was wrong. He came walking back from the headquarters building, accompanied by a man who was wearing khakis, obviously an American and a civilian. Monet's face was ashen. The Legionnaires, who were sprawled in the shade under the lorries, scrambled to their feet and came to attention.

"Last night," Monet told them, "Dienbienphu fell. There is no possibility of relief. It is the judgment of higher command, a judgment in which I concur, that we have completely lost the battle."

Tex felt admiration mixed with pity. Most officers would have sugar-coated the pill. But Monet had guts and the integrity to identify himself with the melancholy news from higher command.

Monet walked over to Tex and introduced the American civilian.

"Major Wolchek, this is Gilbert MacWhite, the American ambassador to Sarkhan," Monet said stiffly. Tex was aware of Monet's personal anguish. "Ambassador MacWhite is on temporary duty from Sarkhan to see how Communists operate. He was planning to go to Dienbienphu. Now he would like our views on why we lost the battle."

Tex looked sharply at the ambassador. He felt a quick flash of anger and then realized it was groundless.

"Major," Tex said, "why don't you let me talk to the ambassador while you get the troops started back."

(*Continued on Page 56*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

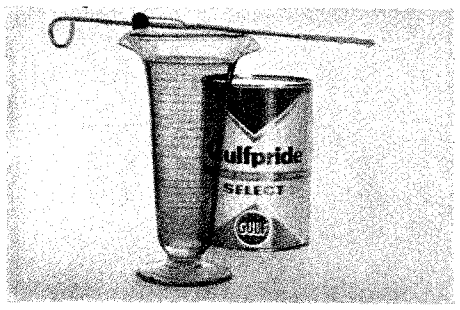
GULF

Don't delay... everything you need to protect your car is at your Gulf dealer's!

Drive in today for *complete* weather-protection service... and the finest products.

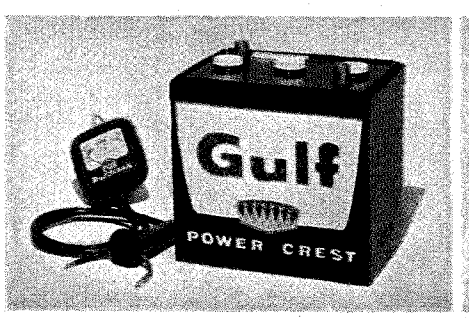
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Go safely with Gulflex lubrication and complete weather-protection service . . .

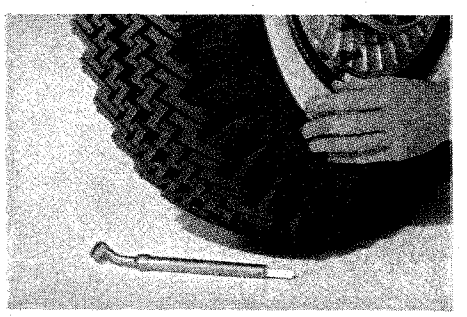


Oil change—for maximum engine protection, change to new, clean-working Gulfpride Select—clearly the world's finest motor oil.

Antifreeze—one filling of Gulf Permanent Type Antifreeze and you're set for the winter. Won't evaporate, rust, or clog cooling system.



Free battery check—your Gulf dealer will check your present battery to determine if it will meet the extra-heavy demands of cold weather.



Free tire check—and remember . . . for extra safety on slippery surfaces, get new Gulf Mud-Snow tires, *tractionized* for sure gripping.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

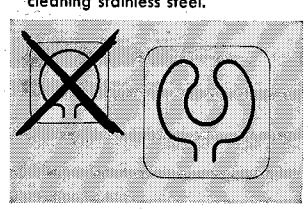
Another FIRST from

TOASTMASTER

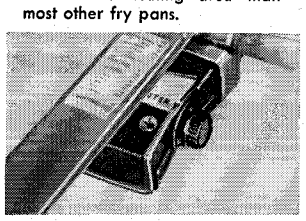
now . . . a square Stainless Steel
Automatic Fry Pan

Only Toastmaster gives you these exclusive features—

Exclusive process combines fast-heating aluminum with easy-cleaning stainless steel.



Toastmaster "52-X" element—52% *more heating area* than most other fry pans.



New Toastmaster Removable Heat Control—greater accuracy, convenience, cleaning ease.

New Toastmaster Automatic Fry Pan combines even-heating aluminum with lifetime sparkle of stainless steel. Cooks perfectly . . . ends scouring . . . wipes clean . . . always bright . . . always beautiful!

YOU'LL GET A KICK out of cooking . . . and never kick about cleaning. No reason to, with this—the first square Stainless Steel Automatic Fry Pan.

Cooking's pure pleasure. Because it's so automatic. Just dial the heat . . . and enjoy the *art* of cooking. Toastmaster's exclusive new "52-X" element heats evenly . . . and faster than ever before possible. Removable Heat Control gives *absolute* control, removes to make Fry Pan completely immersible for rinsing.

Wonderful food will come from your "Custom" stainless steel Automatic Fry Pan—and only Toastmaster has it. Full 11″ size, $21.95*; in aluminum, $14.95*. Removable Control, $7.50*; Vented Cover, $4.00*.

McGRAW-EDISON

TOASTMASTER DIVISION
McGRAW-EDISON COMPANY

*Recommended retail prices.

TOASTMASTER

First in Electric Homewares

"TOASTMASTER" is a registered trademark of McGraw-Edison Company, Elgin, Ill., and Oakville, Ont. ©1958

(*Continued from Page 53*) Monet flashed Tex a look of gratitude and spun on his heel. He started to bark out commands. The Legionnaires filed back into the lorries, now a line of retreating vehicles.

"Mr. Ambassador, I understand your interest ——" Tex began.

"Just call me MacWhite," the tall man said. His voice was crisp and assured.

"O.K., MacWhite. I'll tell you the truth. I don't know why the French are losing—neither do they. But Monet is not the man to talk to. He's dying on his feet from mortification."

"All right. I'm asking you, not him," MacWhite said. "What are we doing wrong?"

In the next few minutes, Tex discovered that MacWhite asked tough questions and expected hard answers. They stood on the side of the road, in the midst of exhaust fumes and dust, talking strategy and tactics.

"There just isn't any simple answer," Tex finally said. "We're fighting a kind of war here that I never read about at Command and General Staff College. Conventional weapons just don't work out. Neither do conventional tactics."

"Well, why don't we start using unconventional tactics?" MacWhite asked.

"Armies change slowly, MacWhite," Tex said. "All our tanks and planes and cannon aren't worth a damn out here. We should fight the way the Communists fight, but no one is quite sure how they fight."

From behind them came Monet's voice. "Well, we're going to find out in a hurry. The Communists will keep moving on Hanoi, and we'll have plenty of chance to see them in operation."

"I'll stick around for a few weeks, then," MacWhite said. "Don't worry, Major Monet, I'll get the proper orders."

"Why do you want to watch all this?" Monet asked.

"Because it may happen next in Sarkhan, and I want to be ready for it," MacWhite said simply.

For a long moment the three men stood quietly in the sea of dust, with the smell of defeat all about them.

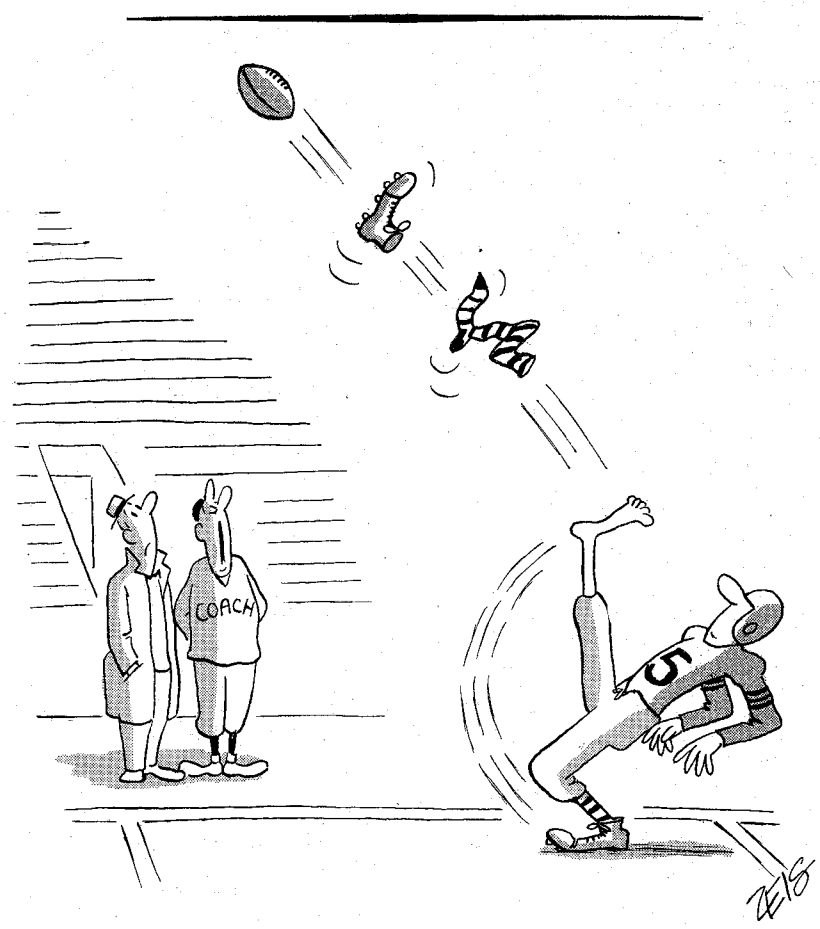
"All right, let's go," Monet said. "Tex, drive fast to overtake the lorries. We have orders to occupy a defensive position for tonight."

In the next few weeks the Communists seemed to come sweeping in from everywhere. The dirty, pathetic mass of refugees grew in Hanoi. Monet and his company of Legionnaires went slashing into the attack more than twenty times. They would get a report that the Communists were moving up on a distant village. The company of Legionnaires would swoop into the village and take up a well-planned deployment around it. Tex, who had seen it done a hundred times, had no criticism of their communications, armament or training. But always the deployment was a failure. The Communists knew everything about the defensive deployment and would shell the Legionnaires with horrifying accuracy or, even more horrifying, would send squads of two or three men, armed with knives and hand grenades, into the individual foxholes. Or the Communists would harass the French from the rear with carbine and grenade fire.

Over a period of several weeks, Tex had the experience of serving with a company of seasoned fighters who lost twenty villages. Even more frustrating was the fact that they never saw the enemy. The fire fights always began at night and were over by dawn; the enemy always slipped away, taking his dead with him; and the Legionnaires felt they had participated in phantom engagements. The only thing that made it real was their own dead.

Meanwhile, Hanoi had become a sick city, beset by confusion and hunger and swept by fantastic rumors. Worst of all, was the feeling of impending defeat which was shared by everyone—Vietnamese, French and Americans.

One day, after three weeks of desperate patrols and futile defenses, Tex had a quiet afternoon with Monet and MacWhite. The Legionnaires had been given a rest period of two days; by the afternoon of the second day Monet had solved his problems of supply and was prepared to relax. Tex was cautiously beginning to offer him an idea. They were sitting with MacWhite (*Continued on Page 58*)



"He's a great kicker."

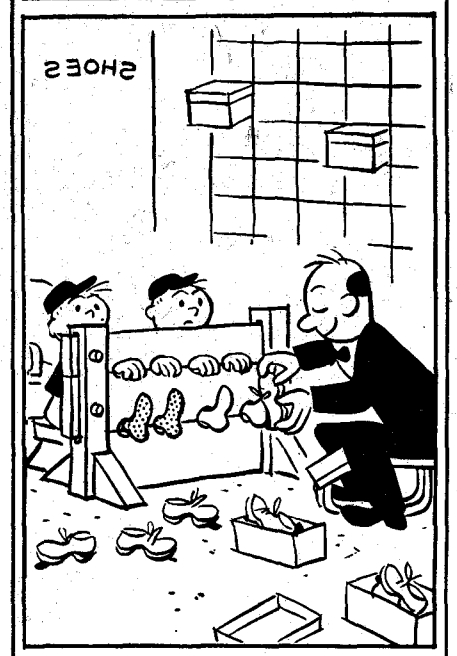
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Treat your children to a real Italian-style meal...CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Beefaroni

It costs so little to serve this hearty dish. Juicy beef, tender macaroni, rich tangy tomato-cheese sauce...fixed just as Italian children might be eating it near Rome. Grown-ups love it, too...for lunch, for dinner, for company snacks. And it's only about 13¢ a serving! Get some today.

Now available in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



shoes, florists, tires, schools, bowling, plumbers, machine tools
whatever you need—
Find It Fast In The Yellow Pages
Advertisers displaying this emblem make your shopping easy.

(*Continued from Page 56*) in a tiny bar, finishing a bottle of cognac.

"Monet," said Tex, "you handle men well. You know how to deploy them and how to run a real hot fire fight. By all the rules of western warfare you ought to be winning; but you're not. And I know why."

Monet was looking at Tex with visible irritation.

"It has nothing to do with the quality of French fighting, or with your Legionnaires," Tex said quickly. "It's just that the Communists are fighting by a different rule book. And it's taken me almost a month to remember that I once read the book. It was written by Mao Tse-tung—I picked it up when I was in Korea. Now, Monet, don't kid yourself about this. I hate what he stands for, but Mao is one hell of a bright guy."

"I've never read Mao's military writings," Monet said wearily. "But everything that can be written on war was written long before he was born. Clausewitz and Jomini went over the whole thing."

"Maybe Tex is right, Monet," MacWhite said slowly. "Mao is a clever man. The kind of fight he made in China may have become the model by which all Asian Communists fight."

"I don't mean to be disrespectful, gentlemen," said Monet, "but I doubt very much that Mao has written anything new about war."

Tex sighed. "All right," he said. "I haven't studied military history the way you have, but listen while I run over some of the ideas that Mao had in his book. First of all, take this thing of always finding some of the enemy in your rear. What Mao said to do is send a couple of agents ahead into any village in which the Communists conceivably might fight. They settle down there and live like everyone else, except that they have a few sacks of hand grenades and a few burp guns which they keep hidden. While they're there, they recruit the villagers who are sympathetic with them. If no one is sympathetic, they put it on the line—fight with us or die. It's as simple as that."

Monet was listening and nodding wearily.

"Monet, whenever the Legionnaires go into a village, a half dozen of the enemy are already in place behind them. They don't wear uniforms; they don't even dig up their weapons until the critical moment arrives. But can you imagine the advantage that just five or six people in their position give the enemy in a fire fight?"

Monet lit a cigarette. "What else does Mao say?" he asked.

For eight hours and another bottle and a half of cognac, they discussed Mao's military strategy and tactics. Both Tex and MacWhite felt that Monet was several times at the point of admitting that they should try Mao's methods. But he always stiffened and fell back on arguments about Clausewitz and "centers of defense," even though his tone of voice showed a growing doubt. Finally he stared at them, his face pale.

"That's enough, gentlemen," he said. "Even if you're right, we don't have time to change our tactics. We're losing too fast." He stared into his glass of cognac, frowning. "Imagine a nation which produced Napoleon, Foch and Lyautey being beaten by so primitive an enemy."

"But, Monet, don't be a fool ——" Tex began.

"He's right, Tex," MacWhite said sharply. "We've talked enough."

MacWhite's face was full of warning. At that moment, Tex realized, Monet was beyond convincing.

Ten minutes later a runner came in with a message for Monet. The final stage in the defense of Hanoi was beginning. Out in the hill country and the plains behind Hanoi thousands of Communists were slipping over paddies, around rocks, down ravines.

For Monet and Tex and MacWhite and the Legionnaires the next three weeks were hellish. Monet tried to send MacWhite to the rear, but he wouldn't go. The Legionnaires lacked munitions, food and reinforcements; and most of all they lacked sleep. Their eyes were red-rimmed and their tempers were drawn thin. They suffered fifty per cent casualties, and then the survivors again suffered fifty per cent casualties. They fought in thick brown mud around the paddies; when a man was hit he simply slid under and disappeared. Mud-clogged rifles ceased to function, and there was never an adequate base on which to mount a mortar. The least ill of the men had dysentery; it was a shared minimum affliction. Some of the men had fever, and some had huge horny scabs on their arms. They had long ago given up trying to purify their water. They simply drank whatever water was available and accepted agonizing cramps.

... ...

Knightly Behavior

By Irene Magee

Thou sayest chivalry
Is dead to modern us;
Nay! Nay! It lives, I see,
Upon this very bus.

Behold yon gallant blade
Who from his seat doth hop
For that foot-weary
maid!——
Oh, never mind—it is his
stop.

... ...

Both Monet and Tex were wounded. Monet took a bullet in his left arm; after the bones were set, he continued to command the company. Tex was hit in the buttocks by hand-grenade fragments; with a sigh he told the French corpsman not to bother using a probe. Tex now had the iron of three wars in his body, and in some dim way he knew he had expected fresh wounds.

One day the Communists played a dirty trick. Things like it had happened before, but this was the first time it had ever happened to Monet's men. Jim Davis and a Viet whom the Legionnaires had nicknamed Apache had been sent out to patrol the area in front of a small village the Legionnaires were defending. They left at dusk and were to return at dawn. They carried only burp guns and a signal-flare gun.

They returned at dawn, but without their weapons, crawling up to the edge of the first CP on their bellies. MacWhite, Tex and Monet saw them suddenly stand up and start to walk. Mud dripped from their clothes, and there was something queer about their huddled posture. The three men walked out to meet them.

Davis was leading Apache. From fifty yards they could see that there was a gout of blood on Davis' cheek. At twenty-five yards they could see the mangled remains of his left eye, hanging in a cluster of tiny glistening cords and muscles. The dead eye hung level with Davis' nose, and seemed to be staring at the ground. His right eye was firm and brilliant in his black face and was burning with rage.

"What happened, Davis?" Monet asked.

"They caught us, major," Davis said. His voice was low and cool. "This time they caught us. They let us go, but first they had to play a trick. Part of the trick was gouging out my eye."

"What did they do to you, Apache?" Monet asked quickly in Vietnamese.

Apache was holding a hand to his throat. His eyes were narrowed into slits of pure agony. He opened his mouth, wet his lips with his tongue, and made a sound which came out a subhuman, horrible twisted moan.

"Shut up, Apache," Davis shouted.

The sound trailed off and stopped. Davis reached over and pulled Apache's hand away from his throat. Squarely in the center of his throat there was a hole. Far back in the hole the muscle and cords of his neck glistened. Blood welled out of the bottom of the jagged wound.

"They cut away his vocal cords," Monet said. "It's a treatment they save for Viets who help the French."

"They left my right eye, so that at least one of us could find our way back and show this as a lesson to others," Davis said. He pitched forward in a faint. Monet caught him and laid him on his back.

"Tex, send for a corpsman," Monet said softly. "And then you and MacWhite join me in the CP. We're going to fight tonight using Mao's tactics against his own people. I'm convinced."

The next day MacWhite went back to Hanoi to look for a copy of the booklet on war by Mao Tse-tung. Monet ordered the Legionnaires to relax. They bivouacked in a dirty little group of tents; sleeping in their clothes like men who hoped never to awaken again.

Late that afternoon MacWhite returned with the Mao pamphlet. His method of procuring it had been simple—he had stopped at a newsstand and asked the proprietor for a copy. The proprietor, obviously alarmed, said that he knew nothing of works by Mao. MacWhite did not argue. He merely said that if the pamphlet were delivered in two hours he would pay 800 piasters and no questions asked. Within an hour he had the pamphlet.

The three of them gathered in Monet's tent and MacWhite read aloud for a long time. The words destroyed a tradition in which Monet believed deeply. He sat with his hands in his lap, as if by holding himself motionless he could compensate for the destruction of part of his world. When MacWhite had finished, there was a long silence.

"On the whole, Mao is right and we have been wrong," Monet said in a steady voice. "Please, let's not talk any more about our traditions. Let us talk about what part of Mao's writings we can use to our advantage."

"Most of what Mao recommends is too long-range for us to use," MacWhite said. "It's the kind of thing you have to accomplish over years. For example, when he recommends sending political organizers ahead of the army, he is talking in terms of years. These organizers never announce that they're Communists; they just keep putting Communist views before the villagers. Then when the fighting starts they organize resistance behind the enemy lines."

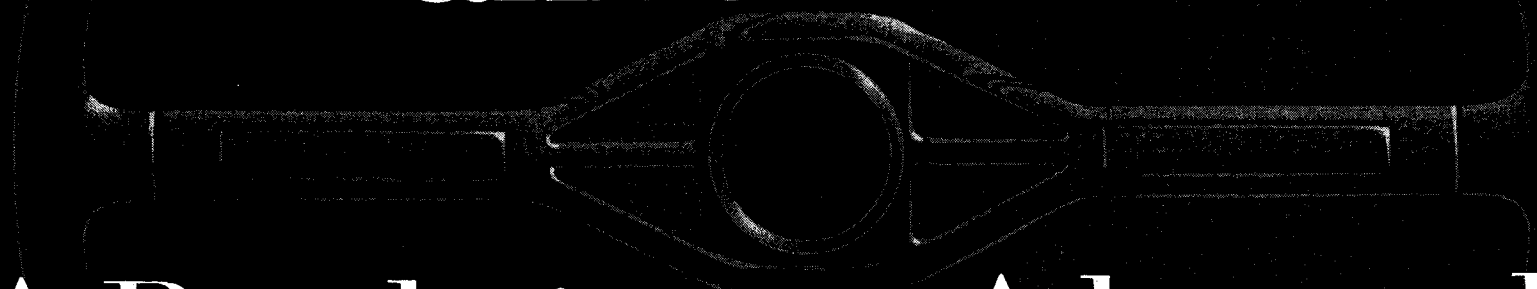
"That explains why we keep getting fire from both front and rear whenever we have a night fire fight," Tex said.

"Also it explains why they always have perfect intelligence on the villages we try to defend," Monet added.

"Forgive me for giving an opinion in your area, gentlemen," MacWhite said. "I suggest we forget everything that's going to take a year to accomplish. We have only a few (*Continued on Page 60*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General Motors announces



A Revolutionary Advance In Handling Ease!

A completely new system of Precision Power Steering available exclusively on 1959 General Motors cars

The Exclusive Rotary Valve is the Secret...

No matter *what* kind of steering you now have, just five minutes behind the wheel with this completely new Precision Power Steering system will prove to you *how much easier, safer and more pleasant driving now can be.*

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU'RE MISSING UNTIL YOU TRY IT!

Saginaw STEERING GEAR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS • SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

special service

We'll help figure value of your property ...free!

Four out of five homes today are *under-insured!* Why? Because most home-owners have not adjusted their fire policies to cover today's higher property values.

Call an American Hardware Mutual man for free help in estimating *your* home's value. It's another American Hardware Mutual service feature . . . available at no cost or obligation.

We pay claims within 8 hours after proof of loss*

Insurance for Home, Automobile, Business

HOME OFFICE: MINNEAPOLIS. SERVICE OFFICES: ATLANTA, BOSTON, CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, DULUTH, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, MINNEAPOLIS, NEWARK, PHILADELPHIA, PORTLAND, ORE., RENO, ST. PAUL, SAN FRANCISCO, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

**Except in those states where specific waiting periods are required by law.*

(*Continued from Page 58*) days. Later, and in another country, perhaps we can use Mao's strategy. Right now we have to concentrate on his tactics."

For hours they argued over the pamphlet. Night came. They ate a cold meal from packaged rations, crawled under the mosquito nets, and continued their discussion until dawn. From the dozens of ideas which Mao had suggested, they took two.

In rough terrain, Mao said, retreat and disappear until the enemy is strung out in pursuit. Then concentrate on one weak point. Time, space and retreat are the instruments of combat victors. When fighting an enemy who has superior equipment and numbers, success lies in mobility and the use of darkness.

The second idea involved guerrilla warfare. Mao suggested that in a sustained guerrilla action, the groups of guerrillas can be successful only if they have a completely centralized command. The central command post should never be farther from the actual fighting than a man can trot in a half hour.

Monet said, "It's obvious, even though we've never used it."

MacWhite put down the pamphlet. He grinned at Monet and Tex, and they began to spread a large detailed map of the Hanoi region on the table.

The village they decided they were looking for was surrounded by a swamp of paddies; two miles beyond it was a large area of firm ground on which stood a clump of bamboo trees. Monet and Tex nodded when they saw it. Any wise field commander would choose the bamboo trees for a command post. A hardtop road ran like an arrow from the trees directly through the village. On the approach to the village was a small hill behind which the Legionnaires could hide reserve troops.

"All right, gentlemen, that village will be it," Monet said decisively. "Three days from today we'll go in."

It was Tex who suggested a weapon he had seen used in Korea. It was quite simple. The bed of a large truck was covered with sheet iron to which were fastened the barrels of twenty five-inch rocket launchers, arranged so that when the rockets were fired simultaneously they all fell in a circle roughly a hundred yards in diameter. Tex said that no one could remain alive inside the circle.

On the fourth day they made the move toward the village. Monet took off with the advance guard—two trucks full of men. A half hour later MacWhite and Tex set out with the main body of troops. Tex rode on the rocket truck and was in radio communication with Monet. MacWhite followed in a jeep.

As dusk fell, the main body moved off the highway onto a road that cut across the paddy fields. Tex called Monet on the radio to make sure he had reached his position. Monet's voice came in clearly.

"We're deployed to the south of the village," he reported. "Two Viets left the village a half hour after we set up positions. They were walking north, but I'd guess they've circled back and are heading for the bamboo grove. It should be another hour before anything happens."

The main body of trucks proceeded as quietly as possible. Tex deployed them in a long line behind the hummock which separated them from the village, and they sat down to wait.

An hour later they heard faraway rifle fire, followed by a chatter of a heavy machine gun. Monet's voice came up on the radio.

"I think they've fallen for the bait. They think we're weak, and they're moving troops down the hardtop road from the bamboo grove. Just the first patrols have hit so far. Take a weapons carrier with a quadruple .50 caliber machine-gun mount on it and cut your way through the Communist troops on the road. Then make straight for their command post."

"We're on our way," Tex said, and signed off.

Moving fast, Tex ordered the quadruple-mount .50 caliber vehicle to the head of the column. Directly behind it was a truckload of riflemen. Third in line was the rocket truck.

"Leave your lights off until the machine guns fire," Tex ordered. "Then open up with everything you've got. As soon as the rockets fire, get the quadruple mount turned around for a run back on the road. We may have to leave the rocket truck, so I don't want any men on it after it fires."

They came around the hill as quietly as a column of vehicles can move. At fifty-yard intervals Monet's men were marking the right-hand shoulder of the road with shielded flashlights. The column did not reduce speed when it reached the village, but ground steadily past the tiny thatched houses.

Suddenly they were out of the village and on the plain. Tex was sitting beside the driver of the quadruple-mount vehicle, peering ahead. He saw a blur of frantic motion on the road, leaned back and ordered the machine gunner to fire straight down the road.

The quadruple mount went off with an enormous racket; four streams of tracer rows poured ahead. At the same moment Tex switched on the carrier's lights. Fifty yards in front of them was a group of about fifty Viet Minh troops. They froze, as if bewildered by the light; then, in a collective rush, they headed for the right-hand side of the road. The machine gun swung with them and the bullets hit. Clots of mud, shreds of uniform, and broken bits of rifles exploded into the air. The bodies of the men pitched off the road into the ditch. Although the vehicle was moving fast, and took no more than seconds to close the gap, the action was like a brilliantly illuminated nightmare in slow motion. Then the wheels of the vehicle bumped over the bodies of three men who had fallen on the road, and they were past the enemy group. A moment later Tex heard the rifles on the truck begin to open up.

The machine guns above his head stopped firing. Tex left the headlights on, and they roared down the narrow road. He was calculating when the rocket truck would be exactly 500 yards from the grove of bamboo trees. The night before he had measured the distance at which headlights would first pick up bamboo trees in total darkness. It measured out at 600 yards. If he drove at twenty miles an hour for ten seconds after the headlights picked up the bamboo trees, the rocket truck should be just about 500 yards from the grove.

At that moment the headlight touched the white-and-green stalks of a mass of bamboo trees.

"One, two, three . . ." Tex counted aloud.

At "five" he stood up, and at "ten" gave the signal to the rocket carrier. The truck came to a shrieking halt—and while it was still moving slightly, the rockets let go. For a second the entire truck looked as if it were on fire, and the hissing sound was deafening. Then came a cleaner sound from the zip of rockets cutting through the air. Seconds later they hit. There were flashes of light among the bamboo trees—and then, in one great yellow patch of fire, the grove exploded.

For several seconds the cone of flame hung over the grove, and in it the bodies of a half-dozen men turned in slow arcs. Then the light disappeared, and there was the vast harsh sound of things returning to earth.

"All right, dammit, let's get this carrier turned around," Tex shouted.

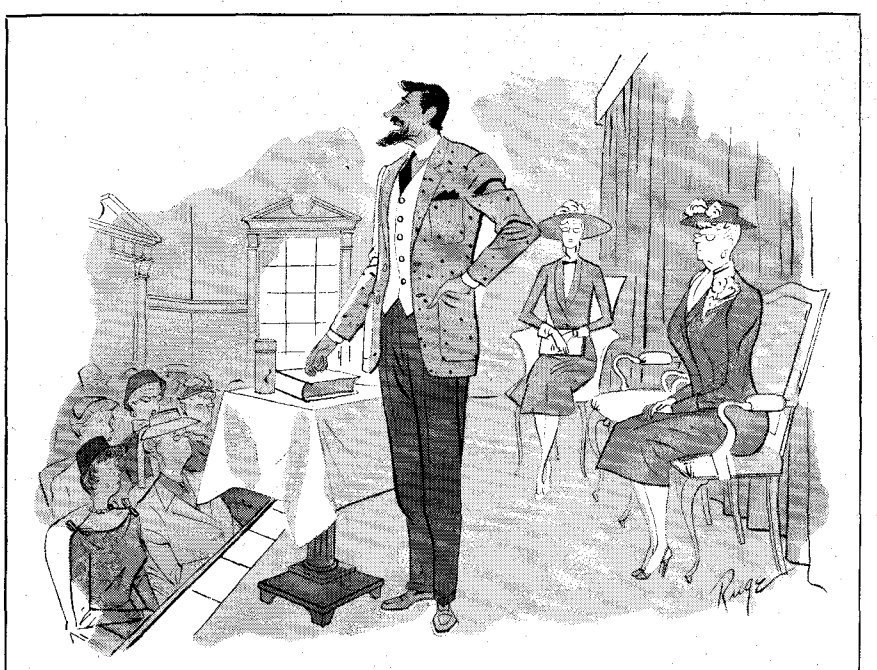
The driver backed and filled in quick, desperate jerks. In less than a minute he was edging around the rocket truck to get back to the road.

"We can save your truck," Tex shouted to the driver of the rocket truck as they passed. "Back down the road with your lights off. Steer by our taillights."

They rumbled back down the road. The fire fight around the village had stopped completely; when the grove exploded, the Viet Minhs had stopped firing and scattered.

They paused in the village just long enough to pick up the advance guard; and then the entire group headed back toward Hanoi.

"I never heard such nonsense in my life," the American major general said harshly to Tex. "First you violate the rules of war by engaging in combat when you're supposed to be a neutral observer. And then (*Continued on Page 62*)



"To give credit where credit is due, I could not have written this book without the valuable assistance of my dear wife . . . who went to live with her mother until it was finished."

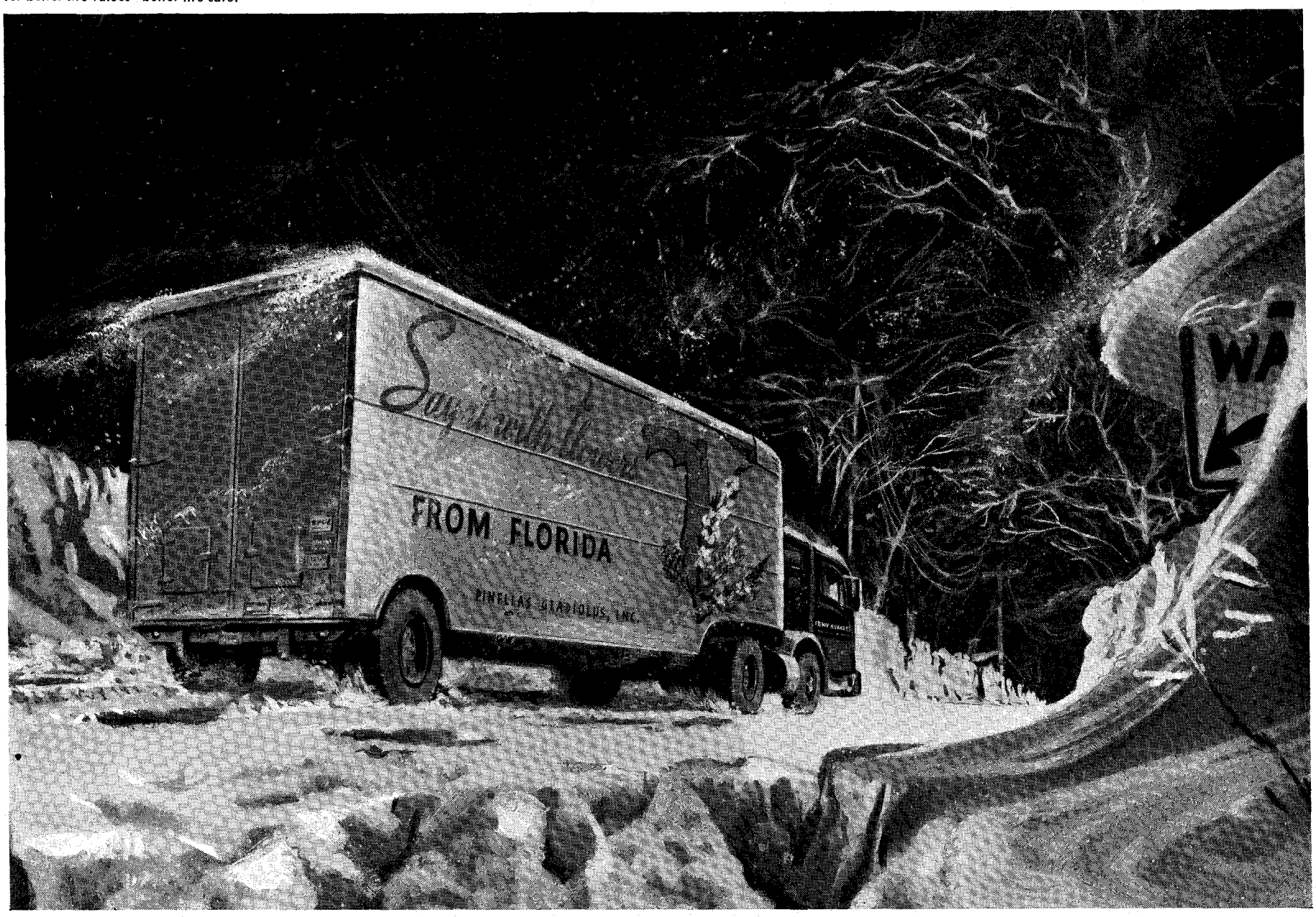
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOODYEAR TIRES

Look for this nearby Goodyear dealer sign for better tire values—better tire care.

"We made it with flowers when all but the plows were down!



We get best traction and triple original tread mileage with new HI-MILER CROSS-RIB!

GOODYEAR
HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
EXTRA RUBBER *plus* TRIPLE-TOUGH
3-T NYLON CORD
TEMPERED LIKE STEEL! Like steel, tire cord must be tempered to be tough. Goodyear's exclusive 3-T process, involving Tension, Temperature and Time, triple-tempers cord to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH – to give you longest tire life, lowest cost-per-mile!
HI-MILER CROSS-RIB
USUAL TRUCK TIRE TREAD DEPTH
60% THICKER
NONSKID TREAD than conventional highway truck tires.

How Tony Alvarez, Fort Myers, Fla., licked perishable cargo problems while cutting tire-cost-per-mile:

"Want to lie awake nights? Try hauling flowers in winter!

"It's over 1,500 miles between Florida and New York, Buffalo, Toronto, Detroit or Minneapolis," continues owner Tony Alvarez, "and our 12 reefer-sleepers hustle from tropic heat to sub-zero blizzards.

"Any truck down—or delayed—can ruin an entire load of flowers, worth up to $7,000!

"So we need the most dependable tires, and we've got 'em—Goodyear's new HI-MILER CROSS-RIB.

"What a tire!

"We've rolled up 170,000 miles on drive-wheels—and there's plenty of miles of nonskid depth still left!

"That practically TRIPLES original mileage on our operation—*and not one Cross-Rib road delay!*

"We get through, too, where others don't—like in the Buffalo blizzard, last winter. 12° below—snow banked cab-high—but we didn't lose a single load—or miss a single delivery!

"So we're going Cross-Rib, whole-hog—and specifying them on all new power units!"

For more HI-MILER CROSS-RIB true case histories, contact your Goodyear dealer—or Goodyear, Truck Tire Dept., Akron 16, Ohio.

Hi-Miler—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Buy and Specify Tubeless or Tube-Type

GOODYEAR

NEW HI-MILER CROSS-RIB

MORE TONS ARE HAULED ON GOODYEAR TRUCK TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 60*) you have the gall to come in here and tell a bunch of experienced general officers how to run their war."

Tex, MacWhite and Monet were seated at one end of a large conference table on the third floor of the Citadel in Hanoi. At the other end of the table were two French admirals, four French generals and the two-star American.

"General, I was not personally engaged in combat," Tex answered quietly. "I didn't touch a weapon. I didn't fire a shot. What I was doing is permissible under the rules which govern the conduct of neutral observers."

"Now, look here, Wolchek, don't try to play cute with me," the general said, his voice rising. "Don't try and tell me that some Frenchman dreamed up that idea of the rocket truck. I've been around here ——"

The senior French general cut in with a chill voice.

"General, we are not interested in the neutrality of your observer. What interests us is this fantastic suggestion made by Major Monet and Ambassador MacWhite, that the French Army revise its operations in accord with the military writings of a Communist bandit."

"General, as you know, I was the one who requested this meeting," Gilbert MacWhite said calmly. "Since December of 1946 the French have been fighting a war which has been controlled by the Communists precisely along the lines which Mao outlined in this pamphlet. You are a military man—you will please excuse my bluntness—but you made every mistake Mao wanted you to. You ignored all his lessons for fighting on this type of terrain. You even neglected to get the political and economic co-operation of the Vietnamese. Gentlemen, I have one simple question. Has any one of you ever read the writings of Mao Tse-tung?"

The senior French general, a man of wisdom and excellent connections, turned slightly red. So did the other French generals. MacWhite leaned forward in his chair, waiting for an answer.

It was the senior French general who spoke. "If you are suggesting, Ambassador MacWhite, that the nation which produced Napoleon now has to go to a primitive Chinese for military instruction, I can tell you that you're being insulting."

"That's not what I said," MacWhite answered. "I asked if any of you had read Mao."

"Hell, no, they haven't read him," the American general shouted. "And neither have I."

He bit his lips as if to keep from saying more. MacWhite knew that his own personal standing and political connections were all that prevented the general from ordering him out of Hanoi.

MacWhite shrugged. "Apparently you gentlemen refuse to use your own eyes and ears."

Monet pushed back his chair and stood up. His hands were trembling.

"Gentlemen, I am entirely responsible for the operation which we have just described to you," Monet said in a steady voice. "It contradicts everything that I was taught at St. Cyr, but it worked. I tell you it worked. If I had the opportunity, I would multiply this operation a thousand times. In the months of fighting in Vietnam, it is the only complete victory I have commanded. Multiplied a thousand times, it might give us a strategic victory rather than an unimportant tactical success. If anyone is to be punished, it should be me. But, I beg of you, do not ask me to change my mind on something that my own experience teaches me is what should be done."

After that there was nothing to be said, and a nod from the senior French general dismissed them. MacWhite, Monet and Wolchek headed for the nearest bar, where they paid an outrageous price for two bottles of cognac. They drank in silence. When they had finished the first bottle, MacWhite picked it up by its neck and with a single blow smashed it on the edge of the table. Then he grinned.

"I just felt like doing it," he said. "Gentlemen, don't worry about disciplinary action. Nothing is going to happen to you. They would never be allowed to punish you for simply saying that it is possible to learn from an enemy."

A short time later the French evacuated Hanoi. After months of battle, the consumption of mountains of supplies, and the loss of far too many lives, the French had finally been forced into an armistice with the Viet Minhs. In the armistice they agreed to turn over the city of Hanoi to the victorious Communist Army.

MacWhite, Tex and Monet were in town to see the surrender. The French departed as if they were leaving for a parade assembly. Fifes whistled, drums ruffled and sharp commands cut the air. The uniforms of the Legion were neat and well pressed, their high paratroop boots beautifully shined. They marched in smart lines through the almost empty streets of Hanoi.

The inhabitants looked at the magnificent parade with astonishment, as did Monet, MacWhite and Tex. This was the kind of show a victorious army would put on. Behind the marching troops were lines of huge tanks, columns of self-propelled guns and countless trucks filled with men carrying the latest type of American rifles. Overhead a lengthy stream of French planes performed a fly-by.

"It's a beautiful sight," Tex said with admiration.

"It's beautiful and utterly senseless," Monet said. "Those tanks couldn't operate in endless mud. And those recoilless rifles never found an enemy disposition big enough to warrant shooting at."

When the parade ended, the French tricolor was hauled down from buildings and installations all over the city. The last truck swung around the corner. The square where the three of them stood was silent. No one was in the streets, and shutters and doors were locked tight.

The answer to what most men would be without women is solvent.

SHANNON FIFE

The Communist vanguard was composed of well-dressed and smart-looking troops in Russian trucks. Then the first regular soldier arrived—an officer on a wobbling bicycle, wearing a padded suit, tennis shoes and a tiny forage cap. He had a rifle slung over his shoulder. Trotting behind him came a platoon of men dressed in a mixture of uniforms. Some merely wore breechcloths and what looked like captured French blouses. Many were barefooted. Perhaps half of them lacked rifles; but almost all of them had a string of crude hand grenades tied around their waists, and each man carried a rice bag over his shoulder.

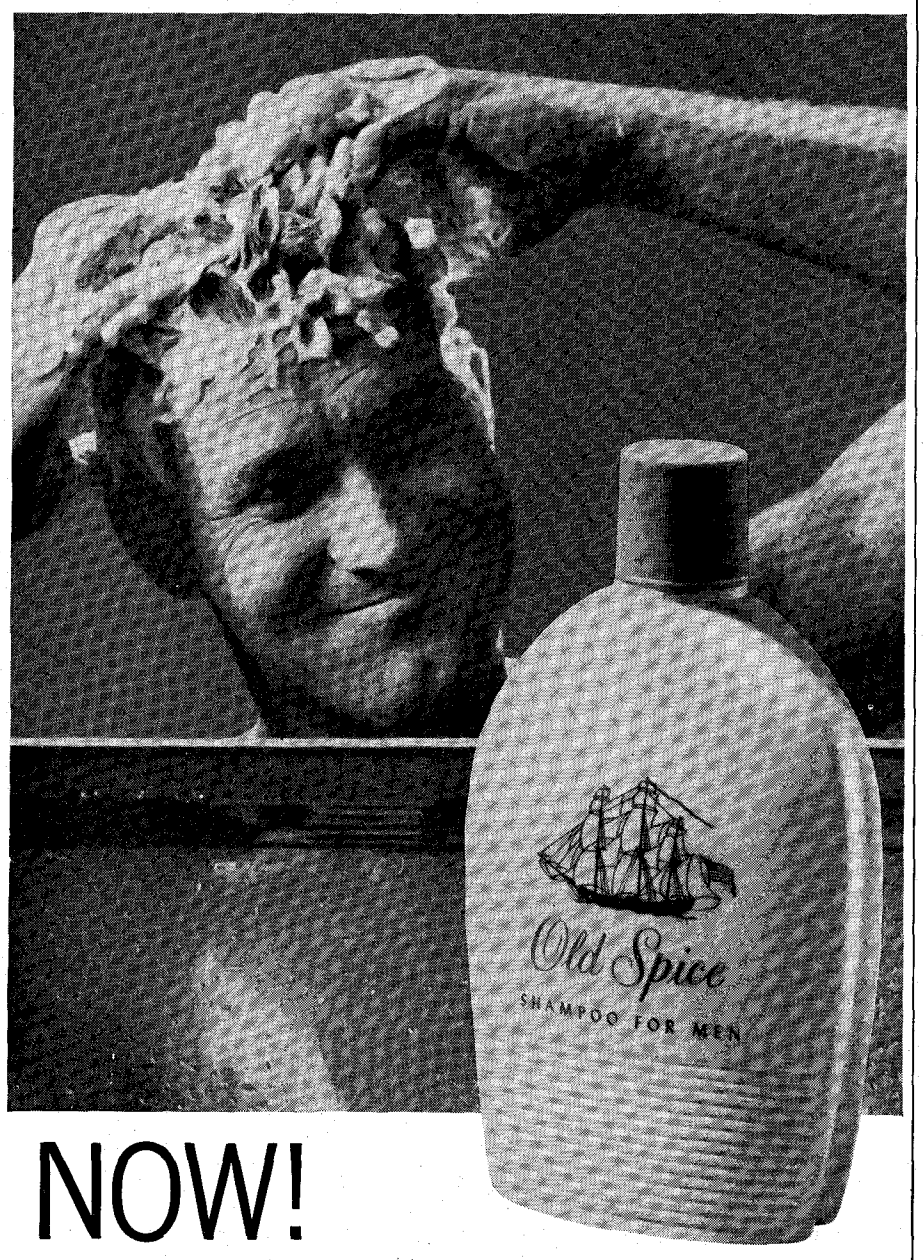
"Look carefully, Tex, and tell me if you see what I see," Monet said in astonishment. "Three of those men are carrying guns made from iron pipes."

It was true. Tex had the feeling that he was looking at people who were fighting a war of the seventeenth century. These men traveled on foot and carried all their supplies on their backs. They looked harmless—indeed, they looked almost comical. But these were the men whom he and Monet had been fighting for months, and whom they had defeated only once.

The Viet Minh officer on the bicycle held up his hand. Instantly his men disappeared into doorways and gutters. Monet shouted to the officer in Vietnamese that they were a rear guard and were leaving at once. The officer smiled and waved his hand. He barked an order, and at once his men reappeared and began to move cautiously down the street. Tex was aware that around all of Hanoi a huge, silent and featureless army was oozing into the conquered city. There was no point in staying longer. Far off in the distance they heard the sound of the retreating French Army.

"All right, let's go," Tex said harshly. "It's the end of another round, and we've lost again."

TO BE CONTINUED



NOW!

large unbreakable bottle 1.25

A MAN'S SHAMPOO

that gets your hair **cleaner**—removes dandruff **without** removing natural oils!

- Based on a new shampoo principle, mild, non-drying Old Spice Shampoo conditions scalp as it cleans!
- Gives rich, man-sized lather!
- Leaves hair more manageable—with a healthy sheen!
- Unbreakable, spill-proof plastic bottle—safe to use anywhere!

Old Spice

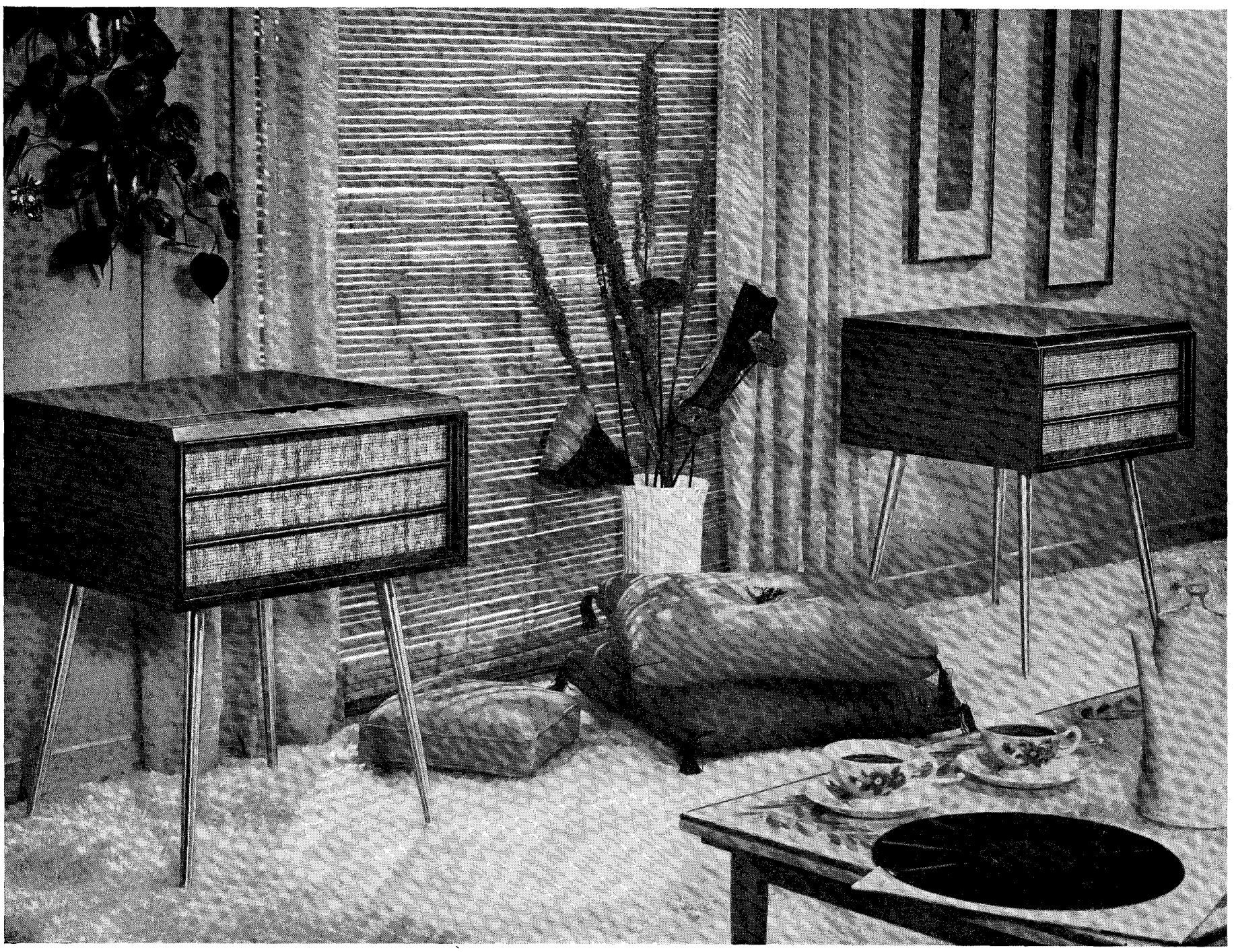
SHAMPOO FOR MEN

SHULTON

Also available in Canada

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It takes two to Stereo!



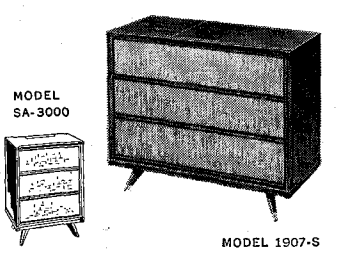
PHILCO gives you two amplifiers, two speaker systems in two matched cabinets for genuine *stereophonic sound!*

Two is the magic number in stereophonic sound. *Two* microphones pick up the music. It's recorded on *two* separate sound tracks. And to enjoy the thrill of stereo in your home, you need *two* amplifiers, *two* individual speaker assemblies – placed approximately 8 feet apart!

Now Philco puts all the beauty and feeling of genuine stereophonic sound in reach of every budget. Model 1606-S, left above, is a fully automatic 4-speed high fidelity instrument. It boasts a powerful speaker system, diamond stereo stylus, complete control center and separate tuner, stereo jacks. Model SA-1000, right above, contains its own amplifier-speaker assembly and control center. Together, these superb twins flood your room with flawless stereophonic sound. They're available in blond, walnut and mahogany cabinets.

EVERY NEW PHILCO HIGH FIDELITY IS COMPLETELY COMPATIBLE!

With *every* Philco High Fidelity set you can enjoy stereo now or later without a single equipment change! Because, *every* new Philco model at *every* price comes equipped with a compatible Stereo System which plays regular records, all speeds, *as well as* sensational new stereo records! This means you can start collecting stereo records right away and play them right away – without sacrificing quality. Then when you're ready to enjoy genuine stereophonic sound, just plug in a matching amplifier-speaker assembly – there's nothing to change, nothing more to add! Visit your Philco dealer's and listen to the sound that lives with new dimension – Philco Stereophonic Sound.



MODEL 1907-S

Brilliant "Miss America" Fidelitron Sound System. 4-speed changer. AM-FM radio. Diamond stereo stylus. Choice of three woods. Companion stereo unit, matching cabinet Model SA-3000, has Fidelitron Sound System.

SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

LOOK AHEAD... *and you'll choose* **PHILCO.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

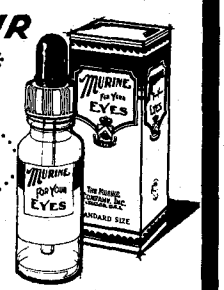
"How we use Murine to rest our eyes after sports"

Film star **ALAN LADD** *and* **DAVID,** *who play father and son in Sam Goldwyn, Jr.'s "The Proud Rebel"*

"We like all sports, especially riding. But sun and wind irritate even good eyes so David and I use Murine," says Alan Ladd. "Murine is soothing. Makes our eyes feel clean and rested after a day outdoors." When glare, dust, smoke or tension bothers your eyes, soothe them with Murine. Good idea every morning and night, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES*

New! Unbreakable dropper



THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U.S.A.
*TRADEMARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The Case of the Greedy Grandpa

(Continued from Page 27)

It was impossible to get any proof. The person mailing the letters quite evidently wore gloves. There was never so much as the smudge of a fingerprint which could be developed in iodine vapor. The envelopes were mailed in drop boxes in various parts of Los Angeles. Norda Allison's name and address had been set in type on a small but expensively efficient printing machine, such as is quite frequently given children for Christmas.

At the suggestion of Norda's lawyer, Lorraine Selkirk, Mervin's divorced wife, who was now living in Los Angeles with her second husband, was consulted. She had, she remembered, given Robert a very expensive printing press for Christmas the year before. Robert had taken it to San Francisco. It was, she said, with his father. Mervin Selkirk had, it seemed, enjoyed the press even more than his son.

This information gave Norda's lawyer ground for jubilation. "Now we'll get him," he had gloated. Norda had made an affidavit. Her attorney handled it from there. Police served a search warrant on Mervin Selkirk.

The printing press was located without difficulty. From the condition of the rollers, it was evident it hadn't been used in some time. Moreover, the experts gave it as their opinion the envelopes had most certainly not been addressed on that press. The type was of a different sort.

Mervin Selkirk was excessively polite to the officers. He was only too glad to let them search the place. He was surprised to find that Miss Allison had been having trouble. They had been engaged. He was quite fond of her. The engagement had been broken over a minor matter. Miss Allison was working altogether too hard and had been under great nervous tension. She had not been like herself for some weeks before the engagement was broken. If there was anything Mervin could do, he wanted it understood he was willing to help at any time. He would be only too glad to render any financial assistance in tracking down the persons who were annoying Miss Allison. The police were welcome to drop in at any time. And would they please convey to Miss Allison his sincere sympathy? He had, he admitted, tried to call her himself a couple of times, but she had hung up the telephone as soon as she recognized his voice.

It wasn't until Lorraine Selkirk called on long distance that Norda's frayed nerves began to give way.

"Was it the printing press?" she asked Norda.

"No," Norda said. "The press was there, all right, but it hadn't been used for some time."

"That's just like him," Lorraine said. "I know exactly how his mind works. He saw Robert's press. He then went out and got one similar to it, but with different type. He probably printed about two hundred envelopes in advance, then he took the press out on his yacht and dropped it overboard. He knew you'd suspect him; that you'd find out about Robert's press and get a search warrant—that's his mocking way of showing you how diabolically clever he is."

"But he was always so polite, so considerate," Norda protested.

"I know," Lorraine said. "He made life a nightmare with that excessive politeness; that artificial, synthetic, elaborate courtesy. I left him when Robert was four years old. His family hired the best lawyers money could buy. They threw mud all over me and some of it stuck. Mervin managed to get part-time custody of Robert. He didn't care about Robert. He wanted Robert so he could hurt me. I'm happily married now to a normal man and I can't begin to tell you what an unspeakable relief it is.

"Miss Allison, I've never met you, but I had to fight down a desire to call you and warn you before it was too late. I'm terribly glad you broke the engagement, but don't underestimate Mervin. He simply can't stand being humiliated and he'll hound you until finally he gets you where you lose the will to resist."

"Will he—I mean, is he—dangerous?" Norda asked.

"Of course he's dangerous," Lorraine said. "Perhaps not in the way you think, but he's utterly ruthless; he's scheming, completely selfish and cruel. The Selkirk family controls all sorts of people in all walks of life. You'll be surprised at the extent of their influence. His father owns half of the city here. His uncle owns half of San Francisco. I knew Mervin well enough to know that he'd try to frighten me out of taking any action by throwing dirt if I sued for divorce, but I had no idea of the extent of his influence or the lengths to which he'd go. He had detectives shadowing every move I made."

Norda thanked her and hung up. She remembered the torrid charges Mervin had hurled against Lorraine at the time of the divorce. She remembered something of the testimony in the sensational trial, and Lorraine's tearful protests of innocence. At the time, Norda had not even met Mervin Selkirk and she considered Lorraine's protestations the wailing of an erring wife who had been detected in her infidelities. After all, where there had been so much smoke there must have been some fire. Now Norda wasn't so certain.

It was at this time that Norda made a discovery about law enforcement. The officers were nice about it; were, in fact, exceedingly sympathetic. But they pointed out that they had their hands full trying to apprehend persons who had broken the law. They didn't have enough men to furnish "protection" on a day-to-day basis. To be sure, if they had definite evidence that a crime was about to be committed, they would assign men on what was technically known as a "stake-out." That was the most they could do.

But until they had such evidence the police suggested that Norda Allison pay no attention to the clippings she was receiving in the mail. After all, they pointed out, the situation had existed now for some time and if Mervin Selkirk had really intended to resort to violence he would have done so quite a bit earlier. Norda reminded them of Nathan Benedict's broken jaw, but the police shrugged that aside. After all, the evidence in that case was in sharp conflict, and since Selkirk was abundantly able to respond in damages, Benedict's recourse was a civil action for violent and unprovoked assault.

It was when the situation was at this point that Lorraine Selkirk excitedly called Norda Allison on the phone again.

"Norda," she said, "I have news for you. I can't tell it to you over the phone. It's something we can do that I feel certain will be of a lot of help. You can help me and I can help you. Can't you possibly come down? If you could catch a plane after office hours, my husband and I could meet you and you could get back on the first plane in the morning. Or you could come Friday, have the weekend for a talk and get back without being all tired out."

Lorraine sounded excited, but refused to give Norda even a hint of what she had in mind. So Norda agreed to fly down on Friday night, stay over Saturday and come back Sunday.

Coming up the runway at the Los Angeles Airport, Norda Allison looked anxiously at the little group of people who were surveying incoming passengers. She was dressed exactly as she had described herself to Lorraine over the telephone, and wore one glove on her left hand, carrying the right-hand glove in her left hand; a signal which she had agreed upon over the telephone.

Suddenly there was a flurry of motion and Lorraine was hugging her.

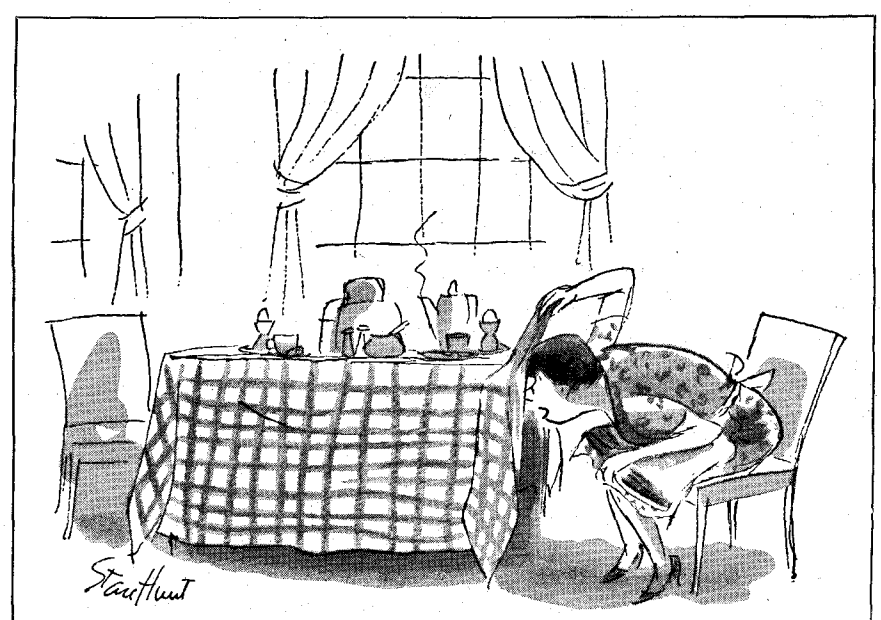
"Oh, Norda," she said, "I'm so glad—so glad you could make it! Norda, this is Barton Jennings, my husband. . . . Norda, you're beautiful! I can well imagine how Mervin is crazy over you. I knew you'd be pretty, but—you're dazzling!"

Norda shook hands with Barton Jennings, a stocky, quiet, substantial individual, and listened to Lorraine carry on a conversational marathon while they escorted Norda to the baggage counter.

"You're to stay with us," Lorraine said. "We have a nice spare room and we can put you up without any trouble. Barton is going over and get the car. Let me have your baggage check, dear. I have a porter here who knows me."

"What's it all about?" Norda asked.

"Norda, it's one of the greatest things you've ever seen. We're going to come out on top. I have the nicest attorney. His name is (*Continued on Page 68*)



"You seem depressed, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Our roots go deep *in the growing areas served by America's second largest telephone system*

Big things are happening outside America's big cities.

People are moving into the areas with space to spare. New homes and new businesses are "growing" fast. And so is General Telephone.

We're proud that, in these bustling "home towns," Gen Tel is a citizen of long standing. Built over the years, our 1,745 exchanges in 30 states supply modern service to 3,359,000 telephones.

Our lines carry 119 million conversations each week.

In short, things are growing in Gen Tel Territory. And tomorrow promises to be even busier than today. That's why we are working round the clock to improve and enlarge our facilities.

That's why we're making it our business to grow.

General Telephone Corporation, 260 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Get satisfying flavor...

So friendly to your taste!

No flat "filtered-out" flavor!
No dry "smoked-out" taste!

See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke and makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!

FOR FLAVOR AND

1 You get greater length of the finest tobaccos money can buy

Outstanding...and they are Mild!

© A. T. Co.

Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

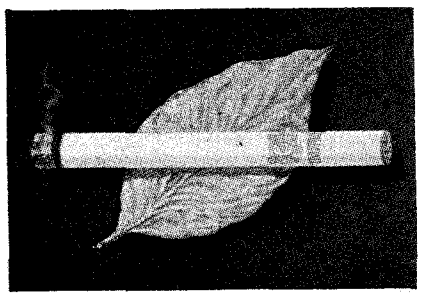
PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES

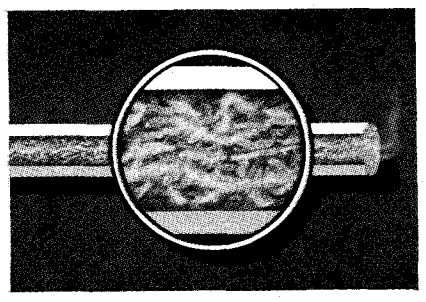
·IN HOC SIGNO VINCES·

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

MILDNESS, FINE TOBACCO FILTERS BEST



2 Pall Mall's greater length filters the smoke naturally..



3 Filters it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos!

You can light either end!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"New" "Once-A-Week" Shoe Shine Lasts 7 Days!

With new Shinola you shine *once*—the shine *stays* on! You just "re-buff" away water-spots, dirt and scuff marks *between* shines—in seconds!

. . . . that's because only new Shinola's patented blend of 4 special waxes contains *Dura-Shine*—to give shoes a *harder* film of polish. It shines on brighter, stays on longer, re-buffs in seconds! Get new Shinola today!

Exclusive Easy-Open key!

Also Shinola Liquid in Colors—and Whites

(*Continued from Page 64*) A. Dawling Crawford. Did you ever hear of him?"

Norda shook her head, said, "I've always heard of Perry Mason down here in this part of the state. I was told to get in touch with him if ——"

"Oh, Perry Mason is for murder cases," Lorraine interrupted, "but Art Crawford is an all-around lawyer. He handles criminal cases and everything else. Norda, I'm so excited! We're going to get sole custody of Robert. I'm going to want you to testify, and ——"

"Want me to testify!" Norda exclaimed.

Lorraine handed Norda's baggage check to a porter, said, "Why, yes, of course, Norda. You understand the situation and I know that you feel for Robert."

"But wait a minute," Norda protested. "I thought, from what you said over the telephone, this was something that was going to benefit me. All I want to do is to get Mervin Selkirk out of my hair. I want to quit receiving those newspaper clippings. I certainly don't want to go tangling up with him again."

"But that's just the point," Lorraine explained. "Mr. Crawford tells me that if you appear in court and testify in our behalf, then it's almost certain that Mervin will make some threats against you, and then we can go to the judge and state that those threats were made because you are a witness in the case. Then the judge will make an order restraining him. Then it will be contempt of court if he does anything further."

"Listen," Norda said patiently. "He's done everything short of attempting murder, and I'm not at all satisfied but what he'll do that next. I don't care how good an attorney you have, you have to have proof before you can do anything. And that's just what we can't get at the present time—proof."

"But we have proof," Lorraine said. "We have a witness to whom Mervin said he didn't really have any love for Robert, that he only wanted part-time custody of him to teach me a lesson."

"That's fine," Norda said coldly, "for you. It doesn't help me with my problem."

"But you aren't going to let me down!" Lorraine wailed.

"I don't know," Norda said, "but I do know I'm not going to get mixed up in any of Mervin Selkirk's affairs until I know exactly where I stand. I'm going to see an attorney of my own."

"This is Friday night," Lorraine said. "You can't see anyone over the weekend. Mr. Crawford has made arrangements to be at his office tomorrow morning so he can take your affidavit."

Norda stood by the incoming-baggage platform, thoughtfully silent.

"You aren't going to let us down. You can't," Lorraine went on. "It isn't only for me, it's for Robert. You've seen him. You know what this means to Robert. You're anxious to get away from the Selkirk family, but think of poor Robert. I've been trying to get Robert's exclusive custody. When the matter first came up on my application for sole custody, Mervin went into court with that sophisticated air of politeness and testified to absolute falsehoods. I was cast in the role of a sharp-tongued, nagging woman, and Mervin was poised, suave and quite sure of himself. I told of how frightened Robert was of his father, and Mervin gravely told the judge that I was solely responsible for Robert's attitude, that I had carefully and deliberately poisoned Robert's mind. Then Mervin produced witnesses who swore Mervin was the personification of polite courtesy and fatherly love when Robert was with him.

"The judge was impressed. He made a modified order. Robert was to spend a month with me, then a month with his father, then come back to me for two weeks. Then the judge would have another hearing. That hearing comes up a week from Monday. Now, with this new testimony, and with your testimony, we can show Mervin up for just the sort of man he really is. Then I can get the sole custody of Robert and ——"

"I'm not so sure you can," Norda interrupted. "Remember, I only saw him slap Robert's face once."

"But you saw it!" Lorraine insisted. "You saw the way he did it; the hardness of the slap. You saw him reach out in that deadly, self-contained way of his and slap a little child half across the room."

"Yes," Norda conceded, "it was a hard slap."

"Administered in front of company, and only because he had interrupted you with some childish request."

Norda remained dubious, feeling somehow that she had been tricked.

Lorraine was pleading with her, a hand on her arm. "Don't make up your mind right now, Norda. We can put you up for tonight as easy as not. Mr. Crawford is going to be at his office tomorrow morning. He'll take a statement from you and file an affidavit. He says that after you testify on my side in the custody matter, you can then go to the court and tell the court that Mervin is annoying you and trying to bring pressure to bear on you to make you change your testimony. Then the judge will bring Mervin in on contempt charges."

"Provided," Norda said, "anyone can get any proof that Mervin is actually doing anything. So far, it's been handled so adroitly that no one has been able to get any proof."

"Well," Lorraine said, "you come stay with us tonight, Norda, and in the morning you can reach a decision."

Norda would have much preferred to go to a hotel, but Lorraine was so insistent, Barton so courteously polite, that she permitted herself to be loaded into their automobile and driven to a home in Beverly Hills.

She asked about Robert and was told he was asleep in a tent in the patio. Of late he had become quite an out-of-door character, from watching television shows featuring the famous plainsmen of the West.

Lorraine said they usually had a baby sitter for him when they were out. Tonight, however, both of their favorite baby sitters were tied up and couldn't come. So they had waited until Robert was asleep in his tent in the patio, and then had driven to the airport.

They explained that they had known Robert would be quite safe because Rover would be on guard. Rover was a great Dane that Lorraine had insisted on keeping when she had made her property settlement with Mervin. Robert, Lorraine said, was leaving for a three-day camping trip the next day. It was a trip on which nine other boys were going, and the man who was taking them had said the boys could bring their dogs if they wished.

Barton Jennings went to the back door to look out in the patio. He reported everything was all right, that Rover was asleep where he could keep one eye on the house, one on Robert's tent.

"I certainly hope I see Robert before he leaves," Norda said wistfully. "I was wondering if you'd bring him to the airport."

"We would have done so," Barton said, "but tomorrow is going to be a hard day for him and we thought it better for him to get his sleep."

There was something in his voice which gave Norda a vague sense of disquiet. Robert and Norda had been great pals. She felt she had won Robert's complete confidence. Was it possible there was an element of jealousy on the part of Robert's stepfather? She dismissed the thought as soon as it occurred to her, pleaded fatigue from a long day, and was shown to her bedroom, a second-floor front room on the northwest side of the house.

Perry Mason latchkeyed the door of his private office to find his secretary, Della Street, waiting for him.

Mason made a little grimace of distaste. "Saturday morning," he said, "and I have to drag you out to work."

"The price of success," Della Street told him smilingly.

"Well, you're good-natured about it, anyway."

Della Street made a sweeping gesture, which included the office, the desk with its pile of correspondence, the open lawbooks Mason was to use in the brief he was about to dictate. "It's my life and it's yours. We may as well face it."

"But it's work," Mason said, watching her face. "There are times when it must be sheer drudgery for you."

"It's more fascinating than any type of play," she said. "Are you ready?" She opened her notebook and held a pen poised over the page.

Mason sighed and settled into his chair. The private unlisted telephone tinkled into noise. There were only three people in the world who had the number of that telephone: Perry Mason himself; Della Street, his confidential secretary; and Paul Drake, head of the Drake Detective Agency, which had offices on the same floor with Perry Mason.

Mason picked up the telephone. "Hello, Paul. What's the trouble?"

Drake's voice came over the wire. "Perry, there's a young woman in my office who insists she must see you. And she's really worked up, almost hysterical."

Mason frowned. "I can't see anyone this morning, Paul. Perhaps this afternoon. . . . How did she happen to come to you?"

"The telephone directory," Drake said. "Your office number is listed for daytime calls, and then my number is given for night calls and on Saturdays. She called the office and sounded so worked up that I decided I'd talk with her. I hadn't intended to pass her on to you, but I think you may want to talk with her, Perry."

"What's her name?"

"Norda Allison."

"What's it about?"

"It's quite a story. You'll like her. She's good-looking, clean-cut, fresh and unspoiled. And this trouble of hers has engulfed her. She feels she should go to the police, she thinks she's probably in danger, and yet she doesn't know just what to do."

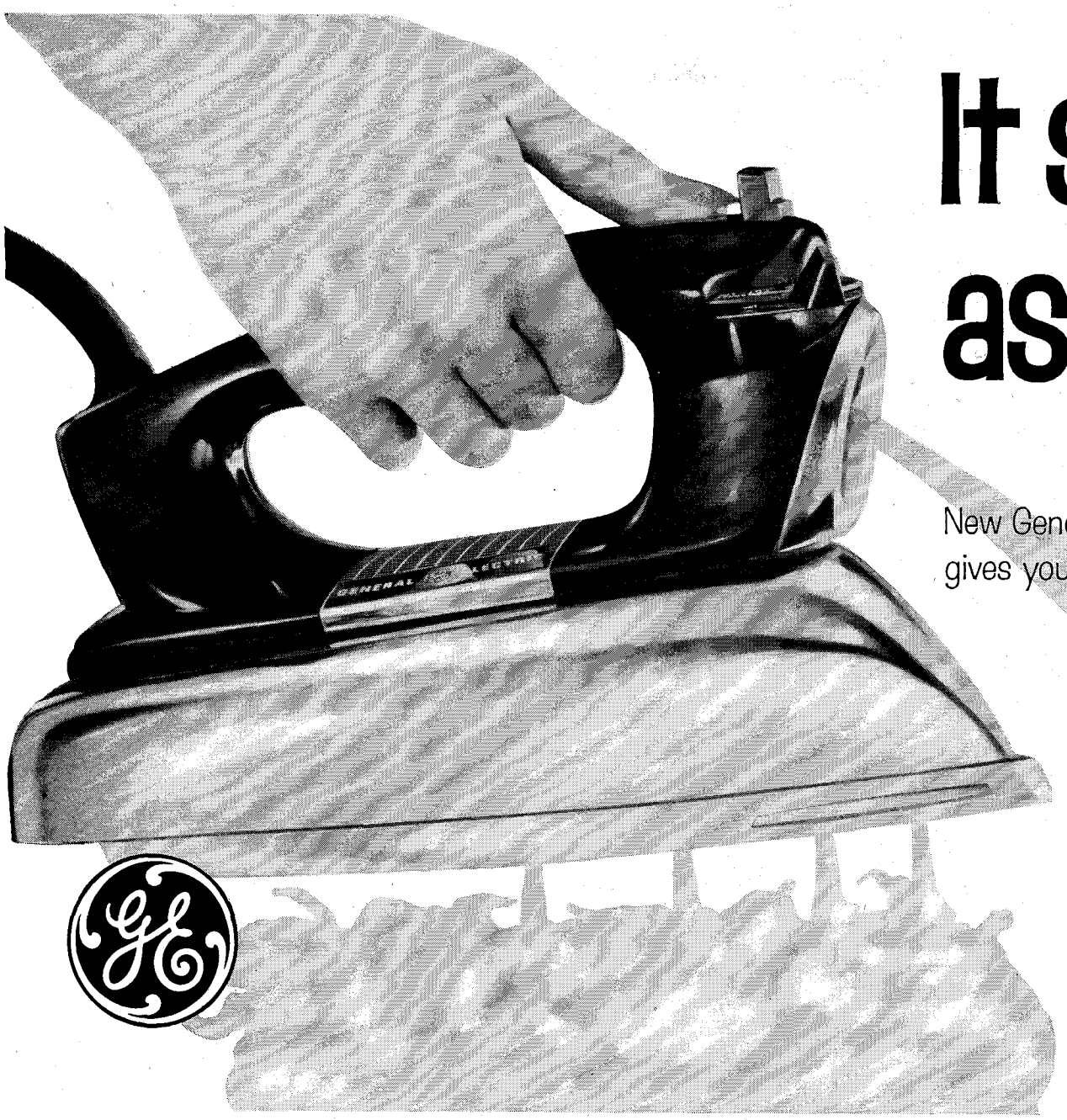
Mason hesitated a moment, then said, "All right, (*Continued on Page 72*)

Mountain Burial

They'd known her long who
chose her epitaph—
"Yes, ever what she did she
did it good"—
Their hearts took home this
measure of her worth,
Not needing stone to give it
hardihood.

Lucretia Penny

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



It sprinkles as you iron

New General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron gives you a "**PLUS**"... a built-in sprinkler!

Steam alone can't do the job! You need added moisture! And that's what this iron *supplies.* It sprinkles for you—*as you iron!*

Just press the button. Tiny droplets of warm water sprinkle the fabric. Make knife-like creases—erase stubborn wrinkles—even on heavy cottons, linens and starched fabrics. You pre-dampen only your largest pieces.

It's a Steam & Dry Iron, too. General Electric's Even-Flow steam is *continuous*—penetrates *deeper*—lets you iron smoothly, easily. For dry ironing, just press the button. See it at your dealer's soon. General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

There's always a PLUS in General Electric!

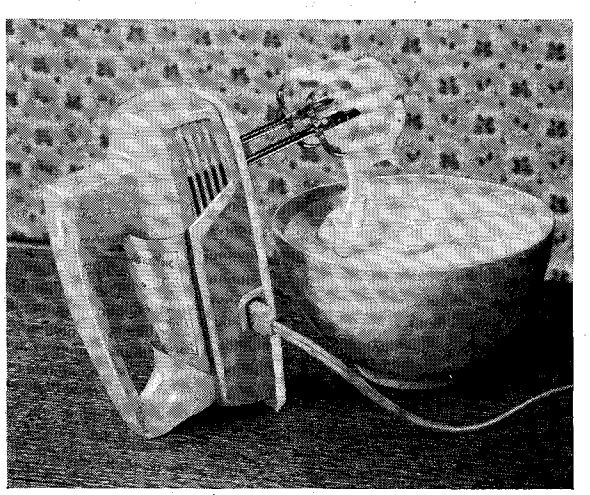
It's a toaster!
PLUS a warming "oven", too!

General Electric Toast-R-Oven* toasts 2 slices to your exact "shade." Keeps six more slices warm in "oven" below. Perfect, too, for warming pastry . . . muffins . . . toasting melted cheese sandwiches.

**Trade-mark of General Electric Company*

Brews delicious coffee!
PLUS reheats without reperking!

General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker brews 2 to 9 cups perfectly. Just select strength, set control. Coffee brews . . . stops perking . . . stays hot. A special setting lets you reheat without reperking.



Does any mixing job!
PLUS weighs less than 3 pounds!

General Electric Portable Mixer is powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter—gentle enough for the most delicate sauces. Has convenient heel rest; easy-to-use beater ejector; removable cord.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO WEEKS' CARGO OF PEOPLE AND THINGS. In 14 d

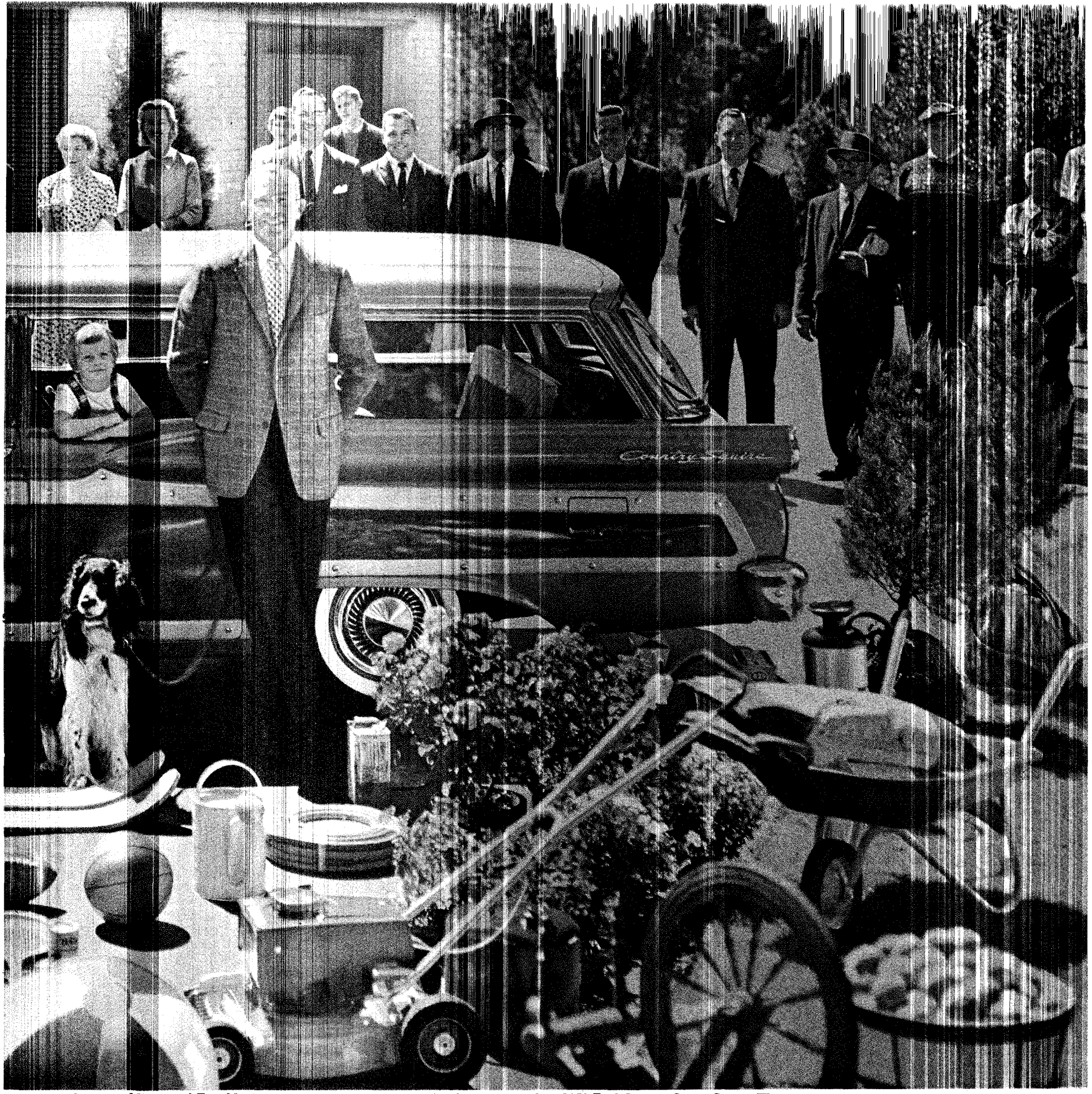
Ford station wagon's incredible cargo

Why are our American cars bi and broad-shouldered? Loo again at the picture. Our car meet America's special needs

Between two and four p.m. one Saturday, To Marshall took 5 boys and a den father to a cub sco meeting, drove down to the boatyard to get h dinghy, dropped a tricycle off at the repair sho picked up a spinning wheel and a lawnmower.

That was just two hours in the busy life of husky Ford station wagon. For what it carried in tw weeks, see above. Seems incredible—but not to tl millions of American families like the Marshalls.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



y person and item on Marian and Tom Marshall's front lawn was transported at least once in their 1959 Ford Country Squire Station Wagon.

We Americans are on the go so much, we almost live on wheels. We need a car to fit this way of living, and we've got it. Not only in the station wagon but in *all* models of our American cars.

Our cars are broad-shouldered and roomy. That's the way we Americans want them. How else could we carry such numbers of people and things around with us? We live in a big country and the distances we travel call for highest standards of comfort, safety, and driving ease. So we've got these things, too, in our American cars.

There are 22 different car makes in America today. At Ford Motor Company, we make 6 of them. For 55 years—longer than anyone else—we've been in this business of matching cars to people.

How do you find out what people want? One sure way is to look at what they buy. For example, more Americans have bought Ford station wagons than any other make. Why? Because, like Tom Marshall's Ford Country Squire, they answer the needs of American life. They are what Americans have made them.

The simple fact is—our American cars were designed by the American people.

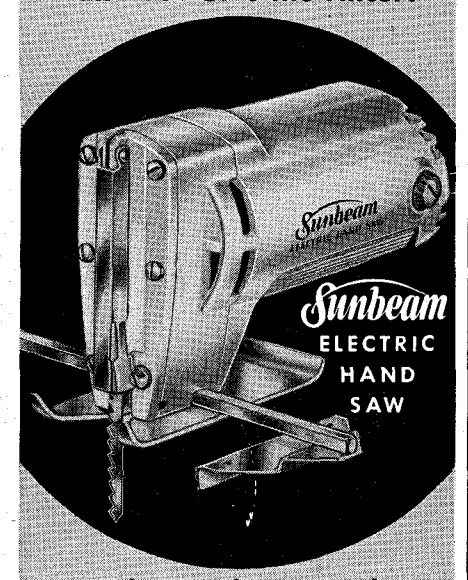
FORD MOTOR COMPANY THE AMERICAN ROAD, DEARBORN, MICH.

The Ford Family of Fine Cars

FORD • THUNDERBIRD • EDSEL • MERCURY • LINCOLN • MARK IV CONTINENTAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give Sunbeam and You Give the Finest!



Sunbeam Electric Tools
...the Modern Gift for Men

- Cuts 2" dressed lumber
- Ends arm-aching sawing
- Rips, crosscuts, cuts circles and scrolls
- Special blades cut iron, steel, plastics, etc.

It's rugged, precision built and lightweight . . . easy-to-use! Longer blade stroke cuts faster and smoother. Exclusive, patented Sunbeam construction. Quick change, self aligning blade—no tools needed. Complete with rip guide and blade. Only $45.00

Made by Sunbeam
famous for Mixmaster, Shavemaster, etc.
Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 84, Chicago 50, Ill.;
Canada: Toronto 18

ATOM TRACER TESTS PROVE INTRACEL PENETRATES THROUGH AND BELOW THE SKIN

Kills Muscular Pain at Its Very Source

Now – there's scientific *proof* that INTRACEL goes direct to the very source of muscular aches and pains – the nerve endings themselves. Recent atom tracer tests show Intracel's pain-killing ingredients go *through* and *below* the skin . . . to kill pain where it hurts. Unlike liniments, Intracel does not sting, burn or redden normal skin. Instead, it cools and soothes while it penetrates deep into tissue cells for at-the-spot relief . . . relief never before possible from surface applications. Try Intracel today. If your druggist does not have it, send his name and address – together with your own – to INTRACEL, Box 64515, Dept. C, Los Angeles 64, Calif., and we will send you a sample of INTRACEL free.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

NEW Intracel®
PENETRATING ANALGESIC

2 oz. LIQUID or JEL $1.49

(*Continued from Page 68*) Paul, send her down. Tell her to knock on the door of the private office and I'll let her in."

"A young woman, I take it," Della Street said. "I gather Paul Drake told you she was very good-looking."

Mason raised his eyebrows in surprise. "How did you know that? Could you hear what he said?"

Della Street laughed. "You impressionable men! She's sold Paul Drake and now she's selling you."

"It'll only be a short time," Mason promised. "We'll give her fifteen or twenty minutes to tell her story, and then we'll get on with the brief."

Della Street smiled knowingly, made it a point to close her shorthand notebook, put the cap back on her pen and drop it into her purse.

"I see," she said demurely.

A timid knock sounded at the door of Mason's private office.

Della Street crossed over and opened the door.

"Good morning," she said to Norda Allison. "I'm Della Street, Mr. Mason's secretary, and this is Mr. Mason. What's your name, please?"

Norda Allison stood in the doorway, seemingly in something of a daze. "I'm Norda Allison," she said, "from San Francisco. I—oh, I'm so sorry to bother you this morning but—well, I'd always heard that if anyone got into trouble—that is, real serious trouble—Mr. Mason was the man to see, and ——" Her voice trailed away into silence.

Della Street, giving the visitor the benefit of a swift and professional appraisal, indicated her approval. "Come in, Miss Allison. Mr. Mason is very busy, but if you can tell your story just as succinctly as possible, perhaps he can help you. Please try and be brief."

"But give us all the facts," Mason warned.

Norda Allison seated herself, said, "Are you acquainted with the Selkirk family?"

"The Selkirks?" Mason asked. "Horace Livermore Selkirk?"

She nodded.

"He owns about half the city down here," Mason said dryly. "What about him?"

"I was engaged to his son, Mervin."

Mason frowned. "Mervin is in San Francisco mostly, isn't he?"

She nodded. "I'm from San Francisco."

"All right, go ahead," Mason said; "tell us what happened."

She said, "Mervin has been married before. His wife, Lorraine, is now married to Barton Jennings. There was one child of Mervin and Lorraine's marriage, Robert; a very fine, manly, sweet, seven-year-old boy. Mervin Selkirk can be the most polite individual on earth when he wants to be, but underneath that politeness there's a streak of absolute ruthless cruelty that terrifies me. I didn't realize it until I saw him abusing Robert; it was the way he did it, using his parental authority to humiliate the boy, and—somehow Mervin just seemed to gloat in that power that he had to hurt his son. It was then I really saw Mervin's character. He's a selfish sadist and he uses a mask of suave politeness to disguise the cold cruelty beneath the mask."

"What happened when you made this discovery?" Mason asked.

"I broke the engagement."

"Then what?"

"Then I began to receive envelopes in the mail. The envelopes were postmarked from Los Angeles. My address had been printed on a printing press. The envelopes were all the same. The contents of the envelopes consisted of newspaper clippings telling of jealous men who had killed their sweethearts. It was a deliberate, planned campaign of terror. I thought Mervin was printing the envelopes on a small press. I found he had such a press and swore out a search warrant. The officers found the press all right. It wasn't the one. Mervin was mockingly polite."

"I take it Mervin didn't like the idea of you breaking the engagement?"

"Mervin swore that I would never marry anyone else, that I couldn't walk out on him. He told me that if he couldn't have me, no one else could. I dated a young man in the office, a young man who is almost the exact opposite of Mervin Selkirk—Nathan Benedict—I went out with him twice. The second time he took me to my favorite restaurant, Mervin was there, waiting. He evidently had a pair of brass knuckles; he swung from the hip and broke Nate's jaw. It was terrible."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "What was this man's name?"

"Nate—Nathan Benedict."

"He can sue Mervin Selkirk," Mason said.

"With what?" she asked. "Lawsuits cost money. Mervin slipped the brass knuckles to a friend of his who promptly vanished. Mervin said that Nate had deliberately kicked him and pushed him around. Mervin was smart enough to have a witness with him who will swear to Mervin's version of what happened."

"Nevertheless," Mason said, "I'm certain he'll find some lawyer in San Francisco who will take the matter up and who will not be intimidated by Selkirk's position. If that's what you wanted to see me about, I'm afraid you're wasting your time. San Francisco is out of my territory, and ——"

"No, no," she interrupted. "I'm simply trying to explain the background so I can tell you what happened."

"All right," Mason said, "go right ahead."

She said, "Lorraine Jennings—that's Mervin's ex-wife—has part-time custody of Robert, but he has the right to visit with Mervin, or, that is, Mervin has the right to take Robert for alternate months if he pays for a full-time tutor on those alternate months. Lorraine wants to have the sole custody of Robert, and wants it so that Mervin can only see him as a visitor at her house. She wants me to testify to some of the things I've seen—that is, she did. I came down here last night on the plane and she and her husband, Barton Jennings, met me at the airport and took me to their house. They told me Robert was asleep in his tent in the patio with their dog, Rover, on guard, and in the morning he was going on a camping trip with some other boys."

"All right, go on," Mason said. "I take it something has happened that upset you."

"I was nervous," Norda Allison went on. "I went to bed and took a sleeping pill. The doctor told me this campaign of sending me newspaper clippings was doing me more harm than I realized. He said I simply must have my sleep. He warned me, however, about the sleeping pills he gave me. He said not to take one unless I was really upset, and never to take more than one in a night. Well, last night, when I found out what Lorraine really wanted, I was terribly upset. I went upstairs and took one of the pills, and it really did the trick. I felt as if someone had grabbed my ankles and jerked me down into warm oblivion."

Mason watched her shrewdly. "Something happened during the night?" he asked.

She nodded. "It was this morning. However, I did think I heard—a shot in the night."

"A shot?" Mason asked.

She nodded. "At least I thought it was a shot. I started to get up, and then I heard a boy crying. I guess that must have been Robert, but that sleeping pill really laid me out. I kept thinking I ought to get up, but put off doing so, and then I guess I just went back to sleep."

"All right," Mason said. "What happened when you finally wakened?"

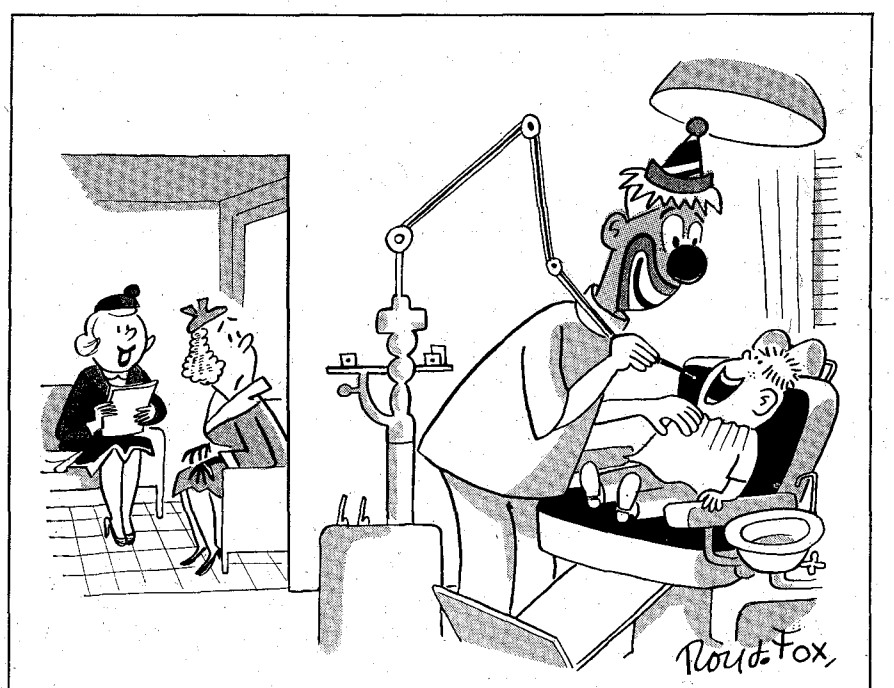
"It was this morning, real early—oh, I guess six-thirty or seven o'clock. I got up and there was no one around the house. I dressed and walked downstairs and opened the front door. I decided to go back and pet Rover and talk to Robert, if he was awake. If he wasn't, I'd just take a walk up the street."

"Go ahead," Mason told her.

"There wasn't any sign of Rover in the patio, and then I saw the flaps of the tent were open. There was a camp cot inside with a sleeping bag, but the tent was empty. Robert wasn't there. Neither was Rover."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

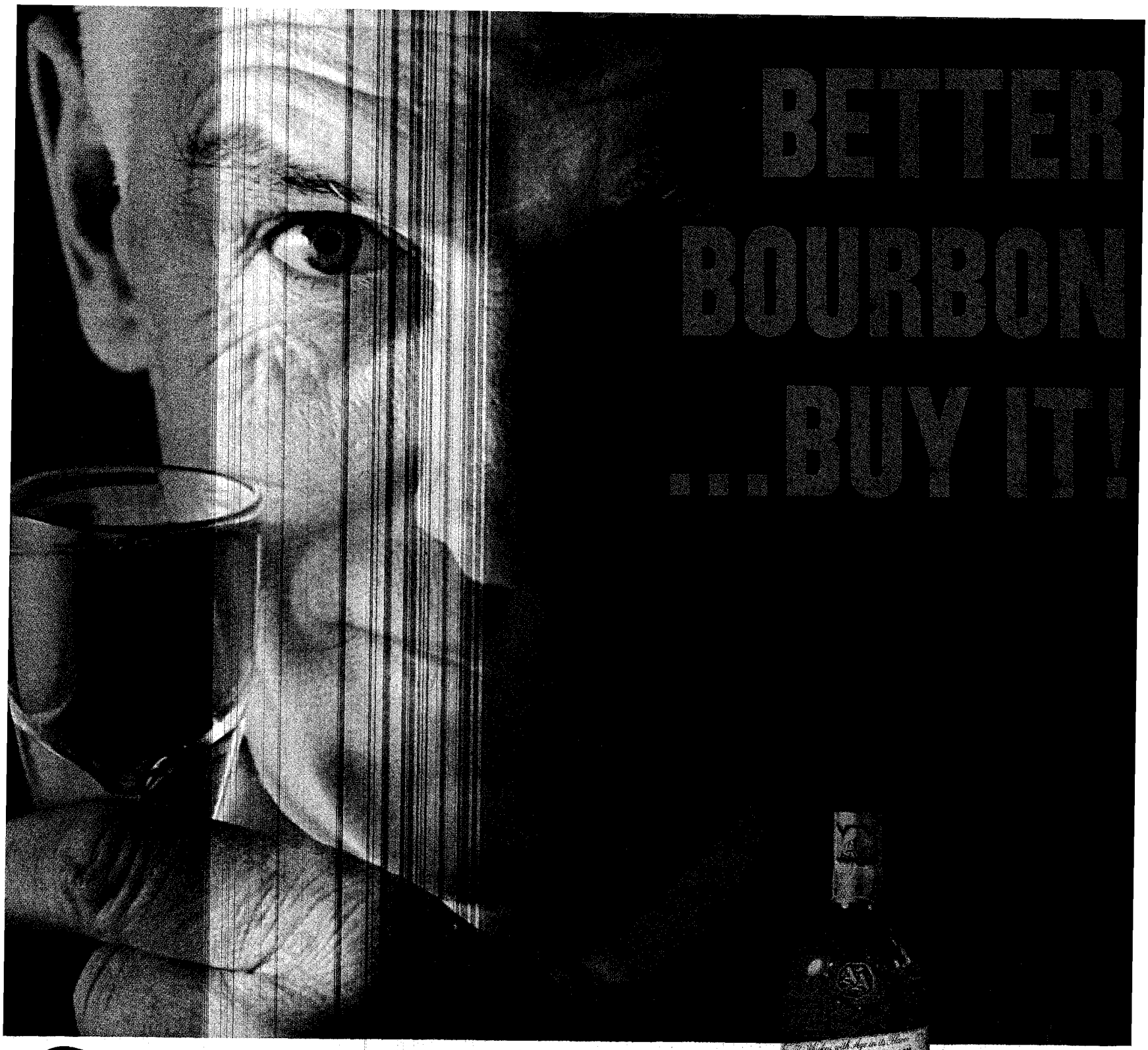
"I went in the back door, which opens into a kitchen, and softly called Robert's name. I didn't want to waken the others. I received no answer. There was a flight of stairs from the porch leading down to a rumpus room. Back of the rumpus room was a (*Continued on Page 74*)



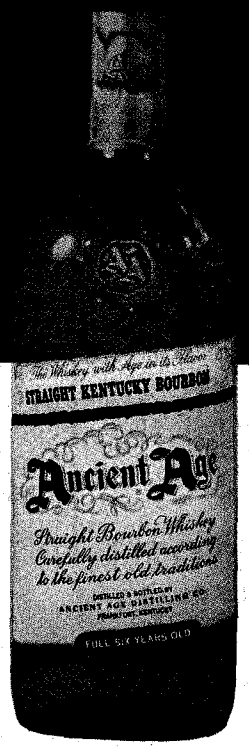
"They say he's wonderful with children!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ancient Age
bourbon


STRAIGHT KENTUCKY BOURBON
Ancient Age
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Carefully distilled according to the finest old traditions
FULL SIX YEARS OLD

Out of Kentucky, the great bourbon country, comes the greatest of them all, mellow, warmhearted, aged to perfection six full years... Ancient Age. We challenge you to find a better bourbon.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY • 6 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • ©ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FREE CHECKUP
OF ALL YOUR LIFE INSURANCE

(New visual method)

Don't be too sure that your policies fit your needs today. This informative presentation will quickly show you how you can take advantage of the latest ideas in life insurance protection. Look at it right in your own home. It takes only a few minutes.

See this helpful exhibit ... a free service to you

JUST WRITE: New England Life, Back Bay P. O. Box 333S, Boston 17, Mass. Ask for "Estate Checkup Exhibit" and our representative will plan an early showing for you.

NEW ENGLAND Mutual LIFE Insurance Company BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A BETTER LIFE FOR YOU

There's an Edmont glove that fits your job

IS THIS IT?

MONKEY GRIP

First choice for rugged work. Just right for handling abrasive materials such as rough lumber and concrete block.

Tough vinyl coating repels oil and acids. Outwears ordinary leather and as many as 10 pairs of canvas gloves. Try a pair. Made by Edmont Manufacturing Co., Coshocton, Ohio.

Makers of Green Thumb garden gloves.

Edmont **JOB-FITTED GLOVES**

"Werx"—Outwears canvas 5 to 1
"Thumbs Up"—Flexible neoprene coated
"Turtle"—Super-flexible plastic

(*Continued from Page 72*)

storeroom. I was just looking around, trying to find Robert, because I'm really very fond of Robert, and—well, it was then I saw it."

"Saw what?" Mason asked.

"The printing press."

Mason's eyes narrowed. "Do you mean the printing press that had been used to print the envelopes that you had been receiving in the mail?"

She nodded.

"After all," Mason said, "a printing press can be a child's toy. Just because you saw a printing press ——"

"No, no, Mr. Mason; this was *the* printing press."

"How do you know?"

"Well, in the first place, my name and my San Francisco address were still set in type on the press. In the second place, it had been used recently. The press was really a good grade of printing press, not just a toy. It had a round steel plate on top and there was printer's ink on this plate. Every time the handle was depressed the rubber rollers would move over this inked table and the table would make a part of a revolution. Then the rollers would go down over the type and back out of the way, and the envelopes or paper would be pushed up against the type."

"You examined the press?" Mason asked.

"Of course I looked at it. As I said, I'd been trying to find a printing press of that sort. After I'd complained to the postal authorities and—and it turned out Mervin had given Robert a press of that sort to play with —— Of course, I went ahead and made the natural assumption that the envelopes had been printed on that press. That's typical of the way Mervin loves to play with people."

"Go on," Mason said. "Tell me about the press you found this morning."

"Well, this press had been freshly used. The ink was still sticky on it."

"How do you know?"

She looked at the tip of her middle finger. "I touched it and fresh ink came off on my finger."

"Then what?" Mason asked.

"Then," she said, "I looked a little farther and there was a box with a lot of freshly printed envelopes—the same kind of stamped envelopes that had been used in forwarding those threatening clippings to me, don't you see? It's the Jenningses who are back of all this. They were trying to poison my mind against Mervin so I would co-operate with Lorraine in giving testimony in Lorraine's favor when she tried to get full custody of Robert."

"Now wait a minute," Mason said. "You're all mixed up. First you're talking about Mervin's diabolical ingenuity in having a printing press that would throw the authorities off the trail, and now you're making it appear that the whole thing was Lorraine Jennings' idea."

Norda thought that over for a moment, then said, "I guess I am confused, but—but whether I'm confused or not, I'm right. Now I suppose you'll say that sounds just like a woman. I don't care if you do. There are other things."

"All right," Mason said. "What are they?"

She said, "I know that a shot was fired during the night. I heard it."

"You might have heard a truck backfire."

"I heard a shot," she said, "and after that there was a sound of a boy crying. It must have been Robert. A woman was trying to comfort him. When I—well, when I went to the tent and looked around, I discovered an empty cartridge case—the kind that is ejected from a twenty-two automatic—lying there on the grass."

"What did you do with it?"

"I picked it up."

"Where is it now?"

"I have it here."

She opened her purse, took out an empty .22 cartridge case and handed it to Mason.

The lawyer looked it over, smelled of it, then placed the empty cartridge case upright on the desk. "Did you take anything else?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What?"

"Some of the envelopes that had been printed with my name on them. I took two of them out of the box."

She took two folded, stamped envelopes from her purse and handed them to Mason.

Mason studied the printed address. "Well," he said, "that's your name printed on there, and the address I assume is accurate?"

She nodded.

"And you think those are the same envelopes that ——"

"I'm sure of it, Mr. Mason. I have here one of the envelopes which came through the mail with one of the newspaper clippings."

She handed him another envelope.

Mason compared the envelopes for a moment, then shook out the newspaper clipping which had been contained in the envelope. It had headlines, JILTED SUITOR KILLS WOMAN.

To a taxi driver, the shortest distance between two points is unthinkable.

AL SPONG

Mason took a magnifying glass and compared the printing on the envelope which had been mailed with the printing on the stamped, addressed envelope which Norda Allison had handed him.

"They seem to be the same, all right," Mason said thoughtfully. "What did you do after you made this discovery, Miss Allison?"

She said, "I suppose I was a coward. I should have gone in and confronted them with the evidence, but I was so disgusted at their double-crossing and—and I was a little frightened. I guess in a way I lost my head."

"What did you do?"

"I didn't go through the house. I walked back out into the patio, around through the gate, into the front door, which I had left unlocked, tiptoed up to the room where I had been sleeping, packed my suitcase and came downstairs. There was a telephone in the hall and I called a taxicab."

"You didn't encounter anyone in the house?"

"No one. I think they were all sleeping, but I can't understand where Robert was."

"You didn't see any sign of Robert or the dog?"

"No. Mr. Mason, that's what frightens me. The shot, the empty cartridge case and the fact that Robert is missing—I—I just have a feeling that I'm being framed for some crime, that I'm a pawn in a game that I can't fully understand."

Mason regarded her thoughtfully. "Now look here," he said. "Are you telling me the truth?"

"Yes."

"The complete truth?"

"Yes."

"If you're really telling me all the truth," Mason said, "I think you're unnecessarily alarmed. I don't see how anybody could frame you. The evidence is all the other way. What did you do after you took the taxicab?"

"I went to the Millbrae Hotel, registered, got a room, had breakfast and—well, at first I intended just to catch the first plane back to San Francisco. Then I kept thinking that —— I can't explain the apprehension that I have, Mr. Mason, the feeling that something is impending that —— I think they're intending to say I—I did something. I have that feeling."

"All right," Mason said. "There may or may not be any reason for it, but there's only one thing for you to do."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Strike first," Mason told her. "When you're worried and apprehensive, assume the aggressive. No one knows that you found this printing press or the envelopes?"

She shook her head. "I'm certain they don't. They were either asleep or else they had all gone somewhere. There were no noises at all in the house. They told me that they would sleep late and I could sleep late."

"What about Robert?" Mason asked. "Did they mention the time he was leaving?"

"Not the exact time. But I know they said I'd see him. He was going out on this camping trip with his dog. I had the distinct impression it was to be later on in the day."

"You're making a mountain out of a molehill," Mason reassured her. "You probably misunderstood the time element. When you got up, Barton Jennings had loaded Robert and his dog in the car and taken them to the place where he was to meet the other boys. Lorraine was sleeping late. That's undoubtedly the explanation."

"In that event wouldn't Mr. Jennings have taken Robert's sleeping bag? It was still out there in the tent on the cot, just the way Robert had left it when he tumbled out."

Mason thought the situation over. "Well, anyway, there's the printing press and the stamped, addressed envelopes," he said. "That's one clue we can accept as a tangible fact—that is, if you're being completely truthful with me."

"I am—and Barton couldn't have been out with Robert. His car was there."

"In the garage?"

"No, at the curb. He parked it at the curb when he brought me from the airport. I remember the license number. It was unusual."

"Well," Mason said, "we're going to put your mind at rest, anyway. There's no use beating around the bush on this thing."

"What are you going to do?"

"Call the postal inspectors. In the meantime we'll see nothing happens to that printing press," Mason said. "Then we're going to let them explain how those threatening letters came to you in the mail."

"I thought that's what I should do," she said. "But it seemed so—so abrupt. I thought perhaps I should ask them for an explanation. I thought perhaps you could call them and ——"

"And by that time the evidence would be destroyed," Mason said. "No, we'll go out there and pick up that evidence right now, and then they can explain."

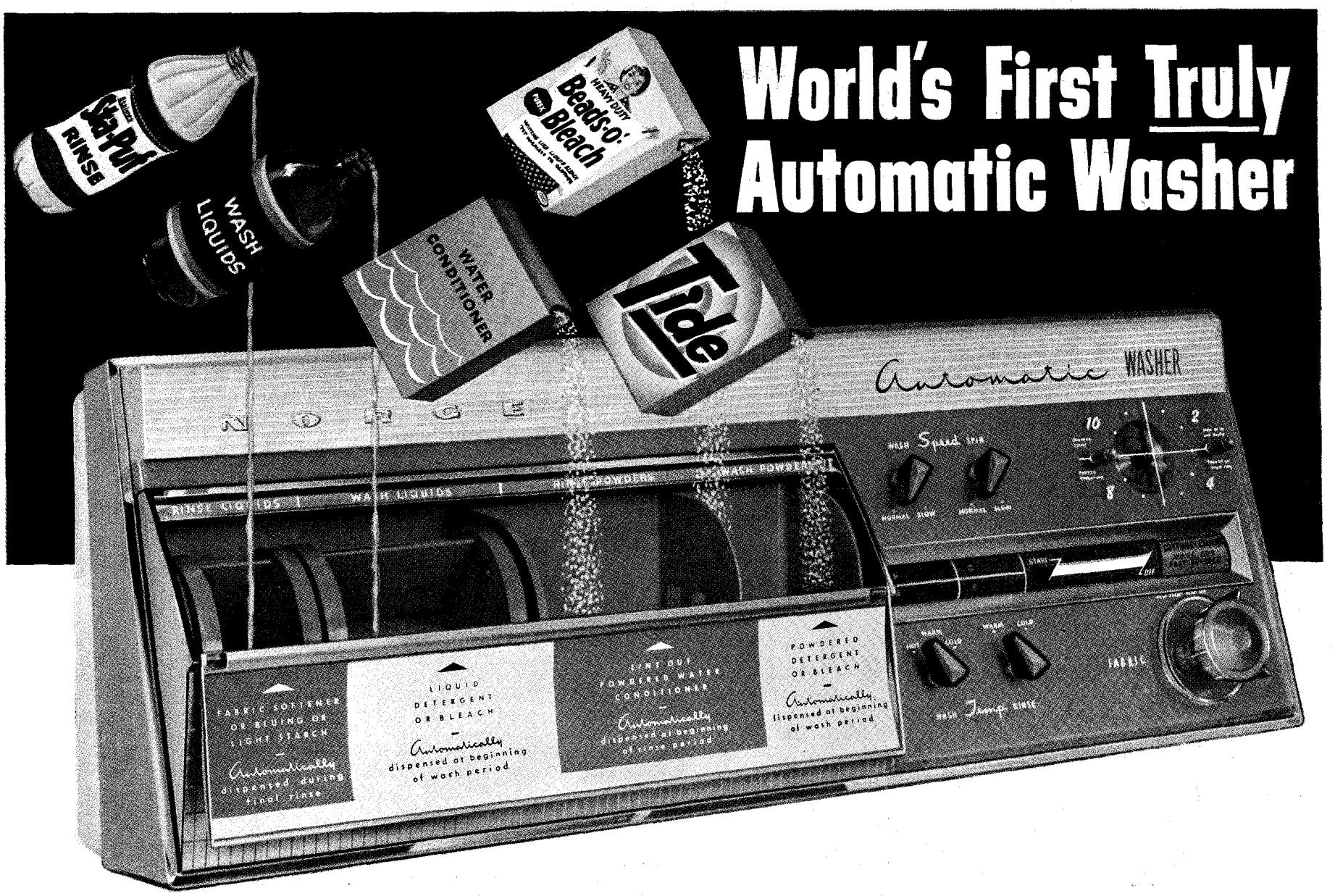
"Do I have to go to show the officers where it is?"

"You have to go," Mason told her, "and I'm going with you. We'll get the 3 before the officers."

Suddenly her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, thank you—thank you!" she exclaimed. "Thank you so much, Mr. Mason! You're—you're wonderful!"

TO BE CONTINUED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NORGE Dispensomat injects any or all washday wonder products...automatically

At your command, automatically...all the wonderful new washday products, to give you the most luxurious laundry ever! Norge Dispensomat adds each product in correct amount, *at the proper time.*

Cleaner with TIDE! Reserve Cleaning Power assures cleanest clean under the sun!

Whiter with BEADS-O'-BLEACH the safe dry chlorine bleach for whitest clothes possible.

Brighter with WATER CONDITIONER for soft-water super rinse.

Softer with STA-PUF that restores luxurious fluffiness to all wash-matted fabrics.

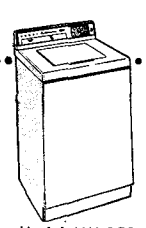
New Automatic Lint Filter teams up with overflow rinse and sediment remover for 3-way filtering of lint, scum, sand.

Model AWW-502 Washer & Model ED-500 Dryer

Exclusive "Fabric Formula" Washing

Restores Like-New Look and Feel to Clothes...with Follow-the-Dot Simplicity

Every washing action is matched to the fabric. You just dial the fabric you're washing and point the control knobs at the dots. Automatically you get the proper wash speed, spin speed, water temperature, time cycle for everything from cottons to wash 'n wears. Yet you can change the settings any time you choose. Drying's a dream, too, with matching Norge "Fabric Formula" Dryer that gives you 4-way drying, 4 heats, automatic "Wrinkle-Out" and 3-position Hamper-Dor.



Model AW-250

Special

- Two-cycle washing
- Automatic lint filter
- Exclusive "ball point" edged agitator

All at a budget price

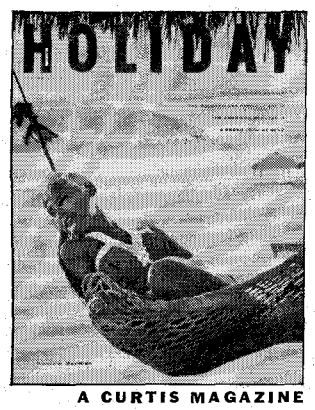
NORGE®

Dispensomat Washer

NORGE SALES CORPORATION, Subsidiary of Borg-Warner Corporation, Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois. Canada: Addison's Ltd., Toronto. Export Sales, Borg-Warner International, Chicago 3, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

★ HOLIDAY ★



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

BRILLIANT WRITING! BEAUTIFUL PICTURES!

in the November HOLIDAY magazine

The Canadian-American Boundary 16,000,000 Canadians look at America through the biggest picture window in the world. They watch the vigorous, sometimes bumbling, but always important scene, knowing that but for the imaginary line, they would be actors rather than spectators. What the border means to them today and what it can mean tomorrow are brilliantly combined with Canada's panorama of history. A beautifully illustrated feature you won't want to miss.

Actor Henry Fonda He can play the most sophisticated roles, yet never fails to convey the common touch . . . Henry Fonda, the cleanest incarnation of the American prototype.

St. Pete, Florida Visit this happy hunting ground of retired and youthful Americans . . . see how the past and present generations mingle in one of America's oldest, yet newest communities.

Reno Lucius Beebe turns his caustic, penetrating eye on Reno. Take sides (if you want) in the battle between the see-our-churches-and-schools group and those who live by and dote on the glittering fame of Reno.

Plus: THE AMERICAN DEBUTANTE—Portrayed in her natural habitat of gaiety and expenses; *Los Angeles Thrift Tour* . . . "see everything worth seeing" in 4 days for $100; *Holiday Handbook of Horses* . . . the history, supposed fate and comeback of the riding horse. See all this and so much more in Holiday's November issue.

GET YOUR COPY TODAY
WHEREVER MAGAZINES ARE SOLD

NOVEMBER
HOLIDAY
MAGAZINE

The Girl Who Always Won

(Continued from Page 31)

As uncle and niece, Julius and Janet traveled Europe for two years, the former finding it hard to scratch a living in a world which had outgrown the time-honored con techniques. Instead of falling for the old gags, people laughed at them. By this time Julius was too old a dog to learn new tricks, while to have turned honest would have seemed like a confession of failure.

When I met Julius and Janet they had just arrived on the French Riviera. We were fellow guests at an obscure *pension*, the Hotel Primavera, which is in a back street far from the haunts of wealth and fashion, but close enough, nonetheless, to inspire Julius with thoughts of larceny.

Julius was still a handsome, charming man, well-dressed and debonair in a musical-comedy fashion. His smile was a shade too quick, his silver hair too artfully artless; his booming geniality had a hollow ring. I spotted him instantly as a phony. So, I noted, did others of my generation. Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford would starve today, while the traditional Mississippi gambler would have to amuse himself playing solitaire for lack of victims. The successful crooks of the 1950's are, like the age in which they flourish, streamlined, slick and ruthlessly efficient.

Oscar Wilde must have been thinking of someone like Julius when he described a cynic as a man who knew the price of everything, and the value of nothing. His was a cold philosophy, which gave him nothing at a time when he most needed comfort. I would not have spoken twice to him had it not been for Janet.

Janet had honest cornflower-blue eyes. She was a honey blonde, above average height, quick and graceful in her movements. I watched her closely one evening while her father, who had given up all pretense of being her uncle, was boasting of some of his past exploits. She would laugh at the funny parts, but, soon after, a shadow would fall across her eyes and a queer little frown, shaped appropriately like a question mark, would appear on her brow. The stories Julius told had a strangely cruel way of leaving his victims stripped of all dignity.

Janet remonstrated with him on one occasion. His retort was illuminating. "If the man had been honest himself," he said, "he wouldn't have fallen for such a gag. An honest man wouldn't have listened to me, don't you see? People think suckers are innocent victims, but they're not. Suckers are greedy, dishonest and stupid, and they deserve what they get. Never forget that and never waste sympathy on them."

It was during the winter of 1956 that I listened while Julius Treadgold tried to make Janet see the world and life through his own jaundiced, disillusioned eyes.

The Hotel Primavera was owned by Madame Tarascon, widow of a minor French civil servant. Singlehanded, except for a waitress who appeared at meals only, she cooked, cleaned the house, made the beds and kept the accounts—tasks which insured that she was fully occupied from early morning until nearly midnight. Her son, Marc, was a croupier at one of the Cannes casinos.

Julius and Janet were favored guests. They spoke French perfectly, were courteous and paid their bills. More than this, Madame Tarascon asked of nobody.

The first time I saw Marc Tarascon, I intercepted the look which passed between him and Janet, telling me all I needed to know. Julius intercepted that look, too, coming to the same conclusion as I did.

I did not at first understand the satisfaction in Julius' voice when he said to me, "You know, Fulton"—my name, by the way is Fulton—"that boy is knocked clean off his balance by Janet. He looks at her as though he'd like to eat her."

My private reflections at the time were twofold. I didn't believe that if I had a marriageable daughter I would welcome an infatuated French croupier as a suitor. Nor did I believe that Marc Tarascon had been knocked off balance, for it is of the essence of a croupier's calling that he be able to keep his head in any emergency. Marc was in love with Janet. Further than that I was not prepared to go.

It was not until the last few days of my stay that I realized that Julius Treadgold was planning to use Janet to further some larcenous scheme against the casino. He was not a subtle man. I think he was so blinded by his contempt for the average human intelligence that he would not use ordinary circumspection. One evening after dinner, in the hotel lounge which he used as a kind of forum, he talked about gambling, gamblers and gambling hells, with all three of which he seemed familiar. Somebody else launched the topic, wondering out loud whether the gambling at the Riviera casinos was straight or crooked. Most of us, myself included, argued that it was straight, if only for the two cynical reasons that casinos were under strict surveillance by the government and that the legal percentage in their favor guaranteed them a handsome operating profit. Why should they risk their existence by stepping outside the law and laying themselves open to blackmail by their own employees?

Julius Treadgold wasn't interested in this aspect of the matter; he was concerned only with the safeguards employed by the casinos to protect them against crookedness on the part of individual gamblers.

"Sure enough," he agreed, "over the years they must have built up an almost burglar-proof system, but 'almost' is the operative word. Man does nothing perfectly, because man himself is imperfect. It follows, therefore, that there must be a chink in the armor of the casinos. Not a big chink, probably; but a chink."

"What do you think is the chink in the armor of the roulette wheel?"

"The fact that the game of roulette is not wholly and entirely a game of chance," he replied.

"A lot of people would disagree with you," I told him.

"A lot of people disagreed with Galileo, Newton, and all the others who have upset the stuffed shirts by thinking along original lines," was the arrogant retort, which made me realize, more than anything else that had happened, how far he had gone down the road of self-deception. "I don't believe that I could spend years of my life, as these croupiers do, spinning a roulette wheel and twirling the little ivory ball in the opposite direction without acquiring some skill. Do you think you could? Not enough skill, mark you, to turn the game from one of chance to one of skill—that is absurd—but enough to allow the intrusion of the bare element of skill. Will you concede that?"

"I'll concede it as a bare possibility, yes," I told him.

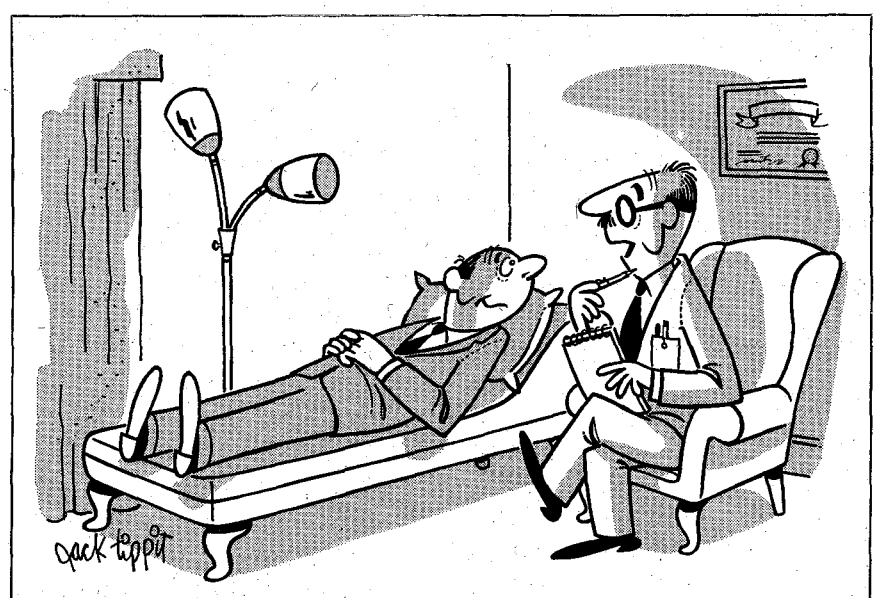
"Then if you concede that," he went on persuasively, "you must concede that the degree of skill varies with the individual, although I am prepared to concede in turn that the croupiers who do acquire any skill are a very small minority, because the kind of man content to follow such a boring occupation is, in the nature of things, likely to be a dull clod. But let us confine ourselves to that small minority, to the kind of man who, while presiding at a roulette table and spinning the wheel, sees himself as someone godlike, with the power to give or withhold fortune from the players. Maybe, who knows, these men see themselves as the personification of Chance, that ill-understood law whose existence has been suspected down the ages, but never proved. Who can guess what vanities beguile the waking hours of these dreary, impassive, automatonlike men who are called croupiers? Can't you see how such thinking would expand their egos?"

It was an eminently reasonable argument, propounded with skill and conviction by a man who, quite obviously, had given the question much thought. I found myself wondering what Janet thought about it. Nor had I long to wait.

"I suppose, papa," she said, with a far-away look in her eyes, when all but he and I had drifted out of the lounge, "that if a croupier really can use skill, he would naturally help the people he—well, liked, wouldn't he?"

"You can put it that way," I said, "but I imagine that if the casino management got wind of anything like that, he would soon be an ex-croupier, wearing a striped suit and working on the rock pile. They would have a hard name for a croupier who worked in cahoots with an outsider."

"I've never been inside a casino," Janet said wistfully, (*Continued on Page 78*)



"Well, actually, I'm not too fond of diced bananas with catchup and horse-radish myself. What are some of your other dislikes?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Introducing– '59 power for your brand-new car...

1959 BUICK INVICTA 4-DOOR HARDTOP

The New Car Gasoline

Keeps that new car thrill alive in any make of car you drive!

BUICK · CADILLAC · CHEVROLET
CHRYSLER · CONTINENTAL · DE SOTO
DODGE · EDSEL · IMPERIAL
LINCOLN · MERCURY · OLDSMOBILE
PLYMOUTH · PONTIAC · THUNDERBIRD

'59 Mobilgas SPECIAL

Gives you high energy performance—can save you up to 2¢ per gallon, too!

Planning to buy a new 1959 car? Remember—you can *keep* that new car thrill alive with *'59 Mobilgas Special.* It's *The New Car Gasoline*—created by Mobil research to fill the power needs of the '59 cars.

With '59 Mobilgas Special you get true *high energy performance* . . . instant starts and fast warm-up—smooth idling—full, quiet power and acceleration—yes, top miles per gallon, too! Yet it can save you up to 2 cents per gallon over many super premiums! Try it in your new *or* late model car—'59 Mobilgas Special. At your friendly Mobil dealer's now.

Mobil

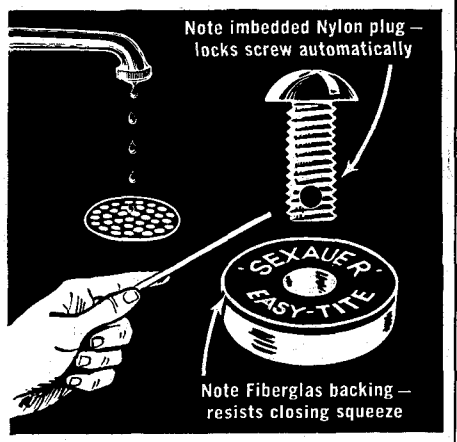
You're Miles Ahead with Mobil!

Tune in "TRACKDOWN" *every Friday night, CBS-TV*

SOCONY MOBIL OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates: MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

free!
3 PERMA-GRIT* Products...
1. Contour File
2. Flat File
3. Sanding Sheet for Orbital Sander
1.
2.
3.
when you buy this
SKIL
ORBITAL SANDER
that gives you professional results every time.
* Trademark of SKIL Corp.
ALL FOUR ITEMS ONLY
$49.95
regularly $57.10
SAVE $7.15
The new "Perma-Grit" tungsten carbide files cut on both forward and back strokes—work twice as fast. Sanding sheet outlasts hundreds of sheets of sandpaper. Limited time offer, available at most SKIL dealers.
SKIL
Made only by SKIL Corporation, manufacturer of famous SKIL and SKILSAW products. Chicago 30, Illinois. In Canada: 3601 Dundas Street West, Toronto 9, Ontario.


Note imbedded Nylon plug — locks screw automatically
SEXAUER
EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing — resists closing squeeze

Why Faucets Leak

★ 9-in-10 washers --- fastened with TOO LONG or SHORT screws quickly LOOSEN --- thus DESTROY themselves --- CAUSING LEAKS.

★ NEW (patented) 'SEXAUER' MONEL screws --- with imbedded, expanding NYLON PLUG --- LOCK at required depth AUTOMATICALLY --- hold washers FIRMLY!

★ Used with NEW 'SEXAUER' EASY-TITE washers --- made of SPECIAL, NON-RUBBER du Pont COMPOUND and REINFORCED with layer of FIBERGLAS --- resist HOTTEST water and splitting --- OUTLAST ordinary faucet repairs 6-to-1!

Thus IMPORTANT SAVING as just one PIN-HOLE LEAK can waste 8000 gal. water QUARTERLY that can JUMP water and fuel bills $7.58.

Over 3000 other 'SEXAUER' TRIPLE-WEAR plumbing repair parts are also available from the 1-in-10 'SEXAUER' *AUTHORIZED* QUALITY PLUMBERS using and selling 'SEXAUER' Faucet Repair Parts.

FOR NAME of your local 'SEXAUER' 1-in-10 AUTHORIZED QUALITY PLUMBER who also *uses* and *sells* WORLD FAMOUS 'SEXAUER' M-U-L-E K-I-C-K products for SLOW-RUNNING DRAINS --- RESTORING SHINY-NEWNESS to DULL TOILET BOWLS --- and LUSTRE to all chrome fixtures---bathtubs---refrigerators, etc. --- WRITE TO:

J. A. SEXAUER MFG. CO., INC., DEPT. AS-108
2503-05 Third Ave., New York 51, N.Y.

SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

(*Continued from Page 76*) ignoring what I had said. "Will you take me, please?"

"If your father has no objection, I'll be glad to take you this evening."

Julius Treadgold seemed delighted with the idea. "Why don't you come too?" I asked, although I believed I knew the reason. The men who issue cards of admission to Riviera casinos have sharp eyes and long memories.

"Do you think casinos are honest?" Janet asked me as we were walking down toward the Croisette.

"I think so," I replied; "otherwise, surely, they would have been found out a long time ago."

"I don't think papa believes anything is honest," she went on, revealing nothing in her tone or manner to suggest her own ideas. "But it would be wonderful, wouldn't it, if there was a way of always winning from the casino?"

"Wonderful, yes, but I don't think it could be done—honestly."

"Papa always says that honesty is a relative term, but I am not quite sure that I understand what he means."

"Nevertheless," I said—somewhat unctuously, I fear—"it is very important for you to understand. Your father is, of course, quite right when he says that a great many people in the world are dishonest, but I believe he is wrong—wrong and foolish, not to believe that there are a great many who are honest simply because it does not occur to them to be anything else."

I looked sharply at Janet and what I saw told me that I was wasting my time. Nothing that I said was going to influence her thinking. She was fighting an inner war, trying to reconcile life as seen through the eyes of the simple Swiss couple who had been her foster parents with life as interpreted to her by a cynical father who saw the homespun virtues as faintly ridiculous manifestations of human gullibility. In the retrospect, I am now inclined to believe that Julius Treadgold was not so much trying to corrupt Janet as to give her the kind of moral armor which he believed to be necessary against a world which he saw as irredeemably selfish, predatory and false—the world of the con man and his greedy, stupid dupes.

There was nothing I could do about it, so I tried to dismiss it from my mind, although I was unhappily aware that if, instead of being a man of forty-five, more than twice her age, I had been fifteen years younger, I would have done something.

Janet was already familiar with the game of roulette, although she had never seen it played. She went straight to the table nearest the door, putting a 200-franc chip on No. 21, her own age, which is the conventional bet of the novice entering a casino for the first time. At odds of 35 to 1, she won seven thousand francs. It must have looked so easy to her.

The something-for-nothing spark, which lies dormant in most of us, in Janet had been fanned to a fierce heat by this quick success. Was it hereditary, acquired through the genes from worthless parents, or had she absorbed through contact some of her father's poisonous philosophy?

Janet wandered from table to table with varying success, but tending to win more than she lost. Her eyes bright with excitement and her full lips trembling with eagerness, she was devastatingly lovely. I tried to dismiss the ugly thoughts which came crowding in.

Then, at the table where Janet was playing, the crew was changed. Marc Tarascon slipped quietly into the vacant place at the wheel. Janet smiled with her eyes, but from Marc there was not a flicker of recognition. That was as it should be, for croupiers, I suspect, are chosen for their emotionless, impassive faces, as well as their quick thinking and imperturbability in moments of crisis.

While Marc did not once glance at Janet, I know that he was aware of her presence because his eyes seemed to note the location of her stakes on the green board. She continued to stake on and around No. 21. On the third throw after Marc began his shift, the little ivory ball fell into the slot of 21, and Janet, who was now using nothing smaller than 1000-franc chips, raked in something over 50,000 francs—call it $125. She then doubled her stakes and No. 21 came up again.

I don't remember the rest of her play, but I do know that during Marc Tarascon's spell at the wheel, which lasted about half an hour, her winnings totaled over one thousand dollars. I went with her when she cashed in her chips.

During the walk back to the Hotel Primavera, Janet chattered excitedly, but neither of us mentioned Marc Tarascon and I confess that I wondered whether, after all, Julius Treadgold's theories were as false as I had believed them to be and that the roulette wheel was susceptible to other influences than sheer blind chance. I was not completely sold on the idea, but I wondered. Janet didn't wonder. I will swear to that. She was sure.

In more ways than one, that evening was a turning point in Janet's life, for when we reached the hotel, Madame Tarascon emerged from her little cubbyhole to say that the doctor was upstairs with Julius Treadgold, who was gravely ill. He died during the night.

I gave Janet whatever comfort I could by going with her to the funeral. I tried to be helpful afterward in the matter of untangling the complications created by her father's death. According to the evidence of their respective passports, they were not related. It followed, therefore, that Janet had no legal claim to anything he possessed. A thick wad of traveler's checks was found in his room, and these were impounded pending an official ruling. Janet possessed her clothes and a few other trifles, in addition to the sum she had won that evening at the casino. She had no background—at least, none that would help her; no roots and no old friends or known relatives.

The only constructive help I could offer was to suggest that she return with me to London, where I was sure that my elder sister would give her a temporary home to enable her to adjust herself to the changed circumstances. Janet thanked me charmingly, but made it quite clear that she felt able to cope with her difficulties. For the time being, she would stay on with Madame Tarascon, who had been kind enough to allow her to keep her room at a reduced rate. There was nothing more that I could do and, leaving my London address with Janet, I went back to work.

I had tried sincerely to behave disinterestedly, but Janet was too disturbingly lovely to make this entirely possible, much as I hate making the admission. From London I wrote, repeating my offer to do whatever I could for her, and receiving no reply of any kind, I allowed her to drop from my conscious thoughts. But there were many times, nonetheless, when I wondered what had happened to her and whether her father's death had come too late for her to escape from his influence. Nothing could be done about heredity if that was the dominant factor in molding Janet's character.

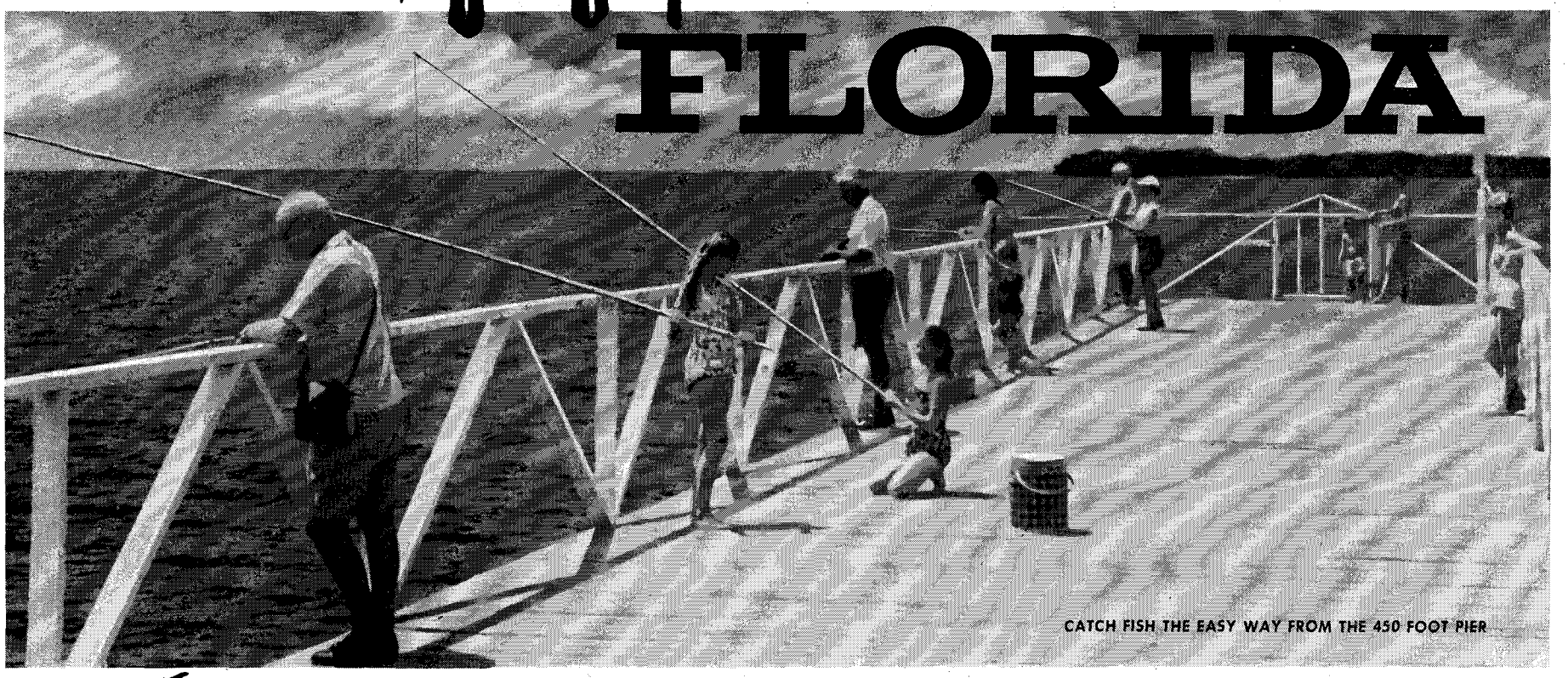
It was almost exactly a year later—just before Christmas, 1957—when I returned to the Hotel Primavera. I was about to ask Madame Tarascon what had happened to Janet when Janet herself came down the stairs into the entrance hall. She seemed, at a quick glance, unchanged except that her clothes were a little more sophisticated and something different had been done to her hair. It was not until she spoke, greeting me with a rather mature friendliness, that I was able to observe any change. Twelve months free of dependence (*Continued on Page 80*)

"You should have had him baptized when he was a baby."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Live the life of your dreams in... FLORIDA



START NOW!

OWN A BIG 80' x 125' HOMESITE IN

PORT CHARLOTTE

FLORIDA'S EXCITING NEW COMMUNITY ON THE LOVELY SOUTHWEST COAST

$10 down - $10 a month

SALE PRICE $895

If you have ever dreamed of retiring in Florida (*and who hasn't!*) this is your opportunity to purchase a big 80' x 125' homesite for money you will never even miss—less than you are probably now spending on cigarettes and soft drinks.

You will be joining thousands of other families who have the same plans and aspirations—in Florida's exciting new community, Port Charlotte, on the lovely Southwest coast.

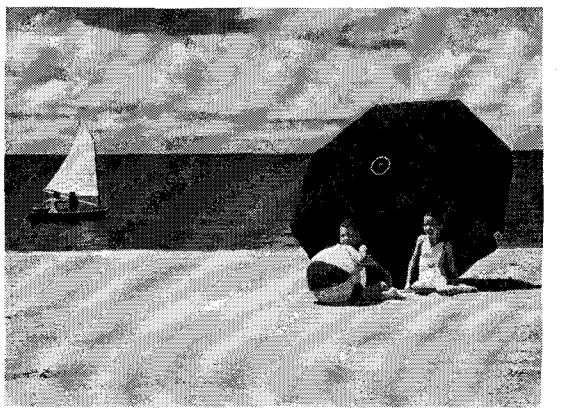
Port Charlotte is an active, thriving community today, with paved streets, sidewalks, water plant, community center, and shopping plaza. Hundreds of families have already moved in and are enjoying the wonderful boating and fishing; the broad, sandy beach with its barbecues, picnic shelters, refreshment stand, and 450 foot fishing pier; the parks, playgrounds, shuffleboard courts, and horseshoe pitching pits. They are using the churches, schools, and professional services available in nearby Punta Gorda.

Decide now to make *your* dreams of Florida living come true. Send the coupon with a $10 deposit today. As soon as your deposit is received, you will be sent a contract, and map showing the exact location of your property. Then pay only $10 a month, which includes 5% interest, until your contract is completed. Act now! Remember, homesites are sold on a first come, first served basis.

30-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

If for any reason, within 30 days, you want your $10 back, it will be returned without question. You are also protected by the substantial resources of General Development Corporation and the 50 year reputation of the Mackle Company, Florida's largest community planners and builders.

SEND COUPON WITH $10 TODAY!

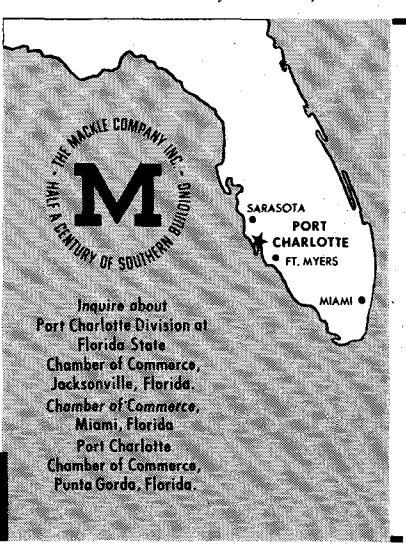


Have fun in the sun on Port Charlotte's broad sandy beach, or enjoy sailing, water skiing on the sheltered waters of Charlotte Harbor.

"There's no need to look elsewhere. We're convinced Port Charlotte is the ideal place for retirement."
— Mrs. Donna Fink

Another MACKLE-BUILT COMMUNITY *through*
GENERAL DEVELOPMENT CORP., Miami, Florida

Port Charlotte is ideally situated, 45 miles south of Sarasota, 24 miles north of Fort Myers, 2 miles from Punta Gorda.


THE MACKLE COMPANY INC.
HALF A CENTURY OF SOUTHERN BUILDING
M
SARASOTA
PORT CHARLOTTE
FT. MYERS
MIAMI
Inquire about Port Charlotte Division at Florida State Chamber of Commerce, Jacksonville, Florida. Chamber of Commerce, Miami, Florida Port Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, Punta Gorda, Florida.

PORT CHARLOTTE DIVISION Dept. SE-108
General Development Corp.
P. O. Box 45-465, Miami, Florida

Please reserve .... (fill in number desired) lots (each 80 x 125 ft.) as described in this advertisement. I enclose $10 payment on each. Rush map showing location. My deposit will be returned promptly and without question if I notify you within 30 days.

(Please print—giving name exactly as you want it on purchase contract)

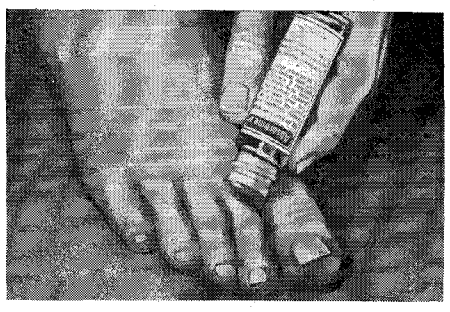
NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

TELEPHONE NO. .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New way to treat
ATHLETE'S FOOT
FAST!

Now you can treat contagious Athlete's Foot infection without touching it! No mess . . . no drip when you use this handy, new Dab-o-Matic applicator bottle.

At the very first sign of raw, red cracks between your toes, maddening itch, or peeling skin, dab on Absorbine Jr.

Laboratory tests in test tubes showed Absorbine Jr. killed 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in less than 5 minutes!

Get Absorbine Jr. in its new applicator bottle today. Only 60¢ at all drug counters. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr
America's No. 1 Athlete's Foot Relief

DOUBLE PROTECTION!

Switch to a
Filter Pipe by MEDICO

Protects you from irritants
Safeguards your pleasure

Nicotine, tars, flakes and juices trapped inside Medico's changeable filter never reach your mouth. When filter is discolored, replace with fresh one. That's why Medico is more enjoyable than any other smoke — *Cleaner . . . Milder Cooler . . . Sweeter*

MEDICO Crest
New Meerschaum-lined $10.00
Gold Crest (illust.). 5.00
Crest Pipe..... 3.50
Other Medico Filter Pipes $1.50 to $20.00

NYLON BIT GUARANTEED BITE-PROOF

IMPORTED BRIAR

MEDICO
Trademark
FILTER PIPES
For Catalog S7, write MEDICO, 18 E 54th St., N.Y. 22

(*Continued from Page 78*) upon her father had given her a poise and sureness of touch she had lacked before.

Marc Tarascon joined us in the hall. He greeted me courteously, and then, linking arms, they went out together into the sunshine of a winter's afternoon. I looked narrowly at Madame Tarascon, whose eyes followed them serenely, as though their relationship, whatever it was, had her approval. I was glad of that, because Madame Tarascon was no fool and she would not have tolerated any association which in her judgment might have endangered Marc's career. It is difficult to become a casino croupier and, once accepted, there is a long training without pay. Afterward, the rewards are considerable and croupiers as a class are envied men, prosperous and respected in their communities.

"All is well with her?" I asked.

"All goes well," replied Madame Tarascon; "but in the light of whispers which have reached me since it happened, Monsieur Treadgold rendered her the best service—by dying."

I thought so, too, but my silence left the impression that I was less well informed. "Mademoiselle has found employment here in Cannes?" I asked.

"No, monsieur; being a foreigner, it is almost impossible for her to obtain permission to work."

"Then, presumably," I said, "her father's affairs were settled in a satisfactory manner?"

"No, the poor child has received nothing from that source." Madame Tarascon seemed uncomfortable, but she added, "It is almost incredible, but the child wins consistently at roulette. Not large sums, monsieur will understand, but more than enough to meet all her expenses. I tell her, and my son Marc tells her—and surely he should know what he is talking about—that it cannot last. But she will not listen. Gambling is a fever, and, like all fevers, must run its course. She will learn—as they all learn, sooner or later—that the casino will win in the end. The casino is patient, monsieur, and can afford to wait."

I tried conveniently to forget that I had first introduced Janet to the dangerous delights of the casino. I went down the next evening in the hope of seeing Janet play. I found her at the "big" table, where millions change hands at the spin of the wheel. Marc Tarascon, so far as I could see, was not in the room.

Janet was staking on the No. 31 as I arrived. Marc's age, I happened to know, was thirty-one. During the next twenty minutes or so, Janet lost money. Not a lot, but the pile of chips in front of her dwindled steadily. Then Marc arrived, slipping quietly into the seat of the man he was relieving. As before, neither made any sign of recognition.

Janet backed No. 22, her own age. She did this four times. On the fourth spin the winning number was 22. While chips to the value of 350,000 francs or about $800, were being pushed across the table to her, I saw Marc catch the eye of the *chef*, who smiled and gave a faint shrug of the shoulders. This told me what I wanted to know: that Marc's association with Janet was known to the *chef* and presumably, therefore, to the casino direction. But what did it mean? Surely not that Marc was introducing an element of skill in favor of Janet? To believe that, meant believing that the *chef* was their accomplice.

A little later, Janet came and spoke to me. We went into the bar together. She drank a glass of lemonade. We did not speak of gambling.

On several successive evenings I watched Janet play. I tried to keep an open mind, but it was not easy, for she lost small sums all over the room until Marc came to the table where she was playing. The pattern repeated itself too often to be ignored. With Marc spinning the wheel, she began to win. Twice I heard remarks which proved that I was not the only person to have noted these things, and twice I saw Marc and the *chef* exchange a quick smile and a shrug.

Janet's winnings while I was there were never large enough to incommode the casino, of course, but they were so pointedly consistent—while Marc officiated at the wheel.

Did I believe that Marc and Janet between them were cheating the casino? It was hard not to believe this, but to believe it meant believing that the casino itself was conspiring to its own defeat and downfall, which seemed highly improbable. Yet what other explanation could there be?

In the bay facing Cannes, and forming one of the arms of the bay, are two islands. On one of these, St. Honorat, where reputedly St. Patrick was converted to Christianity, there is a Trappist monastery. I visited this one day, and afterward, while I was eating a solitary picnic lunch on the foreshore, I saw Marc Tarascon approaching me. He had been fishing off the rocks. He is an extremely pleasant, well-mannered young man and I was glad of his company. He was darkly handsome in the Mediterranean fashion, with a pale complexion which defied sunburn—the typical croupier's pallor. We chatted lightly of almost everything except Janet.

Then, abruptly, he said, "I have seen monsieur several times at the tables. With some success, I hope."

"A little," I replied, "but I am not a true gambler. Nevertheless," I went on artlessly, "I confess that I was tempted more than once to follow Mademoiselle Janet—whose luck seems quite phenomenal."

"Indeed, yes," he agreed. "My colleagues and I watch it with interest. It is not that her winnings are so great, but that the winning vein has continued for so long."

"Does she play according to some system?" I asked.

"Hers is the only system worth playing, monsieur, for she picks the winning numbers. But, as I keep telling her, it cannot last. There will come a reckoning."

"Do you believe from your own observations that there is such a thing as a system to beat the bank?" I asked, trying to keep our talk upon an impersonal plane.

"Of course not," he replied contemptuously; "just as there is no known way of making water run uphill. The most that can be said for any roulette system is that it limits losses and may prove profitable. From where I sit, monsieur, we laugh at system players and we are delighted when they win. You cannot buy the kind of publicity which results when a system, against all the probabilities, is apparently profitable. Casinos, like any other business, rely upon satisfied customers."

We traveled back to Cannes in the same launch. As I parted with Marc Tarascon on the quayside, I registered the thought that if Marc was involved with Janet in a conspiracy to cheat the casino, I had just witnessed a piece of superb acting.

Now, it is idle to deny my curiosity was really aroused. I was impatient to read the last installment of the story. It is one of my little vanities—I am a lawyer by profession—that I know something of human nature. Try as I would to make them, Janet and Marc conformed to no familiar pattern of behavior. One had to accept the fact that Janet was a consistent winner, and work backward from there.

I suppose in some subtle way which even I had not realized, my attitude to Janet had undergone some changes and she was aware of it. "I used to think you were a nice man," she said at our next meeting, which was in the hotel, "but now you look at me disapprovingly. I have seen it in your eyes. I don't make mistakes—at least, not that kind."

"Suppose, for the sake of argument, that you are right, Janet," I replied, passing the ball back to her, "doesn't a reason occur to you?"

"I suppose you think I am too young to be spending so much time in the casino. Is that it?"

"I do think that, of course. But can't you think of any other reason?"

"No," she said with a refreshing bluntness; "but I'd like to know, all the same."

"Then if I look disapproving," I said, "and I haven't yet admitted that I do, it could be because you are putting Marc in a very awkward position. Remembering, as I do, the last conversation I had with your father, it begins to look as though you have in some way prevailed upon Marc to—well, introduce skill into roulette and give the Goddess of Chance an occasional nudge, making it appear that your father's theories, which I did not swallow at the time I heard them, were not quite so foolish and farfetched as I was tempted to believe. Have I answered you?"

"Yes, you have. I thought it was something like that," she said, quite unabashed.

"Well, am I right?"

"Of course you are," came the surprising reply. "Papa, whether you believe it or not, was a pretty smart man, even if only a tenth of the things he told me about himself (*Continued on Page 82*)

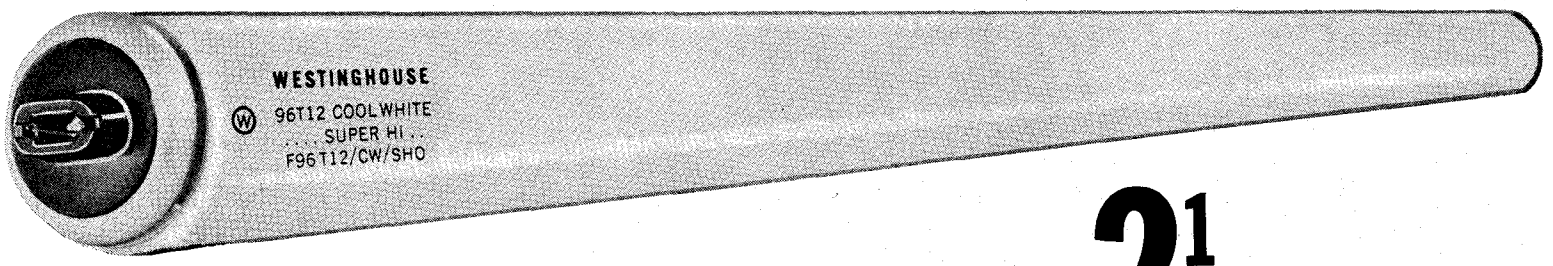
Early One Morning

By John V. Hicks

I fancied hoofbeats woke me,
but I knew
On conscious thought that such
could not be true;
Fragments of sense impression
left behind
Within the deep recesses of the
mind
Had re-created a familiar
sound
That used to rouse me to the
daily round.
Eras begin and end, the
draining glass
Runs empty, systems perish,
methods pass,
Each with attachments that are
ill to part,
Such is the strange reluctance
of the heart.
So there are times, as this,
when I awake,
Tricked by the memory for old
friendship's sake,
And hear again the echo of
shod feet,
Clip-clop along the early-
morning street.

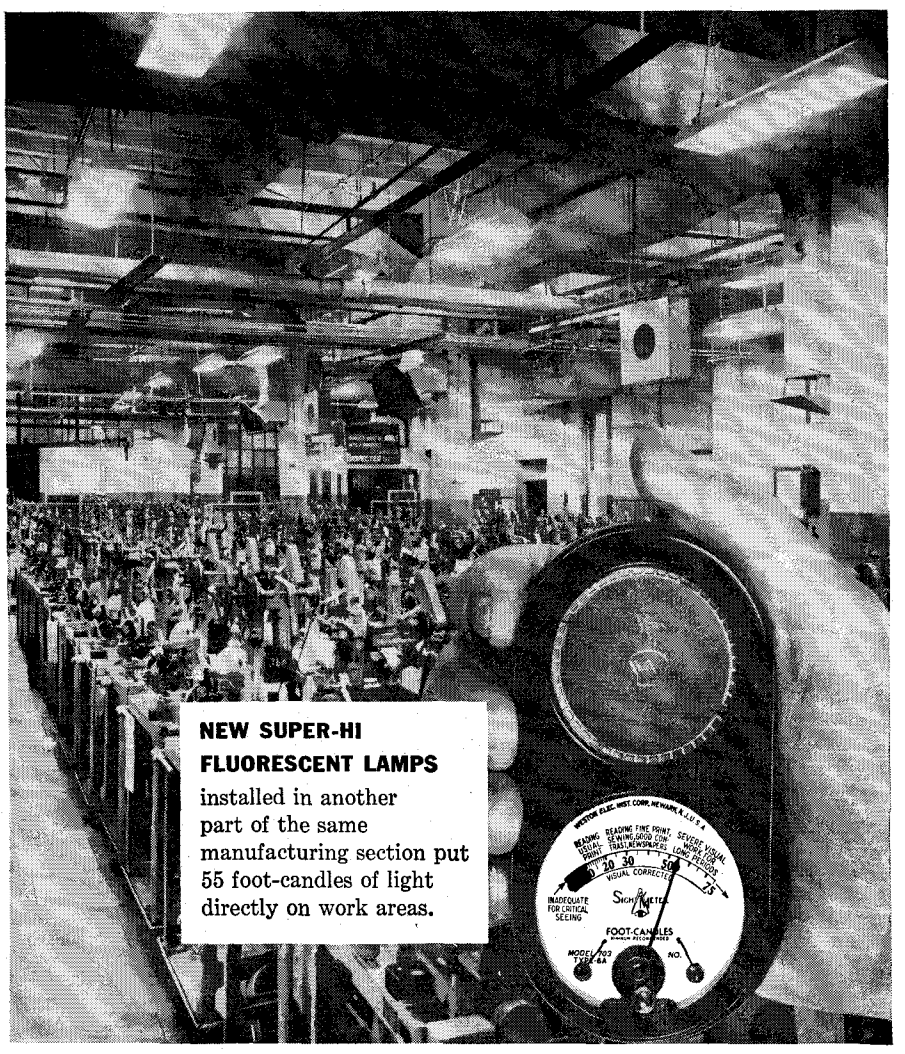
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW WESTINGHOUSE SUPER-HI™



FLUORESCENT LAMPS GIVE 2½ TIMES THE LIGHT OF ORDINARY FLUORESCENTS

REGULAR 40-WATT FLUORESCENT LAMPS
in this manufacturing area provide only 21 foot-candles of illumination on work surfaces.


NEW SUPER-HI FLUORESCENT LAMPS
installed in another part of the same manufacturing section put 55 foot-candles of light directly on work areas.

Westinghouse has developed a new Super-Hi fluorescent lamp that gives up to 2½ times as much light as regular fluorescent lamps. So now you can get much more light without increasing the number of fixtures. And, new installation costs are lower because you have fewer fixtures to buy . . . lower maintenance cost, too, because you have fewer fixtures to maintain. These powerful new lamps are ideal for medium and high bay industrial and outdoor lighting.

All Westinghouse fluorescent lamps have "Ultralume"™ phosphors to assure maximum brightness for the life of the lamp. There's one for every industrial and business use. Specify Westinghouse on every lamp order. Call your local authorized Westinghouse agent or write—Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, N. J.

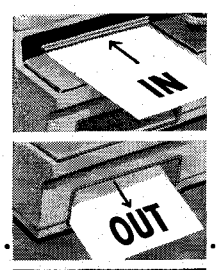
- **✓ Special cooling chambers maintain proper vapor pressure to give longer life . . . more light.**
- **✓ Longer life cathodes add to lamp life.**
- **✓ New Chromium-Vanadium plating on lead wires retards end-darkening.**
- **✓ Smooth slim design gives uninterrupted brightness all around the tube . . . much lighter weight for safe and easy handling.**
- **✓ More reliable starting . . . special silicone coating over exterior surface of the lamp assures perfect starting, even in damp weather.**

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S Westinghouse FLUORESCENT LAMPS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if it's speed you need...try this!

No other copy method can match the less-than-4-second speed of the all-new THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine. That's because no other copy method is completely dry and truly All-Electric. There are no chemicals to pour in this really modern copy maker. Nor any negatives to make. You simply copy business facts and figures by electricity alone . . . and for as little as 5¢ per copy. To see how you'll save more time and money with dry process copying, call your nearby dealer (he's listed in the Yellow Pages). Or send coupon for details.



IN LESS THAN 4 SECONDS

Thermo-Fax® BRAND COPYING PRODUCTS

"Thermo-Fax" and "Secretary" are 3M Company trademarks

3M Company, Dept. QE-10258, St. Paul 6, Minn.

Send full information on the all-new THERMO-FAX "Secretary" Copying Machine.

Name_____

Company_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

MINNESOTA MINING AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY

3M COMPANY

WHERE RESEARCH IS THE KEY TO TOMORROW

(*Continued from Page 80*) were true. I'll tell you a story about him, shall I? We were in London together. I was only a little girl—eleven or twelve. We were walking along a street—I don't remember the name—and there was a beggar sitting in a doorway, trying to shelter from cold rain. He was selling matches. The poor man had no legs. He was wearing a row of medals. I fumbled in my bag and gave him a shilling—the only shilling I had. Papa called me a silly little ninny. 'That chap,' he told me, 'probably has more money than I shall ever have.' I refused to believe him. 'Very well,' papa said to me, 'I shall have to prove it to you.' We went into a teashop and took a table in the window where we could keep an eye on the beggar. More than thirty people gave him money. Then, when the rush was over, the beggar hoisted himself onto a little pushcart and made off down the street. Papa and I followed. The beggar disappeared down an alley. At the bottom a taxi was waiting. The beggar got into it and was about to drive off when papa opened the door and said, 'Give my little girl back her shilling.' The beggar laughed. Fishing into a leather satchel full of coins, he gave me five shillings. 'Buy yourself a box of chocolates,' he said as the taxi drove off."

"It's an interesting story, Janet, but what does it prove?" I asked.

"It proves to me what papa once said," she retorted defiantly, "that 'many a clean shirt hides a dirty undervest.' That things are seldom what they seem to be."

"Maybe he was right, Janet, but that doesn't give you the right to dazzle a man like Marc and turn him into a criminal—because that's what he is, if he is playing tricks with the roulette wheel. I'm amazed that he was simple enough to let you talk him into it."

"Talk him into it?" echoed Janet in shocked tones. "I never mention roulette to him, except when I tell him what I've won."

"Then you mean that he doesn't try to help you win?" I said flounderingly, not knowing quite what to believe.

"Of course Marc helps me win!" she shouted. "He can't help it! Without really knowing it, he uses all his skill to help me. Papa was right, won't you understand? No croupier can be sure of throwing exactly what he wants to throw, but if they try hard they sometimes succeed. I've won every week since the winter season began on November first. How could I possibly have done that without Marc's help?"

"Are you in love with Marc?" I asked, not knowing quite what to say.

"Of course I am! We are to be married sometime next year. I thought you knew."

"But, Janet," I protested, trying to forget that this was the daughter of Julius Treadgold and the Weeper, "surely you don't suppose that the casino will be so foolish as to permit you to go on winning large sums when your husband is in their employ?"

"Of course not!" she snapped again, as though she were talking to a half-wit. "That's why I'm in such a hurry to win now. I hate the casino—the cigar smoke, the ugly old women who look at me as though they hate me, the beastly old men who touch me and say horrible things." She covered her ears as she said this. "When I have won enough to buy our house, I shall stop. Then, even if I wanted to, I wouldn't be able to go on gambling. There won't be time. I shall have my housework and we have decided to have a lot of babies." Janet opened her handbag, showing me a huge wad of notes. "Look! I've won all that—almost enough for the house."

"You shouldn't carry around a huge sum like that," I protested. "Put it in the bank, where it will be safe."

"In a bank?" She sounded horrified at the thought. "I don't trust banks. Papa"—she accentuated the second syllable—"never had a bank account in his life."

This was not the moment for dirty cracks, but I could have made several. I wanted more than anything to tell her that her best chance of happiness lay in forgetting everything she had ever learned from the lips of the shabby trickster who had sired her.

I regret that I was not in the casino on the evening when the roulette wheel took its long-postponed revenge upon Janet, but I heard all about it from others who were there, for it was by all accounts sensational. She began staking in maximums and in less than an hour she had lost everything. I guessed what had happened when, quite early, she arrived back at the hotel in floods of tears. Marc arrived soon afterward, having obtained special permission to leave.

Janet flew at him in a rage. "Why—why did you make me lose it all?" she stormed. "With one more winning evening I would have had enough for our house! Why did you do that?"

"I didn't make you lose, Janet," he said, his face drawn with distress. "I didn't make you win either. All I did was to spin the wheel. For everything else you must give luck the credit and the blame."

"Is that the truth, Marc?" she asked in a dead voice, her eyes rounded with horror.

"I would not lie to you, Janet," he replied with dignity, "and, even if I could influence the fall of the little ivory ball, I would not do it—not even for you."

The little frown in the shape of a question mark appeared on her brow. "Then all the time you were making a fool of me!" she said bitterly. "All the time you knew that I believed you were helping me to win, and you let me go on making a fool of myself. Is that so?"

He smiled and nodded assent.

"And was that why you always made excuses to postpone our marriage?"

"Yes, Janet, that was why."

She began to weep softly. The sound was like the thin wailing of a child.

"But there is no longer any need for delay now," said Marc. "Now it remains only for you to name the day."

"It does not matter to you that I am dishonest in my heart or that I believed that you, too, were being dishonest?"

"No, Janet, it does not matter," he said tenderly. "Nothing matters now. Everybody wants to cheat the casino. Every croupier knows that."

"Then, if you knew that, Marc," she sobbed, "and if, as you say, it did not matter, why—why did you postpone our marriage so many times?"

Madame Tarascon, who had been listening to every word, emerged from her cubbyhole. Coming from behind, she put her hands affectionately upon Janet's shoulders.

"Surely, my little cabbage," she said reprovingly, "you could not have believed that my son"—I wish I could reproduce on paper the pride there was in those two words—"that my son would be such a fool as to marry a gambler?"

THE END

The trouble with having the world by the tail is that it turns.

CY N. PEACE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tugboat Annie's Secret Stratagem

(Continued from Page 41)

"You found out somethin', Annie?" Shiftless asked eagerly.

"An' how! I don't trust McGargle or Bullwinkle no further'n I could carry 'em layin' down. So I phoned the Secoma office fer the latest scoop."

"So you were right, Annie!" said Clem. "Double cross, eh?"

"Will you listen?" demanded Annie impatiently. "Fred, our home-office dispatcher, telled me that widin fifteen minutes o' stickin' us wid this boom early today, he seen McGargle sneak outta a taxi across the slip an' skulk on board o' Bullwinkle's Salamander. Five minutes later he snuck back ashore again an' the Salamander took off like a bat outta h-e-two-sticks! So was I wrong," she demanded wrathfully, "in figgerin' that McGargle's towin' job was jest a red herrin' throwed in our eyes whiles Bullwinkle snaked out to earn him a dirty dollar?"

"Know where he went, Annie?"

"Out the strait here an' down the coast," she said grimly. "I checked with the signal stations after I talked wid Fred."

"But why didn't Fred tell us this earlier?" Clem protested angrily. "He could have warned us."

"He tried. But I was so mad at havin' to take McGargle's tow that I made ye stay offa the phone—remember? An' all I know now is that Bullwinkle's Salamander is some place south o' Flattery an' we're gonna find him! So git back to yer set, Clem, an' pick up what ye can! . . . Hank! . . . Shif'less! You two hawser wranglers set out lantern jacks on that boom, fast, so's the Daffodil'll know what to hook on. . . . Sam! . . . Peter! Come on! Ye kin do yer heavy belchin' on the way!"

A few hours later, with the surf-battered cliffs of Flattery invisible in the rain and darkness far off to port, the Narcissus, having turned the corner, was ramming her way south through solid head seas when Clem yanked the wheelhouse door open and jumped inside.

"Got something, Annie!" he gasped, wiping the brine from his smarting eyes. "On the midnight newscast! There's a cargo steamer in ballast got blown off course before daylight yesterday morning, and ran aground off the tip of Whaleback Ledge. That's just ——"

"I know!" said Annie. "It's jest a few miles south o' Port Delta. Go on!"

"She sent out distress signals and a Coast Guard cutter from Gray's Harbor took her crew off. Guess her captain thought he couldn't save her."

"Abandoned, huh?" said Annie quickly. "What's her name?"

"The George Havord, Trident Line."

"Trident Line?" Annie ejaculated, her iron fingers digging into Clem's arm. "Why, McGargle's their Secoma agent! So that's why Bullwinkle lit out wid his tail afire whiles McGargle, knowin' we was a coupla hundred miles closer, tied us up wid that cussed log boom! Why, that two-chiselin' son-of-a-chimp! Fer a pinch o' herrin' gut I'd ——"

"Hold it, Annie!" said Clem urgently. "Let me finish! Bullwinkle got there just before dark last night. But meanwhile the gale had changed to a sou'wester and when he arrived the steamer had worked off Whaleback Ledge and was floating free."

"Did he git a line aboard her? That's what's important!"

"Sure he did! But his towing bridle snapped and he lost her again in the rain and dark!"

"Glory be to Moses!" said Annie fervently. "Under this slant o' wind she'd drift like a paper bag—an' the on'y place she could end up is on that big sandspit jest south o' the Port Delta channel entrance, parallel wid the old cannery jetty. Right, Peter?"

"Golly!" said Clem as Peter nodded solemn agreement. "You two sure know this coast! Because that's where she's stranded, right now!"

"Nothin' to it," said Annie. "We towed log booms outta Port Delta fer years."

"Where's Bullwinkle now?" Peter asked.

"In Port Delta."

"That figgers," said Annie. "Sittin' on his big fat ta-ra-ra like a over-bloated spider waitin' to pounce on the jackpot. He would, too, if," she added complacently, "it warn't fer me."

"Ya think," grunted Peter skeptically, "he'll let himself snooze off while you're schemin' around the port? He's been bit by you before, Annie!"

"Faddle-fuddle! Think I'm gonna sail in there an' hop on his lap? It's three-four hours since that southeaster switched to the sou'west, an' wid a steady glass this time o' year, that spells calm weather by day after tomorrer. So we'll ride this blow offshore an' outta sight, an' if the wind's dropped off by dark tomorrer night we'll sneak a line aboard that steamer an' tow her ——"

"With what?" asked Peter. "Hot air? Towin' takes plenty fuel oil on a long trip

MIGHTY-MAC® tailors these handsome jackets of "Dacron"* polyester fiber and rayon with a pile lining of "Orlon"** acrylic fiber. Available at fine stores everywhere.

RIGHT OUT OF THE DRYER

Warm yet lightweight jackets of "Dacron" and rayon come out of a modern dryer ready to wear

Sturdy jackets of 65% "Dacron" and 35% rayon keep their neat appearance through the hardest wear. A pile lining of 100% "Orlon" adds lightweight warmth . . . and these jackets can be worn right out of the dryer with little, if any, touch-up ironing needed. See them now.

*"Dacron" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its polyester fiber. **"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber. Du Pont makes fibers, not the fabrics or clothes shown here.

DRESS RIGHT —you can't afford not to! MEMBER: AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR, INC.

DACRON REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
ORLON REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
DU PONT REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home, an' —— Hey! Don't start bellerin' at me! Big Sam warned ya back in the strait to stop in at Neah Bay an' bunker. But oh, no! Not you! You was in a hurry!"

"Ye're right, Peter. I clean forgot!" Annie admitted, deflated. "But we got fuel enough to stay out here till late tomorrer; an' when we don't arrive Bullwinkle's gonna sweat half the lard offa his skull. An' far be it from me," she concluded virtuously, "to cheat that bowlegged ape outta one teensy second of worry!"

For the remainder of that night and all the following day the Narcissus, well out of sight of land, dived and bucketed on her slow patrol, fighting the smoking seas piled up by the vicious sou'wester amid the occasional crash of breaking crockery and the rattle of loose gear gone adrift. And then, with messroom, galley and fo'c'sle washed out, and her topworks and funnel white with salt rime, she staggered shoreward into the gathering dusk toward the little town of Port Delta.

Once a prosperous logging and fish-cannery center, it was now just a weary collection of weather-beaten homes, tumble-down shacks and abandoned canneries, its life sustained almost solely by a small nearby Air Force Base which was part of the new system of coastal defense. Running out from the short main street along the water front was a long, disused cannery jetty, sagging now on its barnacled spiling, and against which years of tides and storms and lack of dredging had built up a high, wide and sharply sloping sand bar.

It was upon this, as the Narcissus approached the harbor entrance, that the tired eyes of Annie and her crew were focused. For, stranded upon it, abandoned, and washed by gale-driven surf, was the S.S. George Havord.

"What ya think, Annie?" Peter asked as Annie, outside the wheelhouse, expertly appraised the derelict's lie and condition.

"Not bad," she replied. "Her bow's dug well in the sand, but not too deep. She's on a even keel. An' her starn's over deep water—and look! There's Bullwinkle's parted towin' wire hangin' over the counter. It'd be a cinch fer Hank or Shif'less to swarm up that an' make a towin' wire fast to her bitts! An' she'll slide off as easy as pullin' hens' teeth, time the wind's slacked off."

"Ain't ya forgettin' something?" Peter asked dryly, and pointed to the harbor; then, as he swung the wheel and entered the channel, his meaning was clear, for made fast midway alongside the crumbling jetty and almost directly opposite the oil wharf to which the Narcissus was bound, was the long black hull, white upper works and bright yellow funnel of Mr. Bullwinkle's big, capable Salamander.

"Do ye hafta git morbid?" Annie snapped irascibly. "Let's git in there an' see if his other head's sprouted yet!"

As they surged along the jetty, Annie was puzzled by a number of high, frequently spaced and obviously new spruce poles, connected by power wires. At the top of each pole was a cluster of what looked like large tin reflectors. "What's them things fer?" she speculated. "They sure look outta place on that ol' wharf."

But Peter, who was bringing the Narcissus alongside the oil dock across the narrow channel, did not reply. And since the Salamander was directly opposite and within easy speaking distance, Annie's interest was diverted, for at that moment Mr. Bullwinkle stepped from his cabin.

Instantly wary and suffused with pleasurable hostility, Annie watched him; but, affecting not to see her, he crossed to the rail and spat carefully overside. Then he looked up and, small eyes twinkling with malicious amusement beneath his ginger-bristled thatch, surveyed her.

It was Annie who broke the silence. "Hi, skunk puss," she said.

Mr. Bullwinkle's temper slipped only a notch. "Well, well, if it ain't Mrs. Petty Larceny!" he cried jovially. "Where ya been? Yore kinda late."

"They was no hurry," she said equably, and gestured toward the stranded steamer, invisible now in the wind-lashed darkness. "She ain't goin' no place, long as this sou'wester lasts."

He grinned. "It'll be blowed out before daylight. Then what ——"

"Then she's throwed up fer grabs an' one of us gits her. Meanin' me, o' course."

"Zat so?" He was politely interested. "Maybe I got a surprise for ya." He looked down and shouted, "Jake! Typhoid Annie's arrived!"

The beer-paunched, uncouth-visaged mate of the Salamander stepped out of the brightly lit galley and peered up. "Ya don't hafta tell me," he said, blinking to adjust to the deck's near darkness. "I got a nose."

"An' how!" said Annie enthusiastically. "Is it true yer beak was born first, Jake, an' you growed onto it later?"

"Laugh while ya can, Fatso!" he snarled. . . . "The works, Bullwinkle?"

"Why not?" he said jocosely. "It's dark enough now."

Puzzled, Annie watched, joined by the equally perplexed Peter, as Jake scuttled quickly into the engine-room housing and snicked a switch. Instantly, startlingly, the entire length of the ruined jetty across the slip sprang into illumination of noonday brilliance projected from groups of powerful cluster lights surmounting the tall poles that Annie earlier had commented on. And, most dangerously frustrating of all, from the top of the pole farthest out on the jetty, a beam of searchlight intensity fell full upon the stranded steamer, so that even at the distance of several hundred yards, every detail of her decks and superstructure lividly was exposed.

Dumfounded, Annie and Peter stared, and into her corded throat rose the bile of bitter defeat.

"Like it, Annie?" The solicitous voice of Mr. Bullwinkle wafted across the slip. "Knowin' you was coming, dear, I done it just for you! But no use wastin' power right now."

He bent over the rail and yelled, "O.K., Jake!" and the dazzling floodlights snapped off. Again the kindly voice of Mr. Bullwinkle addressed them.

"Don't feel blue! Ya can enjoy it again later," he promised, "when the wind lets up. An' next time them lights stays on. Furthermore, case any lardhead tries to board that steamer before I do, Jake an' me's keepin' a couple o' loaded guns handy—and wi' the target lit up like that, sweetheart," he ended roguishly, "how could we miss?"

Granite-faced, Annie watched his cabin door close behind him, then turned to Peter, who was equally silent and depressed. "I sure laid a turkey this time," she muttered tonelessly.

"Yeah," Peter agreed somberly. "Might as well give up an' go home."

"Give up? Go home?" Annie exploded. "I didn't say that! We'll finish fuelin' an' have supper. Then later, wid our lights dowsed, we'll slip away an' hang offshore again. Then, afore daybreak, we'll make a dash fer that steamer ——"

"—An' get our pants shot full o' buckshot ballast?" he growled. "Nothin' doin', Annie! Bullwinkle wasn't foolin'!"

"Mebbe not. But like the old adverb says, 'They's many a flip 'twixt the lip an' the slip'—an' I'm sure as heck gonna try an' make one happen!"

After supper, when Annie returned to the deck, the gale had lessened appreciably. The rain had ceased and stars twinkled remotely in the clearing sky. In Mr. Bullwinkle's cabin across the way, a noisy, jovial card game was in session with, apparently, no one on watch to keep check on the Narcissus. But this arrogant presumption of her helplessness made Annie only the more furiously determined to snatch the prize, and restlessly she paced, beating her brain for an idea that would dispose of those starkly revealing lights.

At length, done in by the sleepless sea vigil of the previous night, Annie could think no more; but neither could she sleep, and she refused to give up. So, when presently Big Sam and Peter appeared and suggested a walk into the town, she quickly agreed.

Being a weekend night, the little main street was jumping, with stores open, tavern jukeboxes blaring and the wooden sidewalks crowded with groups of servicemen from the adjacent Air Force base.

"Now don't start any of that 'Froobled-Framis' guff. It's only a bum condenser and you know it!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But for Annie the attractions of Port Delta soon palled; and sitting in a tavern booth over a bottle of beer she became increasingly anxious and impatiently resentful of the conviviality around her.

"If I don't git an idear soon, I'll bust!" she rasped irritably. "An' the solution ain't in this dump. So le's beat it back to the tug!"

Jumping abruptly to her feet she waddled quickly out to the sidewalk where Big Sam and Peter protestingly joined her and suggested other diversions. But Annie refused to listen.

"O.K., then," Big Sam grumbled. "But ya better realize, Annie, that nobody's gonna crack this nut in time! For once, Bullwinkle's got ya in a bind ya can't squirm out of! So admit it an' forget it and we'll go back to the Narcissus an' hightail it home to Secoma."

Too dispirited to argue further, Annie shrugged. "Guess ye're right, boys," she mumbled. "I'm jest too spun out to fight no more."

Together, in moody silence, they trudged back down to the harbor and on board the tug; nor did they notice that they were being closely but unobtrusively followed by a youthful figure in Air Force fatigues who, with his back indolently against the tavern wall, had listened, bored at first, then with acute interest, to their conversation.

When Annie and the others regained the Narcissus, the noisy party on the Salamander was still under way, and for a moment or two her resentment at Mr. Bullwinkle's obvious contempt flared up again. But her shipmates gave her no time to think, and in minutes the tug backed away from the oil dock, swung about and headed down-channel.

Then, startling as an explosion, the brilliant lights along the jetty flashed on, illuminating every detail in a quarter-mile radius, including the departing Narcissus. And glancing back, Annie saw Mr. Bullwinkle's burly figure silhouetted in his open cabin doorway.

"Goin' some place, blubbergut?" he bawled patronizingly. "It won't do ya no good out there, though. Not wi' these lights on from now till daylight. An' we ain't got a stinkin' thing to do but stay here and watch ya!"

"Ignore the ignoramus, Peter!" Annie grated through the open wheelhouse doorway. "Keep agoin'!"

But Mr. Bullwinkle, his voice carrying like a foghorn, fired a parting salvo. "So why don't ya play it smart an' go home?" he bellowed. "Then someday when I'm in the mood I might give ya a coupla salvage lessons. Just ask for Bullwinkle. Don't ever forget it now, will ya?" he ended playfully. "It's spelled B-u-l-l-w-i——"

"That's did it!" Annie yelled savagely and burst into the wheelhouse. "Take her out beyond that light area, Peter, an' keep her there!"

"B-but, Annie," Peter stammered, "I thought we was ——"

"Quit thinkin', then, case ye sprain yer brain! I wouldn't go home now if they gave me Secoma on a gelded platter! So do what I tell ye an' steer out there where it's dark, whiles I figger what we'll do!"

Peter swung the wheel, heading for the tumbling outer seas, and Annie stamped out on deck again. Then suddenly she halted, for from the deck below had come the sounds of a violent scuffle.

Rapidly she clumped down the ladder to find Hank and Shiftless clamping powerful arm locks on a frenziedly resisting figure outside the messroom.

"What's wrong?" she demanded. "Who ye got there?"

"Stowaway, Annie!" Hank told her. "We caught him sneaking in the galley!"

(*Continued on Page 89*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seed cone harvest...an investment in America's forest future

Shipping containers, specialty folding boxes and Pure-Pak milk containers are important Weyerhaeuser products. Timber grown as a crop on company tree farms provides the basic raw material.

On a Pacific Northwest tree farm, two boys and their dad help harvest a crop of Douglas fir cones. Typical of hundreds who enjoy this spare-time work each fall, they are collecting seeds for reforestation of harvested timberlands.

Most harvested areas on Weyerhaeuser tree farms are restocked by seedfall from trees left standing for that purpose. Where natural seed sources are inadequate, aerial seeding or hand-planting techniques are used. This program requires vast quantities of seed and small nursery-grown trees.

In the Douglas fir region, our company has collected and extracted seeds from thousands of bushels of cones, and has made large purchases from other sources. This seed has been used to restock about 110,000 acres of company land.

Continuous reforestation by both natural and artificial methods is intended to keep Weyerhaeuser tree farms productive forever. As a result, they will be able to supply present and future generations with a constant flow of wood for lumber, plywood, pulp and about 5,000 other forest products. *Write us at Box A, Tacoma, Washington, for a colorful free booklet,* ***Forest Products from Tree Farm to You.***

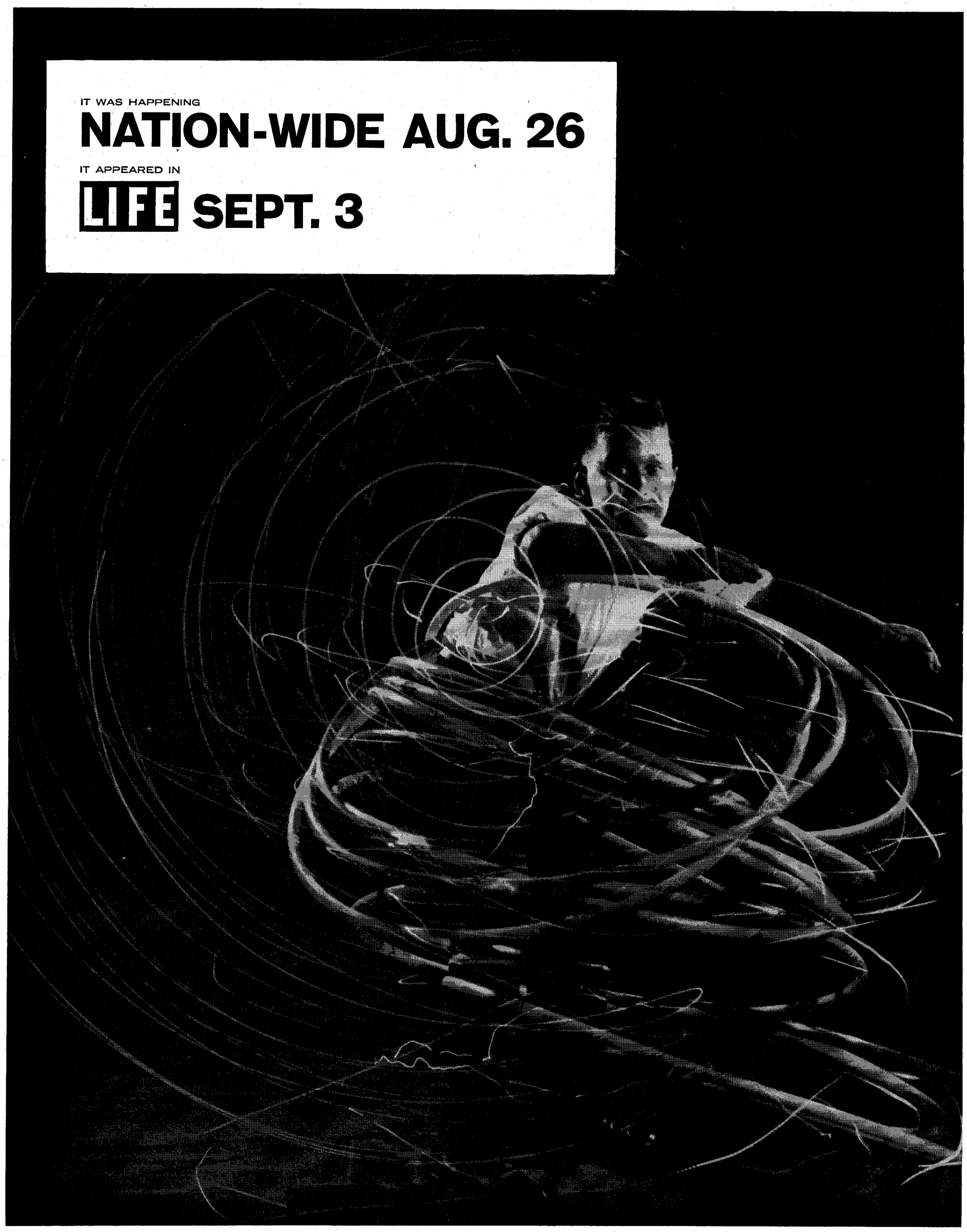
Weyerhaeuser Timber Company

making forestlands serve America better by scientific management

WEYERHAEUSER
4-SQUARE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT WAS HAPPENING
NATION-WIDE AUG. 26
IT APPEARED IN
LIFE SEPT. 3



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only LIFE brings you so close, so swiftly . . .

You hoop it up in a country-wide craze

JACKSON, MICH., AUG. 26—With a hip and a hoop and a hurray, youngsters in Jackson, along with millions of other agile Americans, were going 'round in circles. Circles of polyethylene plastic, that is. Young and old were caught in the biggest craze to hit the country in decades—*hoops*.

When the hoops really started to roll, you didn't have to wonder where they came from or what they were for. You didn't even have to try out a little hip-work yourself (in a dark corner, of course) to discover their appeal. You'd already discovered all these things in the pages of LIFE.

For just at the moment when hoops were selling like hot cakes never did, LIFE's delightful picture report summed up the impact of this newest national phenomenon.

This is the lighter side of the news. And LIFE brings it to you with the same precise timing, excitement, clarity you find in all LIFE's news stories. LIFE puts you in the picture—in the wardroom of the Nautilus and at the side of De Gaulle . . . in the midst of an anti-Nixon crowd and in a mass "hoopla."

LIFE's photographs take you to the heart of life itself—to the people who make the news and to the news they make. And as you travel through LIFE's varied pages, you understand and appreciate so much more of this sometimes frightening, always fascinating world.

That's why so many *Post* families read LIFE. They want all the news, while it's news . . . and they get it so vividly only in LIFE. Is your family getting the most out of life—with LIFE?

SPECIAL OFFER: As a *Post* reader and a new LIFE subscriber, you pay only the special introductory price of $4.97 for 37 weeks. Mail this paragraph with your name and address to LIFE, Dept. P-4, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. We'll bill you later.

Get this week's news in this week's **LIFE**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOE CLARK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

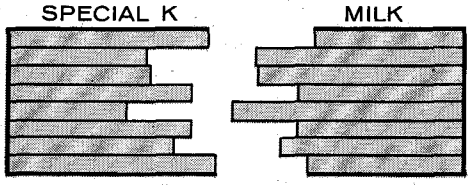
Kellogg's Special K–the perfect protein partner for milk

PROTEIN!

New Special K Handi-Pak. Eight personal-portion "individuals" in each Pak. Now at your grocer's.

Active youngsters need twice as much protein per pound of body weight as parents. Special K provides a healthy share of their daily needs.

SPECIAL K IS ESPECIALLY MADE TO TEAM UP WITH MILK



The chart shows how the eight (8) essential protein components of milk and Special K fit together to form a biologically complete protein—the kind that builds, maintains and repairs body tissues!

More high-quality protein in a serving with milk than in any other leading cereal–hot or cold!

First chance you get, take a look at the nutrition story on the back of the Special K package. Like the people in the picture, you'll find that a serving of Special K for breakfast gives you a good share of your daily protein needs.

For here is a high-protein food. No doubt about it, more protein than in any other leading cereal—hot or cold. So you can see, ready-to-eat Special K makes it easy to start your day with the kind of protein you need.

Another point you'll be interested in. Special K brings appetite appeal to your breakfast table. You know this is so because folks by the millions have it every morning. More than a flake, more than a puff, it comes in a form all its own.

The proof of all this is in the package. Special K.

Kellogg's OF BATTLE CREEK

© 1958 by Kellogg Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 84*) "Take him in the messroom," she ordered, and followed them in.

The stowaway, as the messroom lights revealed, was a skinny, undernourished youth in untidy Air Force fatigues, with wild, defiant gray eyes under a mop of sandy hair. He still was struggling ineffectively to break Hank's and Shiftless' iron grip.

"Play it cool, man!" the captive yelled as Hank jammed his bony wrists up under his shoulder blades. "Don't panic till ya dig the word! I'm no moon! All I done, I was outta bread, so I hacked around here smellin' out a pad ——"

"Shut up, before I clip you one!" Hank growled, releasing him. "And stand there!"

"What kinda langridge is that he's usin'?" asked Annie, nonplused. "Is he a furriner, or what?"

Hank grinned. "He's just a hipcat—a wise guy. My fool kid brother yaks it up too. But this cocky character ——"

"Well, why'd ya put the arm on me?" the stowaway demanded. "I flipped ya the straight gouge!"

"Cool the jive, punk!" Hank ordered roughly. Then, to Annie, "What he means, he's not a bum or a thief. He was broke and looking around for a place to sleep. And 'straight gouge' means 'the truth.' Well—let's see." He turned back to the boy. "So you're going over the hill. You don't like the Air Force?"

"Ye're cookin' hot, man! Life in that crazy pad's the least! I joined to work on radar and stuff, and maybe be a pilot like my old man was. So instead I'm a grease monkey with a bunch o' cubes that never get their tails offa the ground!" he concluded in disgust.

"So?" said Hank, expressionless.

"So I figured I'd build it some place else. An' when I heard her and a coupla other squares say they was sailin' to Secoma tonight I followed 'em."

"How old are ye?" Annie asked.

"Eighteen."

"Sixteen, ye mean—if that! Ye prob'ly lied to git into the Air Force. What's yer name?"

"Benny Wilson," he mumbled reluctantly, after a pause.

"Where's yer old man now?"

"He got killed. In a test flight."

"What about yer other folks? Yer ma, or ——"

His lips tightened. "She ain't around neither," he said briefly.

"I see." Annie's keen eyes appraised him, sensing the defiant hardness of his young face as masking a deep inner insecurity.

"Kind of admired yer old man, didn't ye, Benny?" she suggested.

"So what?" he shot back, bristling. "He was the most!"

Annie needed no interpreter, for her steady gaze had not missed the sudden glitter of moisture between his eyelids. "Yeah," she agreed softly. "He musta bin."

The Narcissus rolled deeply, then plunged into the first of the still heavy outside seas, and for a few seconds they were forced to hang on. "O.K., you two," Annie said to Hank and Shiftless when the tug had recovered comparative stability, "ye better get out on deck again. You hungry, Benny?"

The boy's face lightened. "Now ye're diggin' me, lady!"

Annie was puzzled but fascinated. "Whatever that means," she said. "Be more to the p'int if we dug up some grub in the galley."

Hot coffee always was ready on the galley range; and in a matter of minutes the stowaway was working on a pile of thick sandwiches, with a huge slab of flaky-crusted blueberry pie to come. And gradually, in the galley's cozy warmth and under Annie's genuine concern, his hostility declared a wary truce and he relaxed, his youthful face smoothing out until he looked, as Annie realized with a sudden tightening of her throat, rather like a small boy enjoying the cookies of the lady next door.

Then a thought struck her. "How come," she asked, "all this rollin' an' pitchin' don't bother yer appetite none?"

"It's nothin'," he said. "Look—I'll show ya." And from a shabby and otherwise almost empty wallet he produced a cracked and well-thumbed snapshot depicting himself—perhaps three years younger—and a husky, tanned, deep-chested man with the same steady gray eyes and a contagious grin, at the tiller of a catboat against the background of an offshore and obviously lumpy sea.

"That's the old man," he said, with now undisguised pride. "He was stationed at San Francisco then. An' after ma ran out ——" He stopped, abruptly, then continued. "Anyways, right after that he got this boat. I learned how to sail pretty good, too, he said. And we'd go huntin' up in the Sierras ——"

"I'll bet he thought ye was a pretty good shot, too, huh?" ventured Annie. "Nothin' like l'arnin' early how to handle a gun."

For the first time Benny smiled. "Maybe ya won't dig this, lady. But we hunted with bows an' arrows! No kiddin'! An' dig this, too—he cooled off a big buck deer at a hundred yards with one shot!"

Annie poured him some more coffee. "I see what ye mean about yer old man, Benny," she smiled. "Course, ye had me fooled at fust wid that double-de-goop lingo o' yours. Yer old man l'arn ye that too?"

"Jive talk, ya mean?" His face hardened again. "Maybe I shouldn't tell ya. But after the old man wasn't—wasn't around no more, I got in a little trouble. An' all the cats in the work camp used to jive it up; so ——"

"Never mind!" said Annie with quick comprehension. Then she grinned. "Matter o' fack," she went on, "mebbe ye could l'arn me a little. They's a certain *butt-sprung snake-in-the-bush* I trade cusses wid now an' then; an' I'd sure like to see him try an'—an' dig what I was callin' him! Le's see, now, 'the straight gouge' means ——"

Benny laughed, completely relaxed now. "Ya're a real cool cat, rat," he said admiringly. "Listen. . . ."

For the next quarter hour they had what he described as "a ball." But presently Benny's interest seemed to fade. His face stiffened and into his eyes crept the old, wary hardness.

"Ye tired, son?" said Annie observantly. "They's a spare bunk in the fo'c's'le ——"

"Yeah," said Benny abruptly. "So when we hit Secoma I'm still sawin' it off, while you flip the Air Policemen the word?"

Instantly Annie's eyes flashed. "What am I, a snoop pigeon?" she demanded; but his quick and genuine apology calmed her. "Fack is," she told him, "we ain't goin' to Secoma tonight."

"You're not?" He stiffened. "Why, up in town tonight, ya ——"

"Yeah. But since then somethin' new's bin raddled. Listen, son, if the Air Force let ye train in radar an' flyin', or whatever ye j'ined up (*Continued on Page 92*)

"Why, yes, I did call for an exterminator, but I only want to get rid of some ants from my kitchen."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

WE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—*New*

YELLO-BOLE

"DUO-LINED"

Is the sweetest pipe you ever smoked

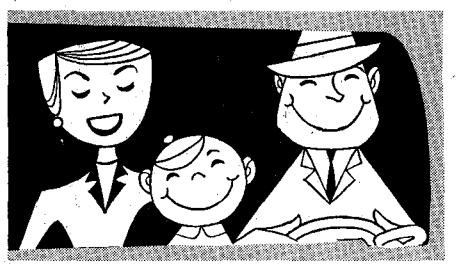
A *double lining* of real honey makes "Duo-Lined" cake even faster; smoke even sweeter than regular Yello-Boles. If you don't agree it's the sweetest—return it and get your money back.

$3.50

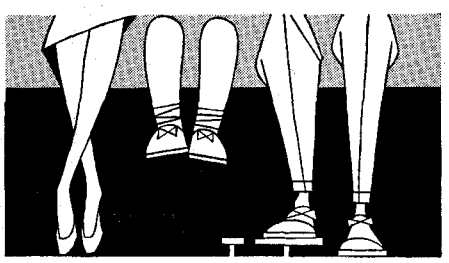
Other Yello-Bole pipes, also of *imported briar* $1.50-$2.95

By the makers of Kaywoodie, Dept. Y35, New York 22, N.Y.

Sweet as smoking through a honeycomb



Drive safe—



Drive warm!

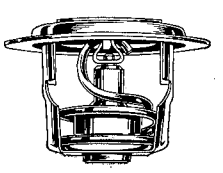
with DOLE THERMOSTATS

Besides keeping your windshield clear and car warm for safe, comfortable winter driving, a good thermostat also means fast warmup . . . reduced wear and savings in gas and oil.

Cold weather forecast . . . *so winterize your car now!* And be sure of the very best . . . specify a Dole Thermostat . . . installed as original equipment on 17 out of 18 top passenger cars.*

See your favorite service station or repair shop.

*As listed by Automotive News.



THE DOLE VALVE COMPANY

6201 Oakton Street

Morton Grove, Illinois

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Start of a New Styling Cycle . . .

OLDS

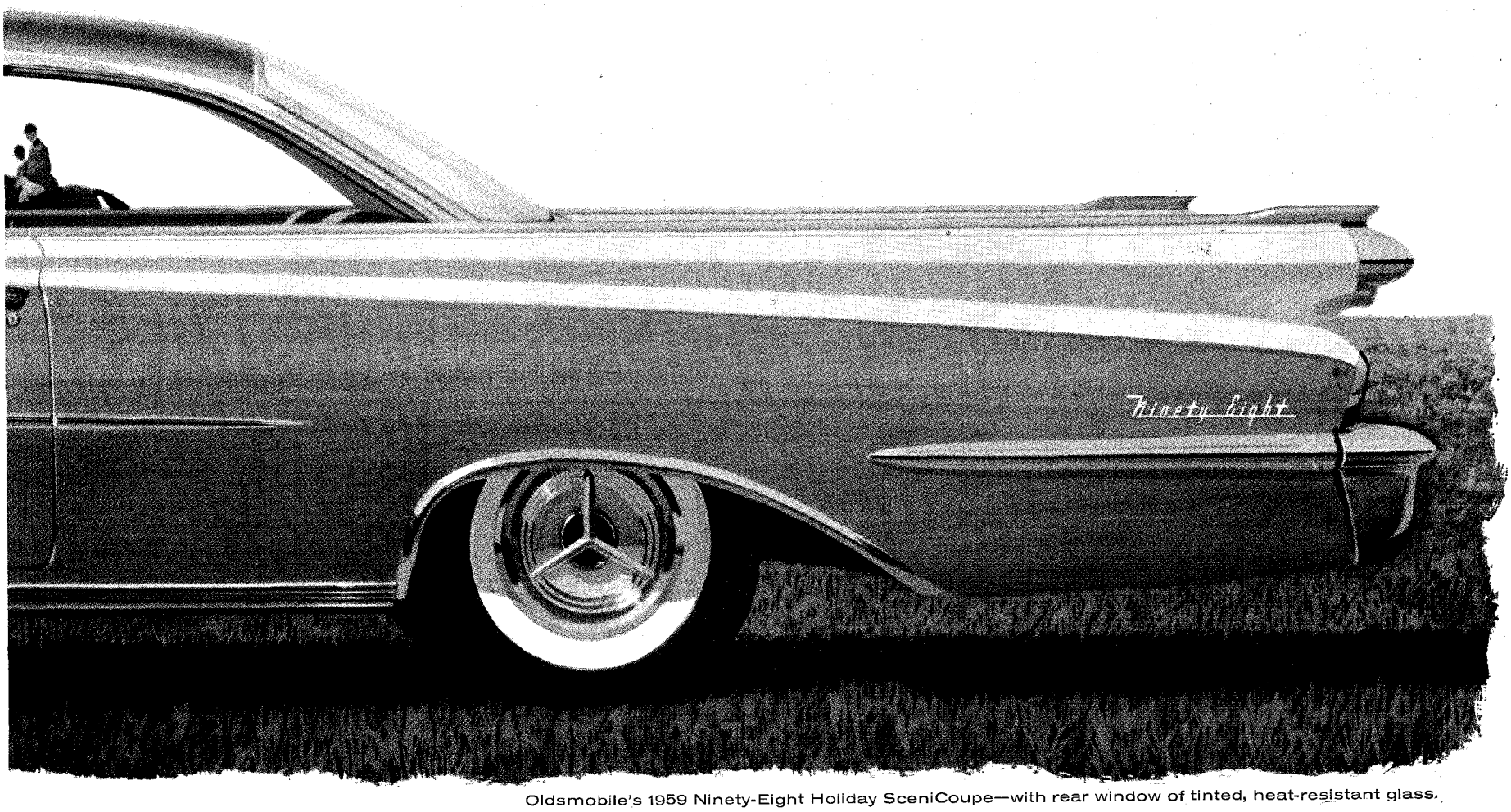
The car that conquers "Inner" Space!

You wished for it! You asked for it! It's here! Wonderful new spaciousness . . . everywhere . . . in the new Ninety-Eight by Olds! Even your outlook is bigger . . . broader . . . from vistas of glass that accent a rakish "Linear Look." Here, too, you command the hushed quiet of the most responsive Rocket Engine of all. You relax as you drive with instantly obedient, effortless Roto-Matic Power Steering. Here's new luxury . . . in lines . . . looks . . . action!

See the '59 Ninety-Eight by Olds . . . at your dealer's. Oldsmobile Division, General Motors Corporation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MOBILE FOR '59

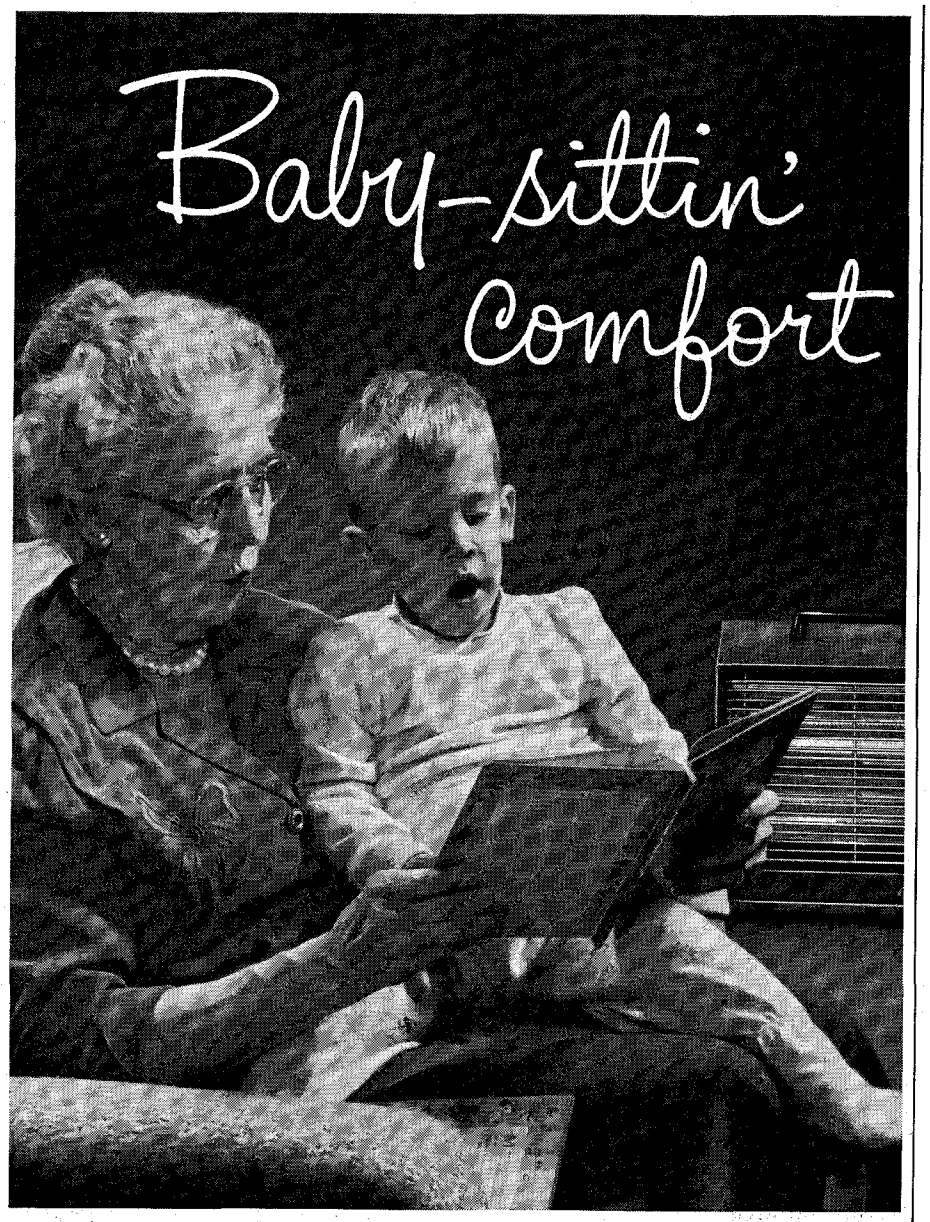


Oldsmobile's 1959 Ninety-Eight Holiday SceniCoupe—with rear window of tinted, heat-resistant glass.

Oldsmobile's Ninety-Eight Holiday SportSedan—a 4-door family model with the flair and fun of a sports car... highlighted by a wrap-around rear window and Vista-Panoramic Windshield.

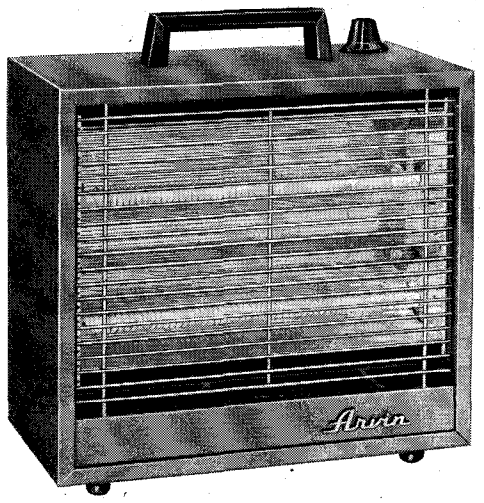
Discover the added values in OLDSmobility... on display at your dealer's now!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Arvin's instant self-regulating heat

gives you extra warmth wherever you need it



Baby and Granny both need more heat than you do. This Arvin portable electric heater provides it *instantly* and maintains it *automatically*. Invaluable, too, for bathroom, bedroom, workshop, or any hard-to-heat area.

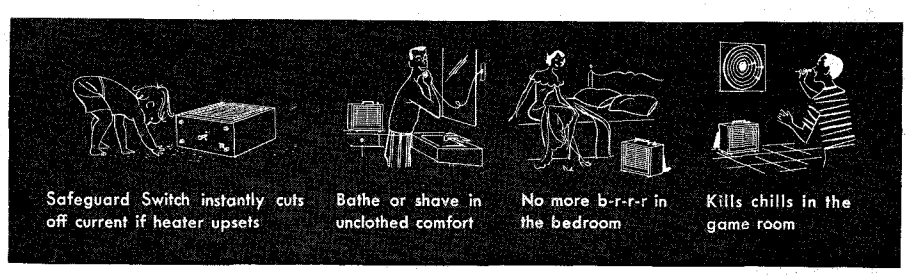
Just set your Arvin and forget it! Thermostat turns it off and on, maintains uniform heat flow. Saves electricity because it doesn't run when it isn't needed. Combines two kinds of heat—fan-forced for fast circulation as well as healthful, infra-red, radiant heat. 1650 watts.

This Arvin is as handsome as it is handy, too, with clean-cut lines that harmonize with modern furnishings. Rich charcoal finish with gold-tone accents, $24.95. Other Arvin Heaters, $12.95 to $89.95. Write for illustrated folder: Dept. HS4-810, Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana.

Arvin

GREATEST NAME IN HEATERS

Arvin also makes Home Radios, Phonographs, Car Heaters, Ironing Tables, Outdoor Grills, Leisure Furniture and Electric Fans.


Safeguard Switch instantly cuts off current if heater upsets
Bathe or shave in unclothed comfort
No more b-r-r-r in the bedroom
Kills chills in the game room

(*Continued from Page 89*)

fer, would ye be willin' to go back an' sarve out yer hitch?"

"Yeah! Sure!" he said eagerly. Then dejection swept over his young face. "But I'm nothin'! Who'd brace the big bananas fer me?"

"The big what?" ejaculated Annie, perplexed.

"The brass. The base C.O. The ——"

"Oh, him!" said Annie, and sniffed. "Ever hear o' General Louis Sarnow?"

"Gee—of course! He's a big wheel in the Air Force! But ——"

"O.K.! But when he was no more'n a nut on a cog in Secoma, years ago, I give him a job as deck hand durin' his school vacations. An' it was me what hammered our congressman, ol' man Swenson, till he sponsored Louis into West P'int! He still writes to me every Christmas; an' like he allus says, ain't nothin' he wouldn't do fer me."

Incredulous, shining-eyed, Benny stared at her. "D'ya really think he'd ——"

"Easy as a bump on a log!" she reassured him. "He's still one o' my boys!"

"Bro-ther! That'd sure be a blast! A real crazy blast! What do I do, go back with you or ——"

"I dunno, yet," said Annie, suddenly brought back to the stark reality of her present predicament. Quickly she outlined the situation; then, to make it clearer, led him outside and up to the wheelhouse deck.

Crested seas still were breaking over the Narcissus' bows as she patrolled the area of wind-blown darkness outside the vigilant glare of Mr. Bullwinkle's floodlights. But the sou'wester definitely had abated; and even as Annie, standing at the upper-deck rail and pointing to the area of illumination, explained her problem, the urgency of passing time brought tenseness into her words and manner.

"Once we got close in there," she rattled off, "it'd be duck's soup gittin' a towin' wire on her if it wasn't fer them cussed lights! But wid them shinin' an Bullwinkle watchin', if even a mouse crawled up on the George Havord's poop that polecat's orphan could shoot its whiskers off—an' would! An' at high tide he'll be out here hisself."

"When's that?"

"About two hours from now. But 'less a act o' God puffs them lights out, it might as well be two years!"

Briefly Benny stared shoreward. Then he said quietly, "An airplane could build a blackout for ya in five fast minutes if them lights connect with the Port Delta power station."

"Course they do. I noticed that. But why talk stupid, boy!" she erupted in sudden, angry frustration. "We got no flyin' machine! An' if we had, what would it do—bust the wires down?"

"That mightn't do it. This would. It has, lots o' times. By accident, of course, but it always works. Last time was when our base planes made a practice interference raid against coast radar stations. A cat I know sneaked me on a bomber, so I know what happened—and, boy, did the coast towns raise a panic with the base next day!"

"That's great!" said Annie, bitterly. "Helps us a lot! What was this magical deal? Ye might as well tell me. We got more time than a settin' hen, an' no place to go."

"Roger!" said Benny. "Dig this."

What little he told was pungent, and at the end Annie boiled with an excitement against which his final words bounced off unheeded.

"Pouff!" she cried. "We don't need no airplanes. Somethin' ye said in the galley about yer old man—God bless him!—gave me a idear! They still got any o' that stuff at the Port Delta Air Base?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I took my courage in both hands, walked in without knocking, banged my fist on his desk, and demanded a raise. Then I fainted."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Bales of it. But who would want ——"

"If ye went back would they throw ye in the outhouse?"

"The guardhouse, ya mean? I'm on a weekend pass. I can come and go. But why ——"

"O.K.! Now would there be a sportin' shop where they sell sports goods—still open in the town?"

"Sure to be. It's pay night. All the stores stay open late."

"Swellegant! Now listen, Benny. I mean, dig this!"

When Annie had finished, Benny, too, was excited. "It'll work," he assured her. Then he added hesitantly, "But I still got no bread."

"No brea—— Oh, ye mean money! I'll give ye what ye need. We'll land ye on that old cannery dock. And if a bandy-legged cross atween a feeble-minded ape an' a horse's rudder stops ye, jest say ye stowed away here an' we kicked ye ashore again. Got that?"

"Leave it to me," said Benny. "I'll snow that cube, but good!" And, smiling, he thrust out his hand. "Gimme some skin, mammy-o," he said admiringly. "Ya sure are a swingin' chick!"

After Annie had briefed the astonished Peter in the wheelhouse, he swung the wheel over and ran inshore. And when Benny had jumped from the rail to the brilliant incandescence of the ancient jetty, the Narcissus came sharply about and departed once more, at top speed, for the outer darkness.

Time passed while the gale slacked off and the tide steadily rose, the Narcissus meanwhile patrolling the outer edge of foam-washed darkness. Annie and her crew, tense and alert, were on deck now, oblivious alike of the violent pitch and roll of the tug and the wind and freezing spray, their aching eyes fixed upon the floodlit area that barred them from their prize.

At length, weary and disillusioned, Annie went back to the wheelhouse. "I guess Benny couldn't make it," she said morosely. "Mebbe he got arrested at the base. Anyways," she continued, "I'm gonna take a chance an' run in, right now. An' if Bullwinkle wants to shoot, let him! He'll be out here hisself at high tide, half an hour from now an' ——"

"Annie!" Shiftless' yell from the top of the wheelhouse was electrifying. "The lights! They're out! Get goin'!"

Instantly Annie's eyes shot toward Port Delta, but met nothing but the tops of breaking seas and the black loom of the land. Simultaneously, Peter yanked the engine-room jingle; the big tug shook with the accelerated propeller beat, and a roaring bow wave piled swiftly up. With Hank and Shiftless braced and ready on the fantail, the Narcissus surged at top speed for the stranded and now completely invisible S.S. George Havord.

In the gray dawn the Narcissus primly dipped to the long ground swell, homeward bound, while, at the end of the long towing wire, the salvaged vessel rode like a triumphant duck. And, within insulting distance abeam of the Narcissus, whereon with a triumphant grin rode Tugboat Annie, was Mr. Bullwinkle's Salamander.

"O.K., ya big fat tub o' blubber!" he yelled furiously. "So ya won! So all I'm askin' is one simple question. How in the sneakin', double-crossin' hell did ya put them lights out?"

"'Twas simple, Horatio," Annie replied with a grin. "I done it wid me little bow an' arrer. Least, a young friend o' mine did."

"What ya givin' me?" he stormed furiously. "How the devil ——"

"I'm tellin' ye! A simple bow an' arrer. Like, you know," she elaborated roguishly, "Little Red Robin Hood." And, pausing to take a bite of the enormous sandwich clamped in her fist, she continued, "Ye see, this stowaway friend o' mine ——"

"Wait! Was he that kid I stopped on the dock last night?"

"Must ha' bin. Anyways, he's a 'lectronics an' radar expert. An' all he done, he got some long strips o' tinfoil or aluminum up at the Air Base an' wid that bow an' some arrers he shot 'em across the power lines ashore. Course, when they shorted, they blacked out the whole port for a coupla hours—includin', as I'd figgered, that silly-lookin' booby trap you'd rigged up on the old jetty."

She paused solicitously while Mr. Bullwinkle regained his normal bruised-beet color.

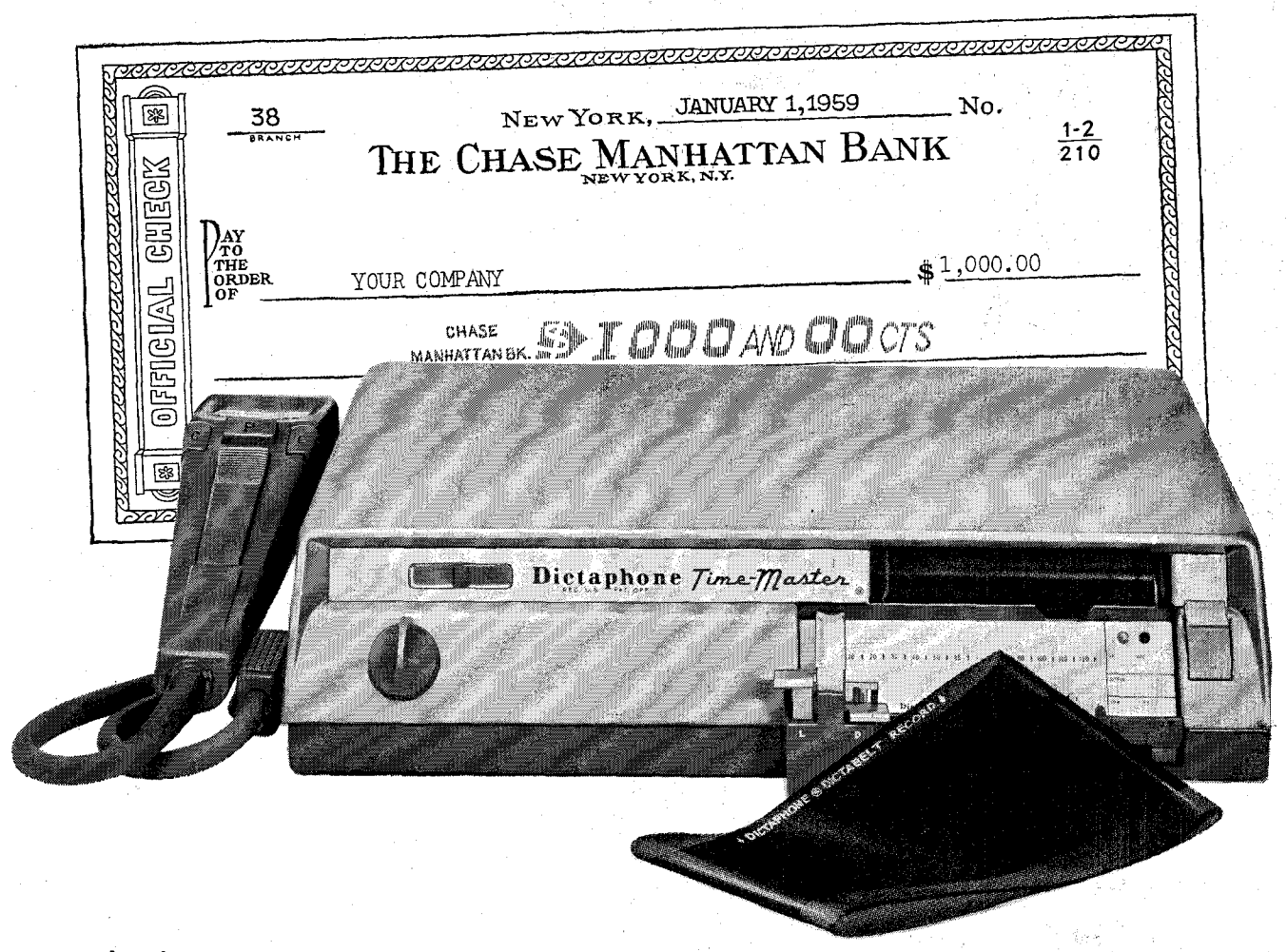
"An' now," she yawned ostentatiously, "wid no sleep the last coupla nights, I'm tired as the flowers in May. So excuse me, if ——"

"Annie," Mr. Bullwinkle intoned in solemn wrath, "sometime there'll come a day ——"

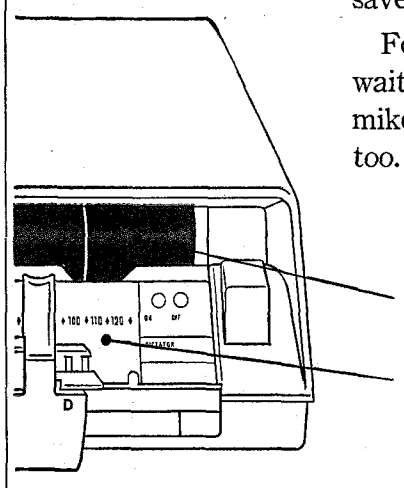
"Yeah," said Annie. "A day when ye'll grow muscles on yer head instead o' yer starn. Meanwhiles," she continued in the strange and recently learned idiom of her young benefactor, "don't panic, man. Because when life in that crazy, floatin' pad ye call a tug is the least, an' when ye're hackin' around wid no bread, jest toss it around wid the cool cats an' mebbe, someday, ye'll be the most. Well, see ya soon, goon!"

And, reaching into the wheelhouse, she sent a long, triumphant whistle blast over the fleeing wake of the now rapidly diminishing Salamander.

THE END



A $10,000 man saves his company $1,000 a year with the new Dictaphone Time-Master. That's a fact.



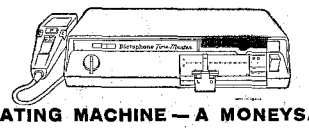
It's a fact proven in thousands of offices. The new TIME-MASTER dictating machine not only cuts the wasteful shorthand step, it also saves *executive* time by making dictation *effortless*.

For instance, you don't have to turn it on . . . never even have to wait for warm-up. For this machine is *transistor*-built—just pick up its mike and talk. All dictating controls are right on that mike handle, too. What's more, TIME-MASTER's exclusive recording medium is . . .

THE REMARKABLE DICTABELT RECORD

The Dictabelt's always right in plain view—like this—and it records *visibly* so you can always easily find your place. That's another timesaver. What's more, this record can *not* be erased by accident.

Corrections? They're marked here automatically by touchbuttons on the mike so your secretary can spot them immediately. You ought to call your local Dictaphone office for a demonstration.

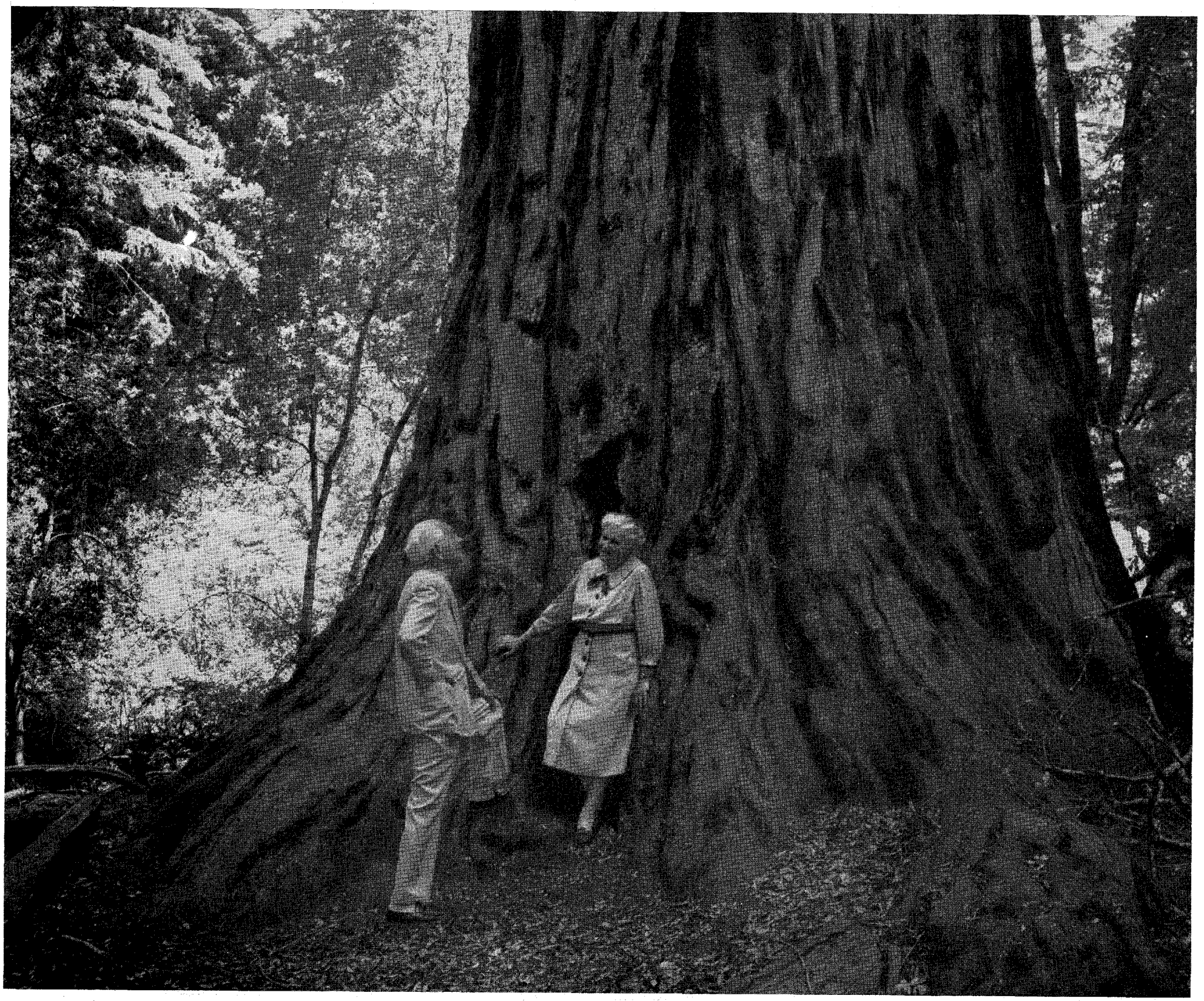
THE NEW DICTAPHONE  TIME-MASTER

MORE THAN A DICTATING MACHINE—A MONEYSAVING INVESTMENT

Dictaphone, Time-Master and Dictabelt are registered trademarks of Dictaphone Corp., 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y.17, N.Y.; 204 Eglinton Ave. E., Toronto, Canada; 17-19 Stratford Pl., London W.1, England.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The dignity of age . . .



The dignity of age . . . the wisdom of experience . . . the pleasures of reflection—these are but a few of the blessings that come with the passing of the years. And how wonderful it is to reflect on the number of those years that have now been added to the span of life —and on the health and happiness with which they have been filled. The achievements that have made this possible are the achievements of science and of medicine—antibiotics and hormones to fight disease and ease pain . . . tranquilizing agents to bring peace of mind . . . vitamins and minerals to add strength and vigor. And written hard in the history of so many of these triumphs, you will find the name Pfizer. With an ever-accelerated pace, Pfizer has labored in the search for newer, better medicines. And because mere discovery is not enough, Pfizer has devoted itself to creating better methods for their production. Today, with nearly a thousand scientists and with a world-wide network of manufacturing facilities, Pfizer is a recognized leader in virtually every phase of biochemical engineering. This, then, is Pfizer. Its taskmaster, disease. Its watchword, progress. Its inspiration, the dignity of the human life.

Science for the World's Well-Being

Pfizer

Since 1849

Pharmaceutical,
Agricultural and
Chemical Products

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Hunter's Greatest Peril

(Continued from Page 37)

elementary human courtesy. At their worst they are pathological killers who will shoot at anything that moves, anything that makes a sound, whether it be game, horse, cow or a fellow man.

A common offender against good sportsmanship and common decency is the man who goes crude. In normal life, this type may sing in the choir, do a lot for young people, never miss a meeting of lodge and service club, and pitch in to fund-raising drives for heart, cancer or undernourished Armenians.

But underneath the surface of this boy there flourishes a massive resentment against his own good behavior. Maybe he hated his mother. Maybe he hates his wife. At any rate, down in the northeast corner of his rumpus room he has a gun rack full of fancy firearms; he is a sucker for sporting goods with the biggest boom and the most complicated mechanism. He loves the antlers of dead deer and has a never-ending debate with the little woman because she won't tolerate them over the living-room fireplace.

Once a year this guy gets into down-lined breeches and nine-inch boots, flannel shirt and red hunting coat, and a great transformation takes place in our model citizen. He goes primitive. All of a sudden his vocabulary is loaded with four-letter words, and I mean you never heard fouler talk from the lips of anybody outside an asylum. He becomes obsessed with all the anatomical phenomena of man and beast, and his table chatter is calculated to turn the strongest stomach.

Naturally this character goes hunting with men only. Indeed, he seems to think the whole thing is a gesture of manhood, and tries to prove to all and sundry that he is very much of a man in spite of his short wind, flabby muscles and prominent paunch. The trouble is, his manhood usually stops short of getting in firewood, taking turns at the dishwashing and cooking and camp chores—and he's a phony hunter too.

The phony hunter is one who can't get game unless somebody else finds it for him—usually has to shoot it for him, too, and then clean it, dress it out and bring it back to camp. The only part the phony hunter really does well is to put up the antlers after they come from the taxidermist.

Sometimes the phony hunter has a friend who will do the serious business of finding and killing his game, but it's all hard work and sooner or later he's usually reduced to hiring a professional guide.

Don't think for a minute that all people who hunt with guides are phony hunters. In the first place, in many states the law requires nonresident hunters to engage licensed guides, a simple and sensible precaution to keep strangers from getting lost in unfamiliar terrain or from getting into trouble through unfamiliarity with strange game and game laws. In the second place, a good hunter has much the same relationship to his guide as a good golfer has to his pro. The guide is your friend and companion, dispenser of hunting wisdom and outdoor philosophy. A fine guide makes a fine hunt. He helps you relish every minute of the hunting art, the reading of tracks and signs, the use of the glasses to search the country, the long stalk to get close to game once you have discovered it, the long wait watching a deer trail or an elk crossover or a bear bait.

It's all different with a phony hunter. No fooling, it's as though he played golf, let the pro make all the shots for him and then came in and showed his card, with the big boast that he just went around in 72!

The phony hunter is bored with hunting itself. What he wants is shooting. His type, over in middle Europe, used to go hunting in carriages. He would drive into the woods in an open landau and sit in a clearing while beaters drove the deer past, and then he took shots without even getting out of the carriage. What sport!

Unfortunately for the phony, you can't get carriages into the wilder parts of the United States where the things with the biggest antlers live, so he is forced to take to horseback for the more ambitious expeditions. How he grumbles over the time he spent in the saddle.

He grumbles even worse, though, when the guide leaves him waiting for fifteen or twenty minutes and crawls into the shelter of a rock to glass the country. Every good hunter knows that a quarter of an hour with a pair of field glasses often will reveal more game than you can stumble onto in a week of casual riding around—especially if you insist on talking, sneezing, whistling and making other characteristically human sounds while you ride.

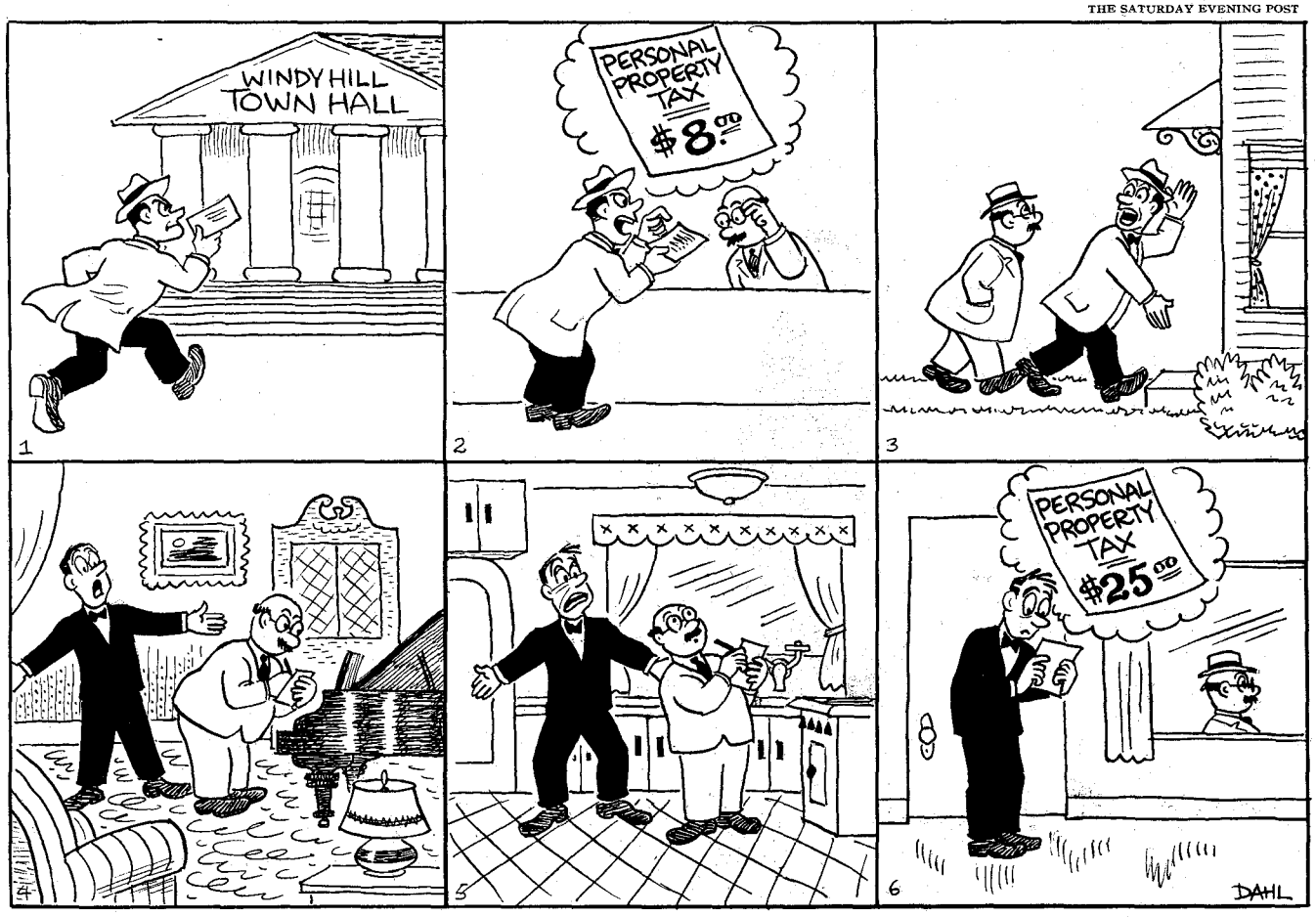
During a moose hunt last autumn I listened to one Eastern hunter complain that he wasn't spending fifty dollars a day in guide fees to be left alone and bored. Presumably the guide's job was to stay there and tell him jokes. A little later the guide told me plaintively, speaking of this same hunter, that it would sure be a lot of help if the guy was able to sit beside him and help him glass. This was impossible, though, because our hunter, equipped with at least $1000 worth of variegated wildwood gear, was especially proud of a pair of glasses that he had picked up abroad for the bargain price of six dollars. The only trouble with them was that they wouldn't function.

The phony hunter loves the moment of the kill. That's what really sends him—the big boom, followed by the hollow thud of the bullet striking home, and the sight of the antelope, deer, elk, moose or bear going down in a heap.

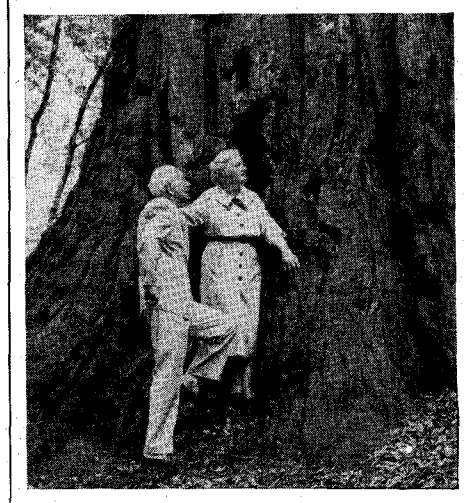
What he doesn't—or won't—realize is that a killing shot is hard to make, even with a rifle the size of a cannon. Especially with a rifle the size of a cannon, which kicks so hard that it takes a hero not to flinch. A fine gun, properly used and properly aimed, will consistently put a bullet into a spot smaller than your hand at 250 yards, but this takes a cool head, lots of practice, a steady nervous system and perfect co-ordination. A bullet through the neck or into the chest cavity of a big-game animal can be counted

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



A healthier, more active old age



Every year the number of Americans over 65 increases dramatically...in fact, by 1960 the number will be nearly two million more than in 1955! But thanks to modern metabolic medicine, America's senior citizens can now enjoy a healthier, more active and productive old age.

The aging process is often speeded by deficiencies of vitamins and minerals, hormones and high-quality protein. Through research, the pharmaceutical industry has developed medicinal preparations that supply a scientific balance of these vital health factors. Pfizer has been a leader in producing such geriatric formulations.

Mental "well-being"

Pfizer research has also contributed life-saving antibiotics, drugs to treat arthritis, high blood pressure, heart ailments...and drugs to relieve tension, anxiety and mental illness. At Pfizer, "science for the world's well-being" very much includes *mental* as well as *physical* "well-being".

* * * * * * * * * * *

Send for your FREE copy of the booklet, *Men, Molds and Molecules* ...the story of Pfizer's role in the fascinating field of biochemical science.

Chas. Pfizer & Co., Inc.
11 Bartlett St., Brooklyn 6, N. Y.

Please send me a FREE copy of *Men, Molds and Molecules.*

Name_____

Address_____

Street_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

23

Science for the World's Well-Being

Pfizer

Since 1849

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on for a one-shot kill. I know a man who killed a charging grizzly bear with one shot between the eyes from a light .25-35 rifle, which is a little stronger than a popgun, but not much.

The phony hunter, however, can't shoot worth a darn. He has a theory that an expensive rifle has a built-in capacity for aiming itself. Before going hunting with one such character in the autumn of 1957, I helped him check his rifle at a range of 150 yards. He had assured me that this test wasn't necessary, because the weapon was new and expensive and he had told the sporting-goods store to "sight it in" for him. I put up a paper target three feet square. He fired five times and put one hole in the extreme upper right-hand corner of the target. I took it for granted that he would want to adjust his telescopic sight and keep on shooting until he could get all five shots somewhere near the bull's-eye, but he said the gun was good enough for him. "One hit out of five is all I expect to get," he said. "I just start shooting, and shoot until I hit."

How does a guy like that ever hit anything? I'll tell you a secret. He doesn't. The guide does it for him.

When, after great travail, such a Nimrod gets some game in sight and levels that cannon, the guide also takes aim—and the guide aims carefully. One thing worries the guide. If Nimrod misses and the animal takes off, they'll have to hunt for hours and days before they get so close to game again, and the hunter won't like that. At best, thinks the guide, if trigger-happy hunter hits at all, he'll just graze or get a shot into a hind leg, and then we'll have to chase a wounded animal through this rough country and maybe lose him. So the guide levels off, and the minute Nimrod goes "Boom" the guide goes "Boom" too.

Down goes the game. "Good shot!" says the guide.

"I sure smacked him that time," says the hunter complacently, and never doubts that his shot did the business. Indeed, he usually doesn't realize that the guide fired at all. I have seen a hunter fire at an elk which was right-side to him, and miss. The elk spun around to take off, and the guide put a bullet just behind the elk's left shoulder. The elk went down. The hunter took credit for that kill, never even bothering to notice that the one bullet hole in the animal was on the left side. Perhaps he figured his shot threw a curve.

Another phenomenon of the hunting field is buck fever. This classic malady of the nervous and emotional system occurs at least once in almost every hunter's life. There's nothing you can do about buck fever. You can't even understand it until you've had it. Dangerous? Of course it's dangerous. Anything that makes a man irresponsible while he has a loaded firearm in his hands is thoroughly dangerous.

Buck fever didn't hit me the first time I went hunting, and so I tended to discount it. Though I was thoroughly familiar with firearms, I had never lived in big-game country until I came to Wyoming some years ago. When the first season opened I went antelope hunting with a friend and there was nothing to it. We came on antelope. I made a stalk; when I got the antelope in sight, it stood there looking at me about seventy-five yards away. I went down on one knee and one shot did it. Then I learned about the messy butchery part, the opening up and cleaning out of what is euphemistically known as "the meat."

Next year I thought it was going to be the same. Find an antelope and "Boom," "the meat." We were riding through rolling sagebrush country in a pickup truck. We had done something nobody—as I now know—should ever do. We had loaded our rifles with shells in the chambers and the safety locks "on." Theoretically this is perfectly safe. But this false sense of security is the most dangerous delusion any gun toter can have.

Suddenly we saw a pronghorn buck. He was down in a cuppy basin and he wasn't waiting to be shot at. He was running through the sagebrush as only an antelope can run, picking them up and laying them down at a good forty knots.

"Get him!" yelled my companion as he braked the pickup to a jolting stop. I swung open the door and jumped out, fumbling with the gun, and "Boom" ——

Who fired? Holy cow, I did! My gun had gone off in my hand and put a bullet through the floor of the pickup. I had been shoving at the safety lock with my finger ready on the trigger; the safety lock had itself acted as a trigger. Suppose the gun had been pointed at George?

I was so unnerved that nothing went right that day. What I didn't realize until later was that I had had a terrible case of buck fever. Hit an antelope? I couldn't have hit a barn standing inside it. Before the day was over I fired twenty-six times at antelope and came nowhere near hitting once. I was disgusted with myself. I had a splitting headache. I was filled with remorse.

Now I know what buck fever is. It has never returned in ten years of hunting, but I'll promise one thing: If I ever feel it on me again, I am through with hunting for that day. A man with buck fever is not a safe companion, I am sure this mysterious form of jitters explains many of the tragic and gruesome accidents that happen in the hunting field—the readiness with which some hunters shoot at illegitimate targets; often shoot at men in plain sight, sometimes take what they call "sound shots" without even seeing what they aim at.

We had a typical case in our own Big Horn Mountains a couple of seasons ago. A hunter had shot a buck mule deer and was bent over the carcass, starting to dress it out. This hunter was wearing a red coat, a red hat, and the whole scene was implausible as a target. Yet another hunter less than 200 yards away took a shot. Hit the man too. Hit him right in the hip pocket. The man's life was saved by the fact that he had a full box of brass cartridges in that pocket, which stopped the bullet. His anatomy was badly cut by fragments of brass and he'll be speckled with smokeless powder for the rest of his life, but he survived.

Something far worse than buck fever as a cause of hunting irresponsibility is old Demon Rum. People drink while hunting for two reasons. One, they want quick energy to help them through all the unaccustomed hard work. Two, they want that snort to help their consciences over the unaccustomed moment of killing. The trouble is that anything that makes a man drink more than usual is apt to turn him into a damn fool—and when he's hunting, he's a damn fool with a gun in his hands.

I have seen a party of ten hunters take along four cases of hard liquor on a ten-day pack trip into the Rockies. Oh, they could handle it—and they did. But drinking hunters are no fun for anybody, including themselves. Liquor may have a place in camp when you come in beat out after a long, hard day. In moderation, then, it can be a comfort. But beware the lad who takes a quick one or two in the morning before he starts out, and above all beware the joker who takes a pint into the field with him. If you value your safety, hunt with someone else.

Another prime misuser of the hunting privilege is the game hog. Tremendous quantities of game are available every year in our huge country—hundreds of thousands of deer, elk and antelope and large numbers of moose and bear, and bighorn sheep, plus much exotic game like javelina, goats, mountain lion, bobcats and millions of game birds. But this isn't enough for the game hog. Left to himself, he would kill off everything.

Controlled hunting is desirable. It harvests an annual crop of game which would otherwise multiply out of hand. Nature formerly balanced this situation by producing predators that lived on this same game, but we have wiped out almost all the predators—the grizzlies, lions, cats, wolves, coyotes—because they also menace our domestic herds. Without predators, man has to take over the game harvest or the situation will get out of control.

Controlled hunting is called "game management" and is done by limiting hunting seasons and requiring hunters to buy hunting licenses. Licenses cost anywhere from $5 to $100, and through supervision by game wardens each state can control the game kill within precise limits.

Nevertheless the game hog flourishes. The worst offender is the fellow who shoots an animal; then decides, when he gets to the carcass, that it isn't "good enough." Usually he wants a bigger one. Or when he pulled the trigger he was sure he had a fine buck in his sights, but now he sees that it's only a doe or perhaps a fawn, and chances are his license doesn't permit him to kill either. So he looks around. If there's no warden in sight, he leaves the dead animal lying there and steals away and hunts some more.

After every hunting season I come upon the bodies of five or six deer rotting in the sagebrush within five miles of my home at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains. Some of them, possibly, were wounded and got away to die in solitude, but I know in my heart that most of them were abandoned because they weren't "good enough." But if you told the fellow who did this that he was a lousy sportsman or reported it to the warden, the violator would say you were the real stinker. You see, he's a big hunting type, and it wouldn't look good if he brought home a little critter and got laughed at by the fellow across the street or, worst of all, by his wife.

Another common situation arises when three or four men hunt together and reach a point where everyone has game except one hunter. They all start looking for an elk for old Charlie, and frequently two or three of them shoot and kill—and then they have more elk on the ground than they have licenses for. This means abandoning meat in the field, which is strictly illegal. But it's also strictly illegal to shoot game to be tagged with another man's license.

A form of game hoggery almost as bad from a moral point of view is the waste and spoilage of good meat through improper handling in the field or in transit, or through bad cookery at home. Many hunters say they like to hunt, but they don't like venison or can't eat antelope. But I once heard an honest hunter say disgustedly that he wouldn't eat beef either, if it were shot in the field, dragged a quarter of a mile through sagebrush, soured by not being cooled out, and butchered by a hurried amateur. Wild game, properly treated, is just as good, just as tender and just as nourishing as any other meat, and the man who abuses it, even through ignorance, is a game hog.

The adventure of the chase is the wonderful thing about honest hunting, the reason it's such good medicine for jaded citizens of the cockeyed modern world. If you are on the up and up, the contest with nature is a cure for all the artificialities and pressures of our overorganized society. You can't fake or forget the honest challenge posed by finding your own game, shooting it, cleaning—or helping to clean—it, and bringing it in. If you eat meat, look the problem of food right in the eye and take it on. You'll find it humbles you. The killing of food is an almost mystic privilege, and the person who abuses the privilege is a stench in the clear autumn air.

You don't have to be born in the country to be a good hunter. Ask any competent guide and he'll tell you that the "dude" from the big city who takes his hunting seriously can become just as skillful, patient and resourceful as the hunter from a frontier ranch. And when you go hunting, here are some tips it won't hurt to remember:

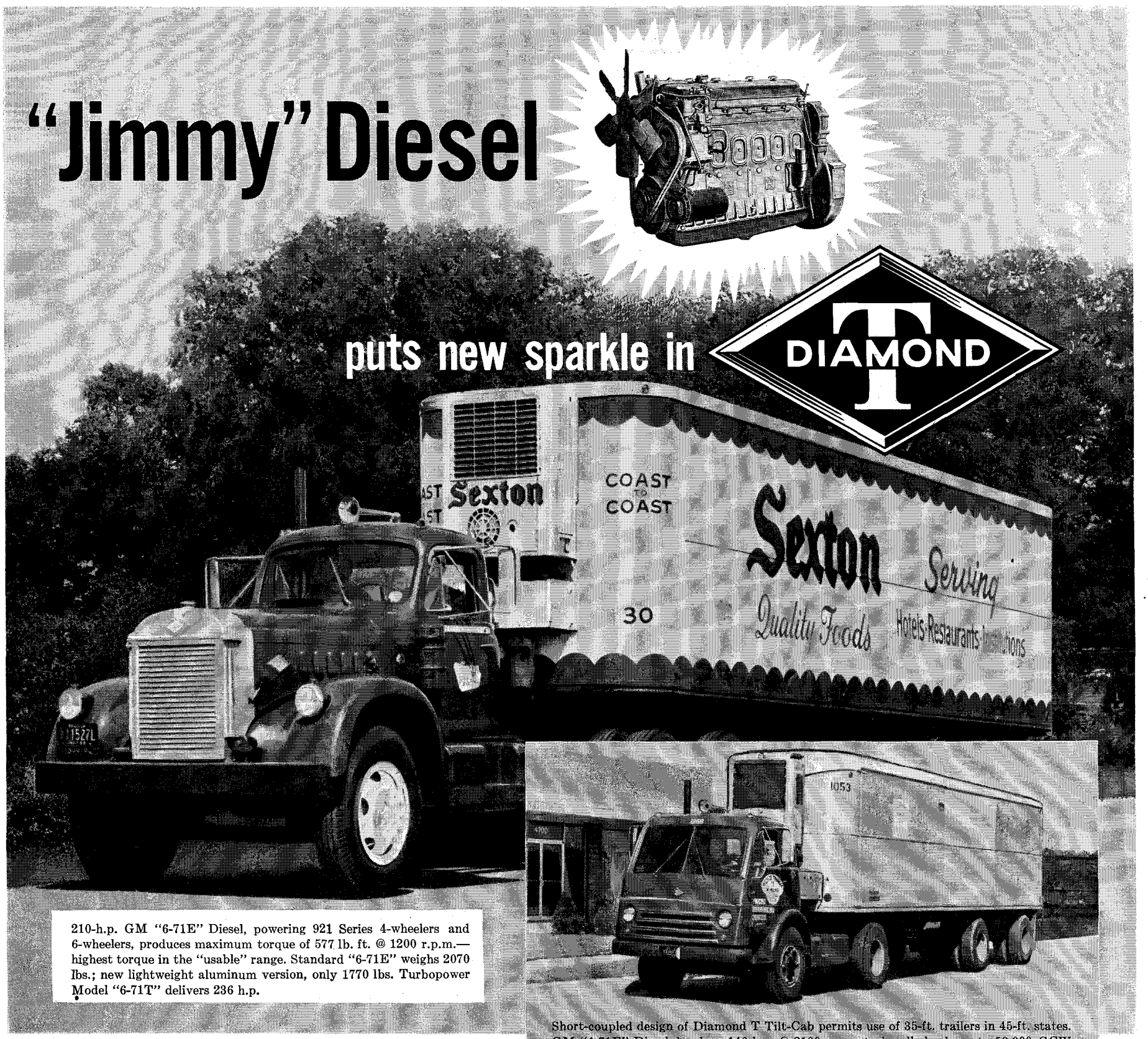
First, leave magnum loads and big-caliber rifles to the elephant hunters and get a gun you can handle. Learn to use your gun. Practice with a .22 is fine, also cheap, but you should shoot your hunting weapon a lot, until you have complete confidence in it. Make it a part of you—treat it with the same deferential affection that you would a new putter. Without mastery of your firearm you have no business in the hunting field.

Second, never trust any gun as long as you live, either in your hands or in anybody else's. (*Continued on Page 98*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Jimmy" Diesel

puts new sparkle in DIAMOND T



210-h.p. GM "6-71E" Diesel, powering 921 Series 4-wheelers and 6-wheelers, produces maximum torque of 577 lb. ft. @ 1200 r.p.m.—highest torque in the "usable" range. Standard "6-71E" weighs 2070 lbs.; new lightweight aluminum version, only 1770 lbs. Turbopower Model "6-71T" delivers 236 h.p.

Short-coupled design of Diamond T Tilt-Cab permits use of 35-ft. trailers in 45-ft. states. GM "4-71E" Diesel develops 140 h.p. @ 2100 r.p.m. to handle loads up to 50,000 GCW with utmost economy. Turbopower Model "4-71T" GM Diesel delivers 171 h.p.

To meet growing customer demand, Diamond T now offers GM "71E" Diesels in its "custom-built" 921 Series and Model 731C Tilt-Cab.

Cost-wise haulers have found that these new "71E" "Jimmy" Diesels save more money, perform better at all speeds and last longer than any others. Here's why:

More power in less space and weight—Thanks to 2-cycle design, "Jimmy" Diesels are several hundred pounds lighter than those of comparable or even less horsepower—haul bigger payloads. They give faster response to the throttle—produce higher peak torque at lower speeds—and maintain more of their rated horsepower at high altitude.

Freer breathing, cleaner burning—Four exhaust valves per cylinder and bigger air inlets, plus tamperproof GM unit injectors, mean cleaner combustion and lower exhaust temperatures. Result is more "go" per gallon—low fuel consumption—longer engine life—and protection against "smoke tickets"!

Easier, lower-cost maintenance—Many "Jimmy" Diesels have run a million miles and more—some are even approaching the 2,000,000-mile mark. Due to basic design simplicity with lightweight parts and easily replaceable subassemblies, a GM Diesel engine can be completely overhauled in 40% to 50% less time than competitive Diesels. And because of high interchangeability, parts cost up to 60% less!

These sensational "Jimmy" Diesels power several leading makes of trucks—are available for *any* make, 26,000 GVW and up. When you're in the market, be sure to ask for the new GM "6-71E" truck engine—or see your GM Diesel distributor about repowering present equipment.

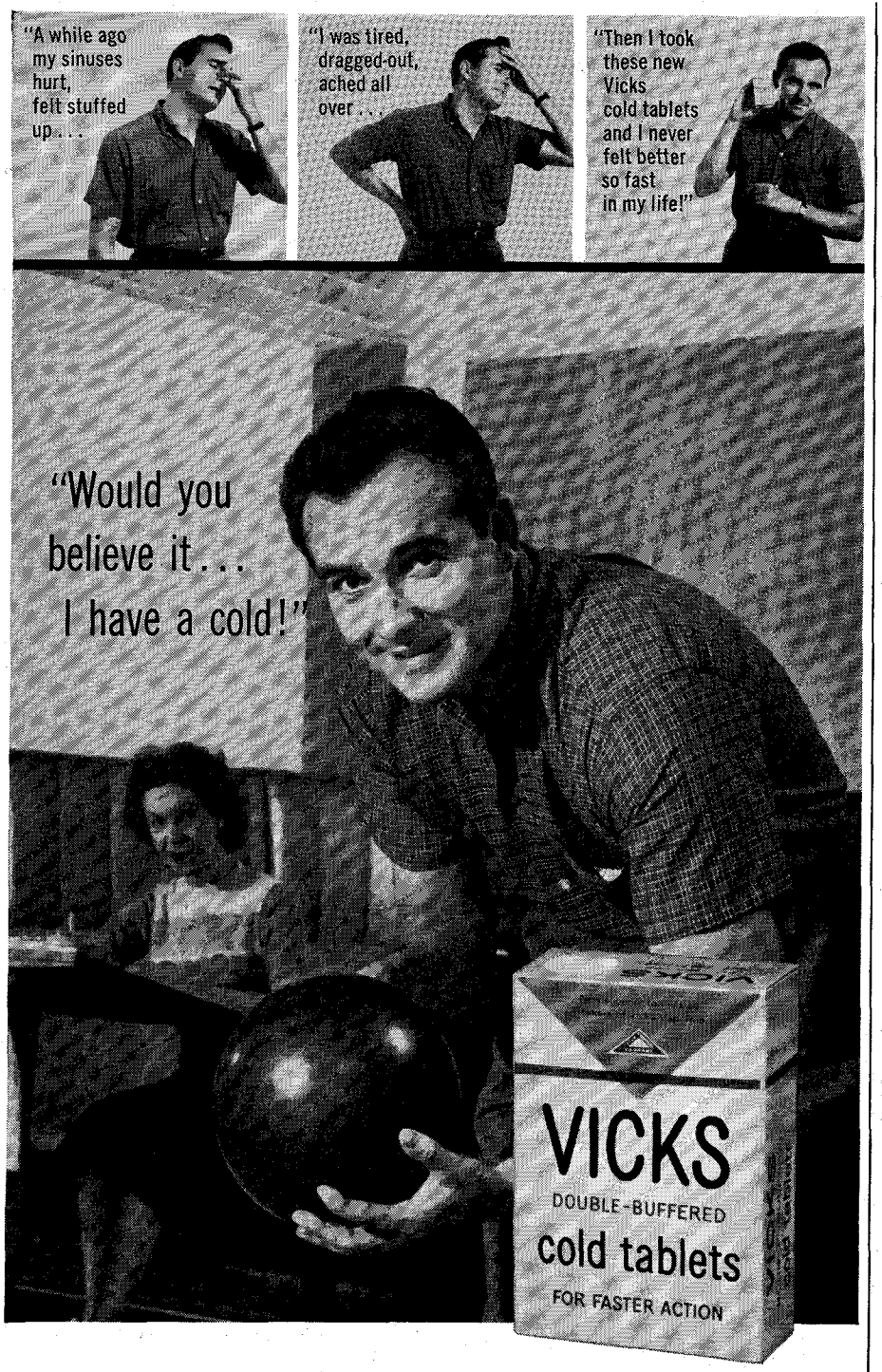
Now—more than ever—it pays to standardize on GM Diesels—available in 1800 applications of power equipment built by more than 250 manufacturers. Parts and Service Worldwide.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
DETROIT DIESEL POWER

DETROIT DIESEL *Engine Division of General Motors, Detroit 28, Michigan*

In Canada: GENERAL MOTORS DIESEL LIMITED, London, Ontario • Single Engines . . . 30 to 364 H.P. Multiple Units . . . Up to 893 H.P.

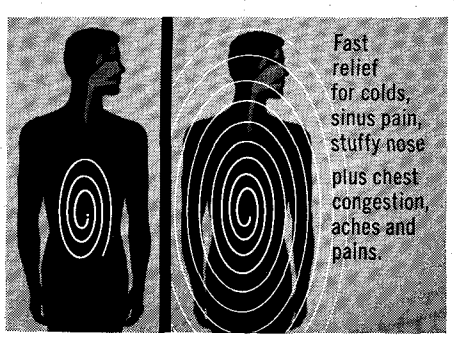
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"A while ago my sinuses hurt, felt stuffed up . . .
"I was tired, dragged-out, ached all over . . .
"Then I took these new Vicks cold tablets and I never felt better so fast in my life!"
"Would you believe it . . . I have a cold!"
VICKS
DOUBLE-BUFFERED
cold tablets
FOR FASTER ACTION

New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets act to

relieve colds, sinus pain 53% faster

than other leading antihistamine cold tablets



While the other leading antihistamine cold tablets are only partially at work . . .
New Vicks Double-Buffered Cold Tablets have already rushed cold-and-sinus pain relievers into the body 53% faster.

1. Double Buffered for faster action . . . cold-and-sinus pain relievers rush into the body 53% faster than those of other leading antihistamine cold tablets tested. Proved at a famous university!

2. Relieve colds congestion and blocked sinuses . . . promote sinus drainage. Relieve sniffles, sneezes, stuffy nose, too—relief that aspirin does not give. Relieve sore throat, chest congestion, body aches and pains.

3. Pick you up fast . . . relieve that tired, dragged-out feeling of a cold with two stimulating "pick-up" medications.

NEW **Vicks** DOUBLE-BUFFERED **cold tablets**

(*Continued from Page 96*) Even when you know it's empty, it's dangerous—"empty" guns kill dozens of Americans every year. Never have a shell in the chamber except when you mean to kill something or to shoot at a target. Never shoot at a living thing unless you intend to kill it, are reasonably sure that your shot will kill it, and that you have a legal right to kill it. If you start to shoot, but don't, empty the chamber immediately. Never carry a gun with a load in the chamber. If you haven't time for the final act of working the bolt or action, you haven't time to aim properly and you shouldn't shoot. Never take a loaded gun into a car, tent or house. Never hand a loaded gun to another person. Never, never trust any safety lock.

Third, handle alcohol just as respectfully as you handle firearms. Either one can make you a murderer.

Fourth, if you really want to learn how to hunt, go into the woods or fields all you can during the closed season, and study game and the habits of game at close hand. You can stalk a deer, you know, without shooting it. Buy a telephoto lens and go camera hunting.

You'll find hunting difficult, tiring, frustrating, humiliating, and ultimately truly rewarding. The other denizens of this world are pretty smart, and it takes a smart and honest Joe to learn how to get close to them. Whether you bring home the antlers or just a memory, it will make quite a new person of you.

Battle of the Millionaires (Continued from Page 39)

in common. Both Rockefeller and Harriman are descended from the tiny special class denounced by Theodore Roosevelt as "malefactors of great wealth"—Harriman's father was E. H. Harriman, the railroad robber baron, and Rockefeller's grandfather was old John D., the richest and one of the best-hated men of his time. It is no doubt because of their inheritance rather than in spite of it that both men are on the leftward fringes of their respective parties.

There are other ways in which they are alike. Both owe their beginnings in public life to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Both are fiercely ambitious and endowed with seemingly inexhaustible energy. Both share a taste for expensive modern art, and they even walk in rather the same way—shoulders hunched, heads bent forward, like a couple of straining bird dogs snuffling after votes as avidly as their forebears snuffled after that extra million.

Yet despite these surface similarities, they are very different men. This reporter spent a day on the hustings with each man, and the difference was striking. Rockefeller was accompanied by his running mate, Congressman Kenneth Keating, Republican candidate for the Senate. As a campaigner, Keating is an old pro—his "I'm Ken Keating" radiates warmth and sincerity, and when he is called upon to "say a few words" the words really are few—the mark of an old pro. But the rank-amateur Rockefeller easily outcampaigned old-pro Keating.

"God," another old pro has remarked of Rockefeller, "must have meant Nelson to be a politician." As he moves about in a crowd, coatless and tieless, his hair tousled, he visibly displays three enormous political assets. One is a huge grin—what one of his supporters has called "Nelson's 'Gee, I like you' smile." Another is an exuberant, electric vitality. A third is the indefinable, politically priceless ability to project sincerity. Rockefeller is no great shakes as an orator, and when he says the inevitable "few words," they are rarely profound. But after he is finished you will almost always hear someone in the crowd murmuring, "He's so sincere." To a politician, those words are pearls beyond price.

Rockefeller, in short, is a born politician. There is a lot more to being a born politician than a big smile and an earnest manner, of course. Getting the gubernatorial nomination in a state like New York is a delicate, difficult and devious business, and Rockefeller faced some formidable opposition—notably from Leonard Hall, the well-liked former Republican national chairman. But by the time the Republican Convention met in Rochester on August twenty-fifth, Hall and the other candidates had withdrawn, and Rockefeller was nominated by acclamation. Rockefeller's campaign for the nomination was a smooth-as-silk operation, and cynics inevitably asked what old pro had masterminded it.

To a surprising extent, the answer is "Rockefeller himself." To be sure, he had plenty of professional help. State Chairman Judson Morhouse, who was in theory above the battle, boldly bet his political shirt on Rockefeller—and he will have his political throat cut if Rockefeller loses. Morhouse's chief function was to stage a holding operation while the Rockefeller steam roller gathered steam. He talked to almost every county leader, showed them polls in which Rockefeller ran ahead of every other Republican candidate and said, "You could make a mistake if you went for anybody else, but you can't make a mistake sitting still." Rockefeller himself would follow up with a personal visit to the key upstate leaders—he visited more than fifty of New York's sixty-two counties. According to Morhouse, the Rockefeller charm was such that "the guys would swoon—we had ecstatic reports coming in from all over."

It was the job of Malcolm Wilson, now candidate for lieutenant governor, to sign up the swooning leaders on the dotted line. Wilson, a veteran state assemblyman, is a youngish man with a clever face, and he is also a true-blue, orthodox Republican. As such, he was usefully reassuring to many of the upstate leaders, who may have been "ecstatic" about the Rockefeller personality, but were troubled by doubts that Rockefeller was a "real Republican." A third key figure was Frank Moore, lieutenant governor under Dewey. As president of the Government Affairs Foundation, a Rockefeller charity, he could take no active part in the campaign. But Moore, who long headed up the Association of Towns, knows more about local political situations and personalities than anyone else in New York, and he was most useful backstage.

The Morhouse-Wilson-Moore junta contributed the necessary political know-how to the Rockefeller campaign for the nomination. But it was Rockefeller himself, all agree, who provided the initiative and made all the important decisions.

In his new role as a politician, Rockefeller has certain built-in assets that no other politician—not even Harriman—can boast. These assets derive, in one way or another, from his fabulous fortune. The simple fact that his fortune is so vast has itself proved a major asset. Len Hall has ruefully described the effect of the Rockefeller name. "We politicians get to be pretty good at smiling and shaking hands—that's our business. But Nelson would go upstate and smile and shake hands with some leader's wife, and she'd

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

get all watery in the knees, like he was a prince or something." In short, just being a Rockefeller is an undoubted political advantage, which suggests how times have changed since the days when old John D. was a national bogeyman.

The way the Rockefeller family has used its money, of course, largely accounts for the change. "If Nelson makes it," a friend has remarked, "he'll be the first man to ride to high office on a tide of philanthropy." There does not exist a major field of charitable endeavor to which the Rockefeller family has not contributed. Nelson Rockefeller himself, either through his charities or through his International Basic Economy Corporation, has been actively involved, to cite three examples, in building low-cost housing in Puerto Rico, improving the economy of Israel, and creating educational opportunities for Negroes—which certainly does him no harm among three of New York's great racial voting groups.

Rockefeller's money has enabled him also to give expression to his interest in public affairs in a manner an ordinary politician could hardly afford. Beginning in 1956, he and his brothers subsidized, at a cost of several hundred thousand dollars, a series of "Rockefeller reports" on such subjects as national defense, education, and the national economy. The reports, which synthesized the group thinking of panels of distinguished experts, got a lot of favorable attention, and did not hurt Rockefeller in his bid for the nomination. Cynics suspect, of course, that this was a main purpose of the reports. In fact, Rockefeller got the idea for the reports long before he decided to run for governor. "It's the kind of thing Nelson does naturally," says Frank Jamieson, for years the Rockefeller family's able public-relations man. He says the same thing—with a little less conviction—about Rockefeller's well-publicized if unsuccessful efforts to keep the Brooklyn Dodgers in Brooklyn.

But although the immense Rockefeller fortune has been an asset to Rockefeller in his first try for elective office, his money was a positive drawback in his previous career as an appointed official. Rockefeller has worked for Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower in a variety of appointive jobs—co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs for Roosevelt, chairman of the Point 4 Board for Truman, Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and special cold-war assistant for Eisenhower, to cite a few examples. But he never had in Washington the kind of influence he wanted to have.

Rockefeller is an enthusiast by nature—"If Nelson has a major weakness," a friend has said, "it is the lack of a sufficient critical faculty." By the conservatives in the Eisenhower Administration especially, Rockefeller was regarded as a rich do-gooder and Boy Scout, who held office by the accident of his private fortune. His ideas were not taken seriously—though some of them, like his proposal for regional economic authorities, have been belatedly revived. In Washington, in short, Rockefeller felt frustrated, and Rockefellers do not like feeling frustrated.

That is another reason why Rockefeller is working so desperately hard to become governor of New York. In Washington, he says, he came to realize that "all the really important decisions are taken, in the end, by elected officials rather than appointed officials." If Rockefeller succeeds in becoming an "elected official"—and an elected official second in power only to the President—he fully intends to participate in a lot of "important decisions," and not only in New York State. He intends, above all, to exert the sort of influence on his own party that he was wholly unable to exert when he held the status of rich amateur.

One of the big differences between Rockefeller and Averell Harriman is the difference in their experience in Washington. Washington officialdom is divided into two parts—the "Indians," who do not participate in the really important decisions, and the "chiefs," who do. Harriman also started his Government service in the status of rich amateur—he was called "F.D.R.'s tame capitalist"—but he ended up as a chief, and a very big chief indeed. The list of his positions includes, among others, Lend-Lease coordinator in the war, ambassador to Russia and Great Britain, Secretary of Commerce, foreign chief of the Marshall Plan, and special foreign and defense policy adviser to Harry Truman.

As a chief, Harriman was not, and is not to this day, an easy man to work for—all his subordinates testify on this point with one voice. Charles Van Devander, for example, Harriman's able, tired-looking public-relations man, when asked how long he has worked for Harriman, replies, "Ten years—since 1954." Men who have worked for Harriman constitute a group apart, like combat veterans. And yet, though they top one another's stories about Harriman's foibles and occasional downright rudeness, they all deeply admire the man, perhaps because as a public servant Harriman has had a habit of being right about the really big things, like the real nature of the Soviet threat and the need for a strong American defense.

In his relatively new role as a a politician, Harriman has been compared to the man at the piano in the old mail-order advertisement for piano lessons. The man at the piano, the middle-aged will recall, is surrounded by a hushed audience of admirers, featuring beautiful females. Beneath the picture is the caption: "They laughed when I sat down to play. . . ." For a time, there was a tendency to laugh at Averell Harriman in the role of politician—until 1954, when he sat down to play.

Harriman first began to make political noises in 1950; before that he had been regarded as a nonpolitical public servant, like his friend, the late James Forrestal. His sudden interest in politics was stimulated partly by the 1950 campaign waged by many Republicans against the Korean war as "Truman's war," which enraged Harriman. It was certainly also stimulated in part by a visit to Harriman by the late Ed Flynn, wily and powerful boss of the Bronx. Flynn, in effect, offered Harriman the New York gubernatorial nomination on a platter, pointing out that if he won, and if Truman did not run again in 1952, Harriman would be the obvious heir to the throne.

Harriman refused—one suspects that he now regrets his refusal. But Flynn's visit served to get Harriman to thinking about politics, and about the White House, subjects he has been thinking a lot about ever since. In 1952 he made his first try for the Presidential nomination, but no one took him very seriously. In 1954, when Carmine De Sapio, boss of New York's Tammany Hall, engineered Harriman's nomination for governor, a lot of people thought De Sapio must be out of his mind. To nominate the untried Harriman, De Sapio had to sink the front runner, Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., a proved vote-getter with a magic name. Then Roosevelt was given the nomination for attorney general as a consolation prize, and the proved vote-getter was beaten, while the untried Harriman beat Sen. Irving Ives, a strong candidate—albeit by a tiny handful of votes. Since then, though his 1956 bid for the Presidential nomination also failed, no one has laughed at politician Harriman.

Even so, God clearly did not intend Averell Harriman to be a politician—that is the single greatest difference between Harriman and Rockefeller. Harriman utterly lacks the natural affability and ease of manner of such born politicians as Rockefeller. But then God did not intend Harriman to be a bridge player, a polo player or a croquet player—and he is, or was, an expert's expert in all three pursuits. He became an expert by endless practice and relentless attention to detail. He has become an expert politician in the same way.

His white Labrador retriever, Brum, suggests his attention to detail. Harriman insists on having Brum in all his pictures, on the shrewd theory that editors will publish a picture of politician-with-dog when they would throw away a picture of politician-simple. When he goes campaigning, Harriman is followed by Brum and his charming wife, Marie, in that order, Mrs. Harriman is a witty and genial woman, and she also has, surprisingly, what sounds for all the world like a Brooklyn accent—the geniality and the accent are both worth a lot of votes to Harriman.

As for Harriman's own campaign style, a hint of the old reserve remains; there are times, when he is chatting with old ladies or patting children on the head, when you cannot help feeling that his mind is really on more important matters. When he is called upon to say a "few words," the few words tend to become many words, if he becomes interested in his subject. On one occasion, when this reporter was following him about, he began to lecture a tiny audience in a stifling room on the subject of the state's fiscal affairs, a subject which fascinates him, but few others. He cited reams of figures to prove his complex points, while the eyes of his audience began to look more and more like the eyes of fish cast up on a beach.

Yet Harriman is a curiously effective campaigner all the same. He is a very tall man, and as his elegant, stooped figure

NEXT WEEK

DIVORCE

Beginning a study of one of our most devastating social problems, based on actual case histories collected by one of America's most famous reporters,

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

ALSO:

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:

THE DECLINE OF GREATNESS

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.

Sports-Car Hill Climb

Illustrated in color

A PERRY MASON SERIAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moves through a crowd he gives an impression of being somehow larger than life. The faintly ducal impression Harriman leaves on the voters is as big an asset in its way as Rockefeller's ability to be a "regular guy." During the day this reporter spent with him, Harriman opened a new Bricklayers-Masons-Plasterers union hall on Long Island. Most of the bricklayers-masons-plasterers were thoroughly inebriated by the time he arrived, and Harriman's Grotonian accents could hardly be distinguished above the bibulous din. But somehow he made an impression. "This guy's really somebody," one particularly tipsy member kept repeating, and he obviously spoke for the majority.

In his own peculiar way, in short, Harriman is now an expert politician. He has a lot of other assets. He is the governor—and no incumbent governor of New York has been beaten in many decades. According to most objective judgments he has been a good governor—even his opponents privately give him a passing mark. He is running for re-election in what has all the earmarks of a landslide Democratic year. For such reasons, until recently, Rockefeller was given no serious chance at all of beating Harriman.

Now Rockefeller is given a chance—an outside chance, but still a chance. The main reason he is given a chance is suggested by a famous old limerick, a crumpled copy of which Rockefeller likes to carry in his pocket. The Rockefeller version reads:

> There was a young lady from Niger,
> Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
> They came back from the ride,
> With the lady inside,
> And the smile on the face of the tiger.

As Rockefeller sees it, Harriman is cast in the role of the unfortunate young lady from Niger, while the tiger is, of course, the Tammany tiger—and more specifically, Carmine De Sapio, the man who really gave Harriman his start in big-time politics.

In 1954, after De Sapio had handed Harriman the nomination and Harriman had scored his Hairbreadth Harry victory, it was widely predicted that the inexperienced Harriman would become a "De Sapio stooge." Nothing of the sort happened. In making policy and appointments, Harriman has been entirely his own man, and De Sapio seemed to accept the governor's independence with surprising docility. By late August, when the Democrats met in convention in Buffalo, it was widely supposed that Harriman would dominate the convention and name his own running mate for the Senate seat. This was, in fact, what Harriman himself expected. Harriman, in short, seemed to be riding the Tammany tiger with smiling confidence.

The whole story of what happened in Buffalo is a dark and devious tale, and there is no space here to tell it all. It is enough to say that, if the Tammany tiger did not exactly swallow the governor whole, it certainly gave him—and New York's Mayor Robert Wagner, and the leaders of the balance-of-power Liberal Party—a thorough and painful mauling. After Wagner himself refused to run for the Senate, Harriman, Wagner and the liberals all agreed that they wanted Tom Finletter, able former Air Force Secretary or former Atomic Energy Commissioner Thomas Murray. But as in 1954, when he forced through Harriman's nomination, De Sapio had a majority of the votes in his pocket. Blandly, solemnly, despite the furious arguments of Harriman and Wagner, De Sapio jammed through his own choice, District Attorney Frank Hogan. Harriman was so bitterly angry that at first he refused to go to the convention hall to witness Hogan's nomination and his own humiliation—he was only persuaded to appear by his politically astute wife.

De Sapio took great risks to do what he did. Harriman is not a forgiving man, Wagner controls City Hall patronage, and the liberals often can throw an election to the Republicans. Why did De Sapio alienate all three?

De Sapio is a complex and secret man—the air of mystery which surrounds him is enhanced by his habit of hiding his eyes behind dark glasses—and it is more difficult to understand why he did what he did than it is to understand what makes the millionaires run. De Sapio's own answer is simple enough: "A majority of the leaders had a sincere belief that Hogan would contribute more to the ticket." In other words, De Sapio thought Hogan was the strongest candidate.

He might well be right. Hogan, a sad-faced Irishman, has been a good district attorney, and his name has been in headlines since the distant days of Lucky Luciano. But another part of the answer was surely De Sapio's desire to remind the liberals, Harriman and the public at large, who is boss. Power is the commodity in which a political boss—or "leader," a word De Sapio much prefers—deals. And a boss must not only be powerful. He must demonstrate his power for all to see.

No one doubts that De Sapio's demonstration of power hurt Harriman and helped Rockefeller. How much? Very little, says De Sapio. "The wounds are not wide nor deep," he says in his oddly pontifical style, "and they will soon heal." "Very much," say some Rockefeller strategists. "All Nelson's got to do," says one of them, "is to run against Tammany and he's in." The truth, as usual lies somewhere in between.

The consequences of the Battle of Buffalo may be summed up about as follows: It has damaged what the political analysts call the "public image" of Harriman, by making it appear that he is not master in his own house. It also has given Rockefeller an important talking point upstate. For four years Harriman has been shrewdly cultivating the normally Republican upstate vote, visiting every hamlet to demonstrate to the villagers that his Democratic forehead is bare of horns. These efforts have been effective—but in upstate New York, suspicion of the big-city machine politicians is bred in the bone, and much of Harriman's good work may have been undone.

But the most important effect of De Sapio's kick in the teeth for Harriman and the liberals has been downstate, in the big city and suburbs. The Democratic Party in New York has long consisted of an uneasy alliance between the machine professionals, like De Sapio, and the liberals—both members of the Liberal Party, and lower-case, New Deal-type liberals. De Sapio's action infuriated the liberals, both upper case and lower case. When the liberal bible, the New York Post, urged Liberals to endorse the De Sapio-backed candidate Hogan, the paper was inundated with letters described by the editor, James Wechsler, as "ferocious." There are certainly a great many people who think like those ferocious letter writers, and this presents Rockefeller with an opportunity he is uniquely qualified to exploit.

Rockefeller's opportunity is to cut the inevitable Democratic majority in New York City below the point—about 600,000 votes—which Harriman must have to win. And if ever there was a Republican who might attract the big-city vote it is Rockefeller. Almost all the big racial minorities have reasons to like him, as we have seen. As for the liberals, if he had run for the Senate, he might well have had Liberal Party endorsement. He is personally close to such liberal leaders as David Dubinsky and Adolph Berle, and his tall, attractive, original-minded wife, Tod, was actually a registered member of the Liberal Party until recently.

Moreover, by any sensible definition Rockefeller is a lower-case liberal himself. If the word "liberal" means anything these days, it means an internationalist and a big-government man, and Rockefeller is both. Rockefeller believes, he says, in an "activist" government, by which he means a government which will provide active leadership abroad and which will actively promote the general welfare at home. "Government these days is bigger and more influential than many people realize or like to admit," he says. "But let's face it—the Government is involved in almost every phase of our lives. You've got to recognize that fact first, and accept it, in order to control Government and protect the role of the individual."

Rockefeller is, no doubt, a more conservative-minded man than Harriman—extroverts tend to be more conservative than introverts. But the difference is only one of tone and emphasis, and Rockefeller is probably farther to the left by Republican standards than Harriman by Democratic standards. In this sense, the voters of New York State are being asked to choose between a couple of extremely rich Siamese twins. Both men are making the sounds expected of them. Harriman says that, if Rockefeller wins, the "interests will be back in the saddle in Albany," and Rockefeller accuses Harriman of weakening New York economically, and promises to create an "economic climate" which will attract industry and make jobs. But candidates have to say something. The plain fact is that, if Rockefeller wins, he will make no revolutionary changes in the way the state is run, any more than Harriman did when he took over from Thomas E. Dewey.

And yet the New York election is a very important election all the same, simply because, one way or another, it is sure to have an important impact on the political coloration of the two great parties. The meaning of a Harriman victory is suggested by the story of a little chat between Harriman and a Minnesotan who is a friend of Sen. Hubert Humphrey of that state. The Minnesotan's purpose was to sound out Harriman's attitude toward a possible Humphrey Presidential candidacy. When the delicate subject was raised, Harriman remarked that the candidate must at all costs be a strong liberal, like Humphrey, or Governor Williams of Michigan or, for that matter, himself. Williams would make a fine candidate, he said—but the McClellan Committee hearings raised a question whether a candidate so closely associated with labor could win. Humphrey would make a fine candidate, too—but the fact that he was up for re-election in 1960 would certainly complicate matters. That—although Harriman did not say so—left Harriman.

Those close to him have no doubt at all that Harriman wants a third try at the Presidential nomination. But his strongest admirers sadly agree that, although he is an astonishingly vigorous man, his age will probably rule him out. In any case, Harriman certainly intends to swing a lot of weight at the 1960 convention. His re-election would not be good news for such "moderate" candidates as the current front runner, Sen. Jack Kennedy, or for those who would build a bridge between the northern and southern wings of the party. For all Harriman's power will be used to assure the nomination of a left-liberal candidate—preferably himself, otherwise someone who thinks like him.

As for Rockefeller, if he bucks the odds to win, he will be a towering figure in the Republican Party—so towering that he could represent a danger to the candidacy of Vice President Richard Nixon. That is no doubt unlikely—a Rockefeller in the White House is a bit difficult to imagine. But it is not at all difficult to conceive of Rockefeller, with his enormous drive and enthusiasm, and the vast prestige of the New York governorship, exercising a decisive influence on his party. All his influence would be in the direction of giving the Republican Party a more progressive coloration than it has had since the days of his grandfather's enemy, Theodore Roosevelt.

If you consider the real significance of the New York election, you can see why American politics is so wonderfully unpredictable and illogical that it is totally incomprehensible to foreigners. For the real effect of the election of either one of these classic capitalists will be to force his party several degrees to the left. Surely this is a situation that neither E. H. Harriman nor old John D. Rockefeller—nor their contemporary, Karl Marx—could have foreseen in their wildest dreams.

THE END

"That's enough!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Derelict's Daughter (Continued from Page 43)

at least one other summer than this and had been washed and pressed beyond their strength, but the taste of their original choosing stood up. The little straw hat on the rusty hair was decent and becoming, but as from diligence in keeping it so; the ribbon might be new, so freshly its blue answered her eyes, but the hat was not. The straw showed mending here and there and the discoloration of many weathers. The girl's clothes, like her qualities, were in her own keeping, and she kept them well.

"It's only for the summer," Monaghan said. The window behind his desk was open and Times Square muttered mechanically below, according to its late-morning habit. The sun in its democratic way brightened the room as if it were a bower instead of the cramped, untidy office of a theatrical press agent. The brightening was all the more benign when it touched the hair of the girl whose name was Delia something. It had something to work on there and the rust became red gold. "It's only for the summer," Monaghan said again. "My secretary will be back in September."

"I know," the girl said.

"She's on leave to have a baby. She's married, of course. I take it you're not going to have a baby?"

"No."

"See that you don't. I've nothing against it, but it's sometimes terribly inconvenient."

"It would be for me," the girl said. "I'm not married."

Monaghan, wise in the competitions of the theater, had the sense that he was being topped. He rallied. "Abide by that logic and we two alone shall sing like birds in the cage."

"Lear," the girl said.

"I beg your pardon?"

"The birds-in-the-cage bit. It's from King Lear. And you don't have it quite right. It's 'i' the.'"

"How do you mean it's itha?"

"The 'n' is—what do you call it—elided."

Monaghan laughed a little helplessly. "Well, it needn't come whining to me about it."

She twisted her blue gloves and smiled. "It all fits. They call you the most literate press agent in show business."

"Who call me that?"

"They. The same they who get blamed for rumors and old sayings. I read it in the gossip columns all the time. It's a sort of epithet—like Rosy-Fingered Aurora or Far-Darting Jove."

"Or Elder Statesman Bernard Baruch."

"Right. They make you Literate Press Agent Patch Monaghan."

He covered his face with his hands. "And who should know better about literacy than a gossip columnist? Unless maybe a press agent. It's distinction by default. 'In the country of the blind the one-eyed man is king.' That's not my own: I read it somewhere." He was fencing, as he always did when he was embarrassed, and he had not yet asked this disconcerting girl a question he wanted answered. "Is that what brought you here—because you read about me in the newspapers?"

She said evasively, "You're very well known, Mr. Monaghan."

"Not really. I'm well known in the business and its fringes. But I don't mean that. I mean about this job—how did you know there was one? I didn't even know myself until late yesterday, when my office girl told me that she would be leaving right away. Things aren't so rushed around here that a few days without help would make much difference. The kind of mail I get, it's a pleasure to leave unanswered, and people who drift in here in the summertime usually only want a loan or a drink." He placed his fingers together under his chin, head cocked like a lawyer about to spring something on a shifty witness. "When I left here last night, nobody knew a job was open. You don't know my regular girl, because I tried her name on you and it didn't mean a thing. I put it to you," he said, enlarging the courtroom attitude by slipping his hands onto his lapels. "I put it to you: How the devil did you know?"

She twisted the blue gloves silently, and though she kept her gaze steady by an effort, her eyes looked blue in another sense than their color. "I heard about it somewhere," she said. "What does it matter anyway?"

"It doesn't," Monaghan said, leaving his chair and pacing in a semicircle between the window and the desk; not so much like an attorney now as like an actor taking the stage. It was easy for Monaghan to take the stage when he wanted to, and he wanted to now. His business pose of indolence was gone and he was showing off shamelessly.

He was middle-aged and, seen from the side, paunchy; but his cheeks were still lean and he had good shoulders; he had all his hair, though there were silver threads among the taffy. He was a good head, was Monaghan, but he never knew what to do with his emotions except to hide them by showing off. This girl whose name was Delia something was stirring him up uncommonly, and he was aware that in his pacing he was trying to keep his profile from her so the paunch wouldn't show. It took some doing and made him feel like a vaudeville dancer doing an eccentric soft shoe.

"It doesn't matter at all," he said, "only I don't like mystifications. Mysteries, yes. Mysteries are what keep us going. But mystifications are an irritating nuisance, useful only to scientists and theologians."

The girl still kept her eyes on him and she had a half smile, as though she were beginning to understand him and inclined to like the understanding. "I don't mean to mystify you. It's really very simple."

Monaghan held up his hand imperiously. "Wait. Let me reconstruct. I left here and made my usual rounds. I am a rounder, so naturally I make the rounds. I ate dinner at my club—in surly silence, for I wanted no ersatz bonhomie, and the bonhomie of bachelor clubs is about as valuable as Confederate money. It's a bachelor club because I am a bachelor. You don't know what it is to be a bachelor."

"In a way, I do," she said. "It's like being a male spinster."

He affected to wince. "A very palpable hit. But much you know at your age about either bachelordom or spinsterhood. Then I went to a bar I always go to, where I played the match game—still surly but less silent. You can't be entirely silent at matches; it isn't playing the game. I lost, and that broke the silence a little more, for I couldn't have them thinking me a poor loser. I really am a poor loser, but I like to look gallant. So I bought drinks for the house and that was gallant as nothing, because there was hardly anybody there I like, except the bartender. The point of all this is that on the vital subject of finding a new office girl I was mute. I was uncomplaining and reminding myself that, after all, the dance of life must go on, no matter how inconvenient for press agents. I was without an office girl because some man had wreaked his will on her."

CUT OUT

FREE COUPON **WORTH 10¢** AT YOUR FOOD STORE

toward the purchase of **PREAM**—

One economy size jar. (Or two regular!)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone_____

State_____

Offer good in U.S., Alaska, Hawaii, and Canada. Offer expires December 31, 1958. Cash value 1/10¢.

TO FOOD STORE: Upon compliance with terms of this offer, Pream will redeem this coupon for 10¢ plus 2¢ handling fee. Void when presented by outside agency or where prohibited, taxed, or otherwise restricted. Limit, one per family. Mail for prompt repayment with business address to The Nielsen Coupon Clearing House, Box 1020, Dept. 1, Clinton, Iowa.

Cut on dotted line

Take this coupon to your store today!

SAVE 10¢

on new economy size PREAM

delicious coffee "creamer"

Act Now!

While Pream shares the cost, buy Pream today in the big New Economy Size and SAVE 10¢ with the coupon above.

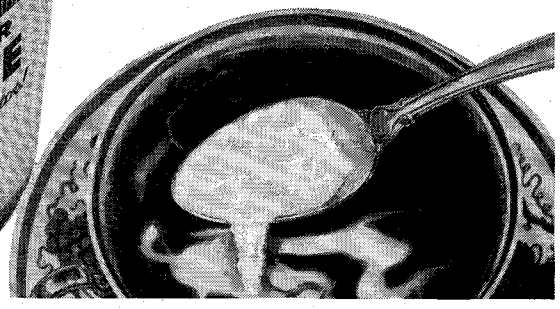
Extra Economy and Convenience!

New Economy Size Pream "creams" up to 70 cups of coffee. Won't "sour." *Stays fresh without refrigeration.*

Extra Creaminess!

Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products by the exclusive Pream® process. *Naturally,* it's delicious. If you like it "with," you'll *love* it with Pream!

© 1958, H. C. MOORES CO., COLUMBUS 16, OHIO



"For 'creaming' your coffee you'll love the fresh taste and convenience of PREAM —and it's wonderful for cooking, too!"

LOOK for both sizes in the coffee section of your favorite store!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Give their lips

all your love

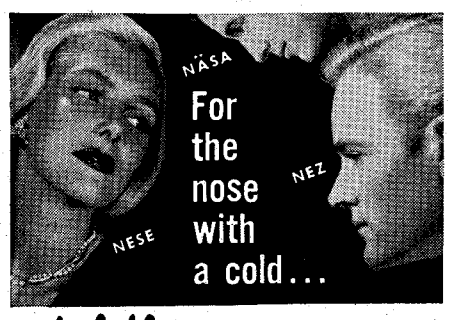
From Dad to the youngest member of your family, the lovingest gift you can give their lips is soothing 'Chap Stick'.

Medicated. Antiseptic. America's No. 1 lip balm for dry, cracked, weather-roughed lips and cold sores.

Give everyone his own 'Chap Stick'. Personalized for easy identification. Pocket-size . . . so easy to carry in its modern swivel case. ONLY 35¢ NO U.S. TAX

Get that good 'Chap Stick' feeling!

A FAVORITE IN CANADA • CHAP STICK CO., LYNCHBURG, VA.



feelable RELIEF IN SECONDS

. . . Coldene Nasal Spray is a new fast-acting formula. It opens up stuffed-up nose and dries sniffles of a cold, allergy or sinus passage congestion. Permits normal breathing in seconds.

coldene® NASAL SPRAY

ANTIBIOTIC • ANTIHISTAMINIC • ANTI-ALLERGIC

HEAR CLEARLY AGAIN LOOK YOUR BEST!

Straining to hear shows in your face. Hear better and relieve this. Write for Free Booklet which may help you to improved hearing and better appearance. No obligation.

ACOUSTICON International
Dept. S
95-25 149th Street, Jamaica 35, New York

"It was her husband, wasn't it?"

"I suppose so. But that's no excuse, the lousy wreaker. I am not giving you my opinion as of now, but as of last night. I was pretty sorry for myself last night and suffering silently. Silently, mind you—until in about the fifth bar the silence broke and I started singing ballads. My ballad singing isn't everybody's brew and usually the public is rude about it. But down in Greenwich Village somewhere some man spoke to me who pretended to admire my singing. Naturally I bought him a drink—quite a few drinks. I suspect his admiration was not entirely sincere, but that didn't matter. I became expansive and it must have been him I told about needing an office girl."

The girl nodded her head slightly, but Monaghan took no notice. He sat at the desk again, fingering the scattered papers there absently. He lifted one piece of paper and gestured with it.

"But wait till you hear who this fellow was. I knew him from somewhere and I couldn't think where. You know how a face or a name or both together will haunt you? Especially from the movies. Those long credit lists where you never can match the names with the faces—actors and make-up artists and writers of additional dialogue. Who the devil is Perc Westmore? you find yourself asking. Or whatever became of Douglas Shearer? My movie-going goes back a long way and my trick memory creates problems. I'll be walking along the street trying to think of the name that goes with a certain face and then I get it and say out loud: Joseph Swickard or Gustav von Seyffertitz. And people stare or a cop will say, 'All right, Mac. Run along home now and sleep it off.'"

He paused. The girl's smile was a little larger, a little surer of itself.

"Do you know who this guy who admired my singing turned out to be? Dan Carruthers, that's who. It probably doesn't mean anything to you—how could it? You wouldn't remember that Shirley Temple was once a child unless you watch the Late Show. But there was a time in my boyhood when Dan Carruthers was as big a name as there was. He was always a devil-may-care in the movies. He'd drive cars at breakneck speed, but never break his neck. The car would pile up with a lot of other cars, but he'd climb out of the wreckage with hardly a scratch on him, and Wanda Hawley or Lila Lee or somebody like that would be waiting to take him in her arms.

"Sometimes he'd have fights on the wing of an airplane and get knocked off—oh, say by Noah Beery, not the one you know about—and the parachute would open just in time and he'd smile all the way to the ground where May McAvoy or Virginia Valli would be crying her mascara off waiting for him. I hadn't seen him or thought of him for years. I thought he was dead. And that's who this drunken old cadger down in the Village turned out to be. His hair is white, what's left of it, and his face looks like a relief map in colors, blue and red. But the boyish smile is more boyish than ever. It was eerie. A boyish smile without a boy. . . ."

His voice trailed, uneasily. "Dan Carruthers, that's who it was. Dan. . . ." He looked at the paper he was holding; his hand trembled slightly and he looked up at the girl with an appalled realization.

"It's all right, Mr. Monaghan," she said. "Dan Carruthers is my father."

Monaghan read aloud the name on the application form: "Delia Carruthers."

Monaghan stood up and turned to the window and the summer murk over Times Square. What was the worst he had said? *Drunken old cadger.* "I could tear out my tongue," he said.

"Don't do that. It's a kind tongue, really. Don't even be sorry. Dan isn't usually so fortunate in his acquaintances—fortunate for me, I mean. Did you give him money?"

Monaghan's body tensed, relaxed, and he laughed as he turned with the air of one who would carry the thing off. "You mustn't mind what one barfly says of another, Miss Carruthers. I bought the drinks this time. Next time ——"

She laughed, without bitterness. "You don't know Dan. But he did tell me about the job, and that's good, because I need one. Only, if you meet him again try not to give him money. It's sometimes hard, because Dan is plausible. I give him as much as he can stand."

She drew on the blue gloves. "You said I was hired, Mr. Monaghan. Does that still go?"

Monaghan was suffering, and showed it by reaching a hand toward her. "My dear ——" That wouldn't do, he knew. The best kindness for the moment was to be all business. "My dear Miss Carruthers, of course it still goes. It couldn't have happened more fortunately for me. If you can forgive my—my gaucherie." The wrong note again. He said brusquely, almost roaring: "Can you start tomorrow?"

"Yes, Mr. Monaghan."

"Well, do it then."

She walked to the door. "You're very kind, Mr. Monaghan," she said levelly, conventionally; but her voice broke a little as she added, "Very kind," and went out the door.

In the office through the summer weeks Monaghan was as circumspect as if he and Delia were chaperoned; as indeed they were by a conscience Monaghan didn't know he had. It was the first time in his life his conscience ever had any work to do, for he had never been in love before and he took it hard that conscience should enter into the matter at all. But it did, and made up for its idle past by working overtime. He had, so conscience told him, no business being in love with a girl not half his age; one who was the sole support of a drunken father, so that any man of comfortable means might look like a way out; and one who, if she were made grateful enough, might well be persuaded that gratitude was good enough. In short, conscience told him, the only way he could have this girl was to blackmail her, or bribe her; it came to much the same thing.

Conscience didn't have its way altogether, though. He asked her to dinner once and she accepted.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Walking Weather

By R. H. Grenville

Conspiracy of wind and
leaves,
Moan of chimney, creak of
eaves,
Breed a restlessness that
drives
Humans from their
sheltered hives
To stride about in tweedy
flocks
Or walk a dozen city
blocks,
Tinglingly aware once more
Of just what lungs and legs
are for.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Should you call your father and tell him?" he asked.

"Why?"

"He might worry."

Delia laughed. "He's probably not even home. Besides, what's there to worry about with you?"

Monaghan was stung. "You might just find out!" Then he shrugged, as a sop to conscience. "You're quite right. My vices are not fleshly, but Faustian."

"Fustian?"

"Faustian, dammit. Like the man who sold his soul to the devil. I fetch a good price for mine. I am a wordmonger, and I monger a very nice line of words. So don't be witty, even by accident. It makes me look bad. I live by my wits. In one way. When I think of some of my clients I'm inclined to think I live by my half-wits."

At dinner in a Forty-Fifth Street restaurant he was still brooding. "Fustian indeed! I've been doing a cross-talk act all my life and nobody has made a straight man of me yet. And you needn't tell me it was an accident. A girl who recognizes obscure allusions from Shakespeare is surely equal to Goethe. Or at least to Gounod. Anybody who ever listened to the radio knows who Faust was."

"It slipped out. But I didn't mean it. Is this a fashionable restaurant?"

"No, not really. The small fry of the theater eat here: The ones on their way up or on their way down. Or the natural in-betweeners, who are never really up or down and seem to like it that way."

"It's a good way," Delia said.

"You admire mediocrity?"

She shook her head. "That doesn't have anything to do with it. I don't think it matters much where you eat so long as you eat. Dan—that's my father—never got over being *up*. What people think is up. When my mother was alive we always ate somehow. With Dan it was always feast or famine. Mostly famine, but he remembers the feasts. I imagine that's what keeps him going as a drunken old cadger."

Monaghan flushed. "You've never forgiven me for that, have you?"

"What's to forgive? It's perfectly true. Only, you see, he doesn't know how he looks to other people. I've seen his old films, and I can see why mamma stayed with him till she died. She had the best of his charm for a few years and was grateful for it. The people who paid him for the charm felt differently about it."

"You mean they threw him out when he lost it."

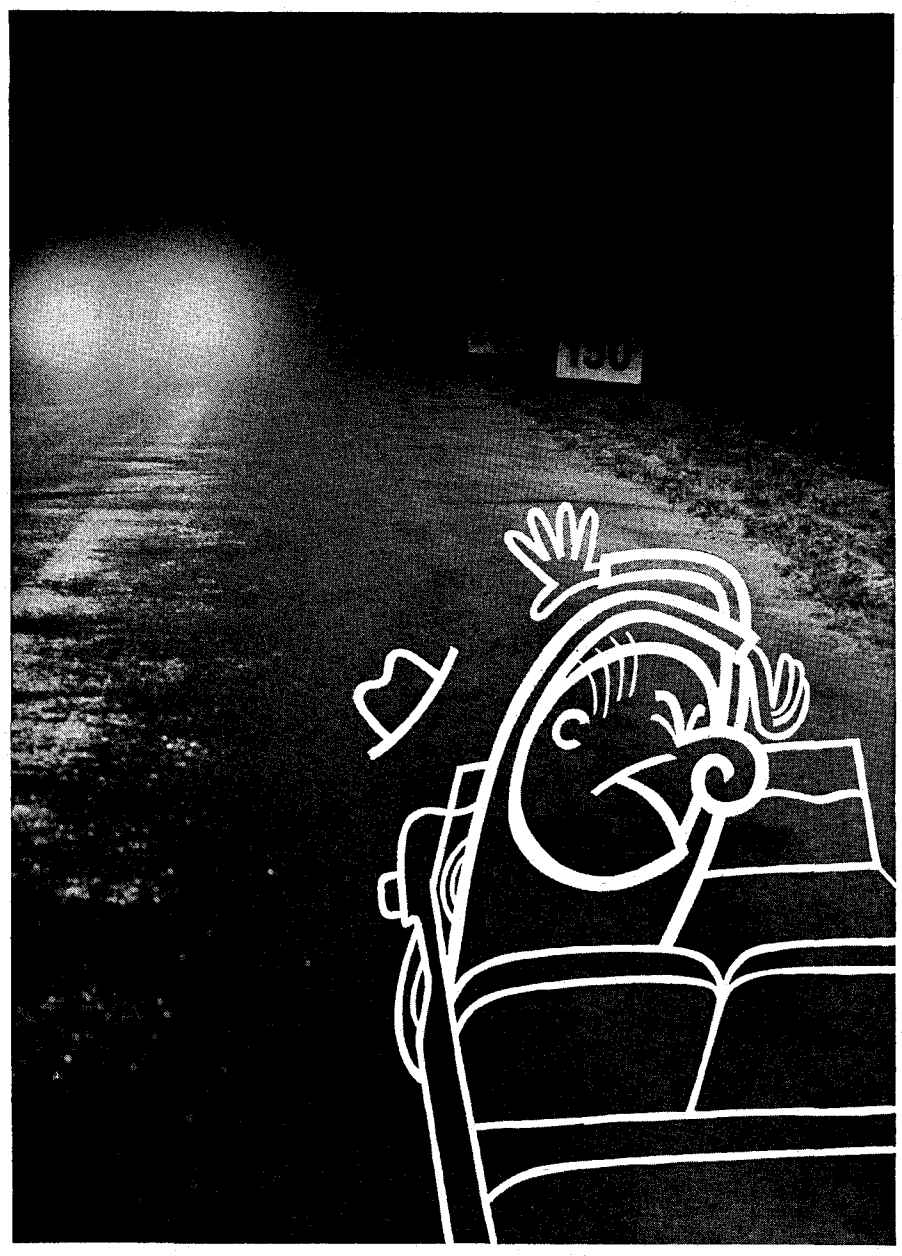
She laughed, pushing aside her coffee cup. "He didn't lose it. He charmed you into buying him expensive drinks for a whole evening. At least, I bet they were expensive. Dan always switches from beer to brandy if his live one for the evening is drinking brandy. And I got a job out of it. He's charming enough if he's around. The trouble was he was hardly ever around. The people who made movies preferred less charming actors who showed up on the set. You could hardly blame them. The public wouldn't care for an announcement on the screen that no picture had been made because Dan couldn't stay sober long enough to stand up in front of the cameras. But with mamma and me, he always showed up eventually. He had no place else to go."

"And your mother didn't find that insulting?"

Delia looked surprised. "Why, no. Or I suppose she did sometimes. I do. But he can't help it, you know. I don't know any way he could help it. I've watched him when he's coming off one, and I think he would help it if he could. He remembers some of the things—that he lied and used up all the money that should have gone for rent (*Continued on Page 104*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now...See in spite of the other car's lights!



BRACE YOURSELF! Here comes another driver who hasn't dimmed his lights. He's 175 feet away. Your vision of your side of the road is "washed out" by his glare. Then after you pass, it takes precious seconds for your eyes to readjust to the reduced light, and you still can't see the road ahead clearly. It's like entering a dark theatre on a sunny day!

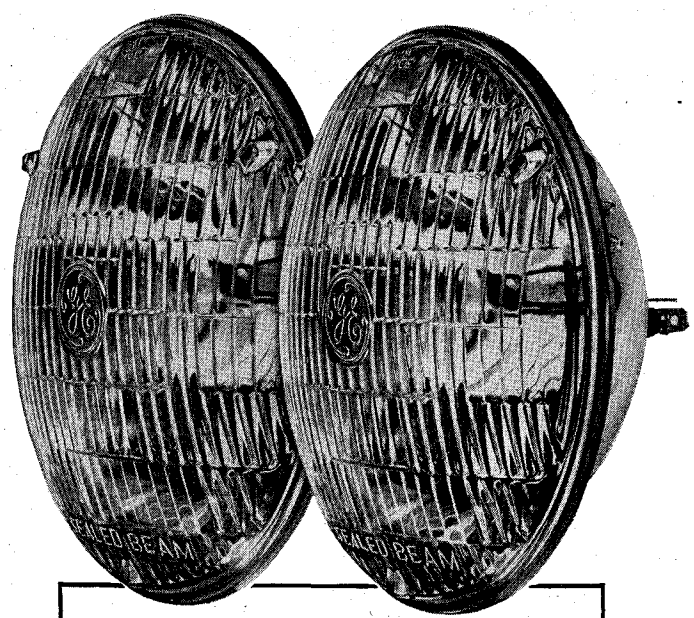
NOW YOU CAN SEE in spite of the other car's lights—better than ever before, because you have new G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps. Their "built-in spotlight" effect in the low beam projects more light along the right shoulder, helps keep your eyes on your side of the road. Now you can spot that fallen box at the 200-foot mark—which you *couldn't* see with your old headlamps!

New G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps have a "built-in spotlight" ...in the low beam!

No other 2-headlamp system ever gave you as much light *in the low beam* as these new General Electric SUBURBAN Headlamps. And you *need* more light in the low beam when meeting oncoming cars—even if the other driver dims his lights and has them aimed properly.

This new General Electric low beam filament is *optically centered* in the reflector — gives a "built-in spotlight" effect—puts more light where you need it to make passing easier and safer. Helps you recover your vision more quickly when the other car has passed.

Have a pair of G-E SUBURBAN Headlamps installed and aimed by your dealer, garage or service station! General Electric Co., Miniature Lamp Dept., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio.



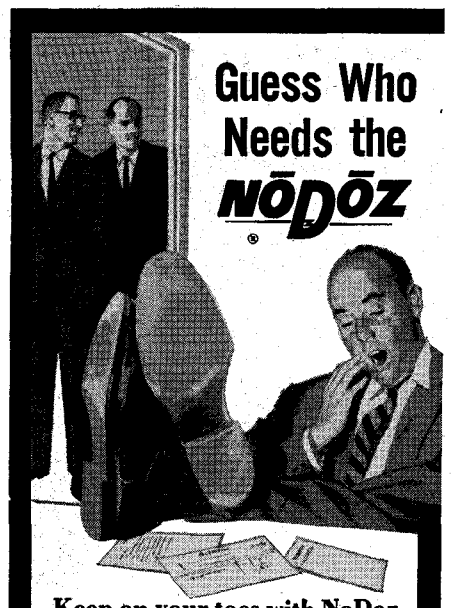
Special low-beam filament shield lets you see better in fog, rain or snow.

Upper beam reaches far and wide for safer driving on open road.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Keep on your toes with NoDoz.

■ When you get drowsy while working, reading, watching television or driving... play it smart; play it safe... take NoDoz Tablets.

■ Recent clinical tests by prominent New York doctors prove that for most people NoDoz increases mental efficiency and alertness within minutes. Caffeine is the only active ingredient in NoDoz. Safe as coffee and much more convenient.

■ Keep a package handy... at the office, at home, in your car, in your pocket.

Product of Grove Laboratories, Inc.
St. Louis, Mo.

NŌDŌZ
®

America's famous aid to safe driving since 1933.

Most Beautiful Can Opener Made...

Rival®

Can-O-Mat®

First Automatic Opener—*Favored by millions!*

Its smooth single action pierces and opens all cans. New 3-way locking swing bracket. Cutter, magnet remove for easy cleaning. Copper, chrome or gay colors.

WRITE FOR COMPLETE GIFT CATALOG

RIVAL MFG. CO., Kansas City 29, Mo.
Rival Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

MORE CASH FOR YOU!

YES, you can have more cash in your pocket if you put your spare time to work. Write for our money-making plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY, 446 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

(*Continued from Page 102*) and food. A couple of times I had to get him out of jail. The cops at Charles Street are pretty nice: they know how it is, and they'll usually call me or get hold of me someway. But once a new cop in the precinct picked him up, and he went to Centre Street and was tried for—oh, I don't know, one of those funny charges—being a public nuisance and drinking out of a common bottle. It was a fine, and one of the cops from Charles Street gave me the money to pay it. I paid him back later.

"Dan knows all that. And he's always sorry. I mean really sorry, not just pretending. Oh, he'd stop if he could. When mamma died in a city hospital I thought he'd die just looking at her when the doctor told us she was dying. I was eleven then. Dan thought she was dead already and he started out of the ward. But mamma wasn't dead yet, and I knew she wasn't, and stayed behind. She could hardly talk, but she said: 'He'll get drunk tonight, Dilly. It's the only thing he knows, so try not to be mad at him.' She always called me Dilly. And then she said: 'If you're scared, the welfare people will take care of you, and it's too much to ask a little girl if you'd feel safer with the welfare.'"

Monaghan's hand started toward hers as it lay on the table; but he pulled back and said, "Do you mind if I have a drink?"

"No, of course not. I'll have one too. I like gracious living."

The waiter brought them brandies. She tipped her glass in the miniature gesture of a toast. "To the people who can't," she said. Monaghan touched his glass to hers.

"I didn't go to the welfare. They came to us. But that's where Dan's charm came in handy. He would be stewed to the hairline, but those case workers would color up in pretty confusion when Dan turned on the smile. And what a liar! He conned the landlord, the grocery store and the whole welfare department into taking it for granted that prosperity was just around the corner. Some of them—the older ones—knew him from the pictures. They simply took it for granted that he was between pictures."

She sighed ruefully. "Later on, I had to do all the lying, and I was terrible at it. But it didn't matter: nobody believed me, but we made out all right because people were sorry for us. I hate being felt sorry for, but the only practical thing to do was to exploit their sympathy. I was too young to work—or work at much. Dan got jobs now and then. He'd tend furnaces or run errands or be a porter in some saloon on Ninth Avenue. And if I managed to get to him on payday, I'd roll him for enough to keep us going. The people who hired him would keep the money till I got there. But all through high school I dreamed of the time when nobody would have to be sorry for me."

Monaghan's heart grew heavier: Not for her, but for himself. It was almost as though she were warning him off. He at once marveled at and was annoyed by the detachment with which she spoke of her father and herself. And then conscience came butting in again where it wasn't wanted. "Look, Paunchy," conscience said, "you're afraid of what will happen when she turns that detachment loose on you. Stick to the old bags you pick up in saloons and leave this kid alone."

She reached her hand across the table and placed it on his, the small white hand lying on the big knuckly hand with tufted, taffy-colored hairs. It was, he thought idiotically, like a flower fallen on an unkempt sand dune. But the touch turned the trick, and conscience scuttled off with the aggrieved air of a visitor who knew when he wasn't wanted.

"I'll see you home," Monaghan said.

"You needn't."

"I know I needn't. But I want to. I want to ask your father something."

She drew her hand away. "If you're thinking that with your theater connections you can help him make a comeback, forget it. Dan knows that he has nothing to come back to. So if you had a sobby television program in mind, with every last Warner brother there telling him they knew he had it in him all along and sponsors giving him convertible coupés, forget it. Dan's no model of honesty, but he's too honest for that."

Monaghan was astonished and indignant. "I never thought of such a thing. I wasn't thinking of him at all—and you're forgetting that I liked him that night when he cadged drinks from me. A man's got a right to fall down if he wants to without going on a coast-to-coast hookup about it. But he hasn't any right to pull other people with him when he's falling."

She stood up. "That's for the other people to decide themselves. You can go to the devil."

She ran out of the restaurant, and Monaghan ran after. The waiter ran after Monaghan, while diners did their best not to stare. Monaghan tossed some money to the waiter and caught Delia's hand. They stood face to face on the pavement of Forty-fifth Street. The passers-by were not so discreet as the diners: They stared and stopped passing by. A mounted policeman pulled on his horse's rein and galloped over.

"I'm taking you home," Monaghan said.

"You don't have to. I know what you want to ask Dan, and you don't have to ask him. Ask me. You've been very kind, Mr. Monaghan, and I appreciate it. I found out you've been giving me a salary that experienced secretaries don't get, much less summer replacements as office girls. I'm grateful."

"I don't want you to be grateful!"

"You want me to go to a hotel with you? I'll go."

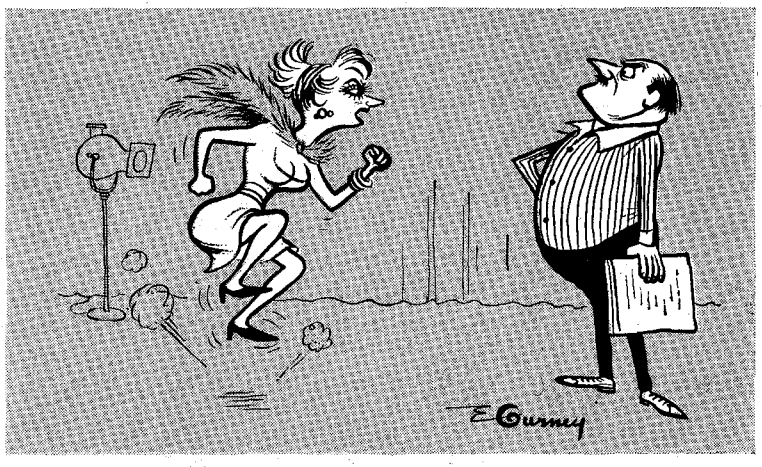
Monaghan slapped her face. It wasn't much of a slap, but it roused the indignation of the passers-by. "Lookut the old dog," one of them said. "Beatin' the kid."

Delia began to cry and Monaghan took her in his arms. She nestled into the embrace. He lifted her face in his cupped hand and kissed her.

"Attaboy, pop!" a voice said, and Monaghan saw that the mounted policeman was looking down at them kindly. "Nice going, pop. Get 'em young and train 'em. But would you mind doing it somewhere else? It makes things tough for us guardians of the peace. Move along there, nosey," he called to a man in the crowd.

"Would you get us a cab?" Monaghan asked the cop.

The cab pulled up in front of a tenement on Seventeenth Street. The summer night, resourceful from long practice in asserting itself against the grimy competitions of a big city, made beauty where beauty had hardly a right to exist, since no provision had been made for it or any setting prepared in the ugly buildings, the lofts, the warehouses, the pier fronts of the North River. But darkness will do wonders, and so will stars, simply by being out of reach of hands that are



The Perfect Squelch

Young Mrs. Gavin's limited acting ability offered her a wonderful opportunity to be modest. Instead, she gave the impression that she was doing the local little-theater group a great favor by playing the feminine leads in its shows. When she wasn't insisting that she belonged on Broadway, she was complaining to the long-suffering director that her parts didn't give her the acting scope she deserved.

When a promising newcomer joined the group, the director promptly gave her the lead in the next scheduled play. Mrs. Gavin's reaction was immediate and explosive. Cornering the director, she criticized his judgment, taste and mental ability. The new woman, she said, was not only dowdy-looking but also completely lacking in talent.

"While, as everyone knows," Mrs. Gavin said finally, "my own acting ability has never been questioned."

"Questioned?" the weary director exploded. "When has it ever been mentioned?"

U. F. Newlin

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expert at spoiling things. It might well be, Monaghan thought as he helped Delia from the cab, that darkness and stars together kept the suicide rate in industrial cities as low as it was.

"I'll come in with you," he said.

"If you like." Her voice was listless. "Dan will be glad to see you—if he's home. And I'm sure he'll say yes to whatever it is you want to ask him."

They went up the stone steps into the badly lit hallway. In buildings like this, darkness met its match and stars had no entree. "It's this way," Delia said, moving toward a door, her key in her hand.

"Wait!" Monaghan whispered urgently. His arm went round her shoulder, but she shook free and dropped to her knees. A body lay huddled against the door. It looked less like a body than a heap of old clothes with a decapitated head rolling on it. The head was still on its neck, though, and the body was quivering.

Delia stood up, stepped over it and turned the key in the door. The light went on in the clean, almost bare little living room. The furniture was outnumbered by the books, some of them properly in a bookcase, others piled in stacks against the wall. Monaghan's hand was over the heart in the huddled body. It was not only beating, it was pounding. But the gray face, shining with a waxen sweat, looked dead. Delia was dialing the telephone. The quivering increased as Monaghan lifted the body; hands and feet went well beyond quivers into spasms.

"It's a convulsion," Delia said. "He's lived through them before." She spoke into the telephone. "The Bellevue ambulance will be here right away."

"It needn't have been Bellevue," Monaghan said. He had placed Dan Carruthers on a couch.

"My pretty blue slip cover will be ruined," Delia said, watching spittle coming from what once had been a boyish smile. "It doesn't matter, though, Mr. Monaghan. I'm not being hard. But I hate to see pretty things spoiled. About Bellevue, though; one hospital is as good as another for this. It's like what I was saying about restaurants. It doesn't matter where you eat, so long as you eat. It doesn't matter ——"

Monaghan stared, his mind finishing it for her. *It doesn't matter where you die if you're going to die.*

Monaghan waited outside the hospital, and presently he felt a hand slip into his. They walked south on First Avenue to Twenty-third Street.

"My offer earlier this evening still holds good," she said.

"About the hotel? Did you really think I meant that?"

"I didn't know. Dan thought that. He kept bringing it up and it made me miserable. 'It's time you found a soft touch for yourself, Dilly,' he'd say. I always knew he was thinking about mamma when he called me Dilly."

Monaghan's face was flaming, even in the pale light from a street lamp. "He wanted you to be a ——"

She placed a hand over his lips. "Don't say it. He didn't think of it that way, Mr. Monaghan. Poor Dan. He never thought of anything the right way. He'd forgotten how, if he ever knew. He never had to earn anything, you see. You don't earn charm; you simply have it. You ought to know that."

"What?" Monaghan was puzzled.

"It's all right. If you don't know what I'm talking about, so much the better. Charm is a terrible responsibility."

He flagged a cab. She pressed his hand and said, "Since you're spurning my hotel offer, I want to go home by myself. And I want tomorrow off."

"All right," Monaghan said. "But you're all wrong about what I was going to ask you. I was going to ask you ——"

She stood on tiptoe and kissed him as the cab pulled up. "Not now." It was the lightest of kisses, only enough to silence him; such a kiss as a girl might give an uncle or a father. "Not now."

"All right," Monaghan said. He started to walk away; then he heard his name called. "Patch! Patch Monaghan!"

He walked back to the cab. She was leaning out of the window. "Come here." She cupped his face in her hands and kissed him again, not at all as nieces or daughters kiss. "Patch," she said softly, "Patch, will you ask me—whatever it was—will you ask me another time?"

Monaghan nodded. "I will. I will. I will—Dilly."

The cab drove off and he turned north on First and walked many blocks. As he passed Bellevue he touched his cheek and found it wet. He touched his tongue to his lips and found them briny. Then he crossed the avenue and went into a tavern and ordered himself a drink.

"To those who can't," he said, tilting the glass as for a toast.

"You say something?" the bartender said.

"Tell me," Monaghan said, "do you think it's a mistake to marry someone a lot younger than you?"

"I think it's a mistake to marry anyone at all," the bartender said.

Monaghan tilted his glass again. "Here's to mistakes!" he said. "God help the world if we ever stop making them!"

THE END

For men who command

Master Mariner of the magnificent new Cristoforo Colombo, flagship of the famed Italian Lines, is Captain Enrico Rosseli. Like other commanders who guide the great ocean liners, Captain Rosseli relies daily on his LeCoultre Master Mariner Chronometer, with accuracy certified by official government certificate.

Men who command find in the LeCoultre Master Mariner all the qualities they demand in a personal timepiece. It is a watch on which any active man can rely implicitly—self-winding, superbly accurate, with maximum protection against water, moisture, dust and shock. Its rugged, efficient mechanism, however, is cased with style and distinction. The LeCoultre Master Mariner is not a single watch but a complete series of self-winding watches. The creation of the Master Mariner celebrates the 125th Anniversary of the founding of the LeCoultre Watch Factory—a factory unlike any other in the world. For in it, every part of every LeCoultre watch is made in its entirety with unsurpassed precision.

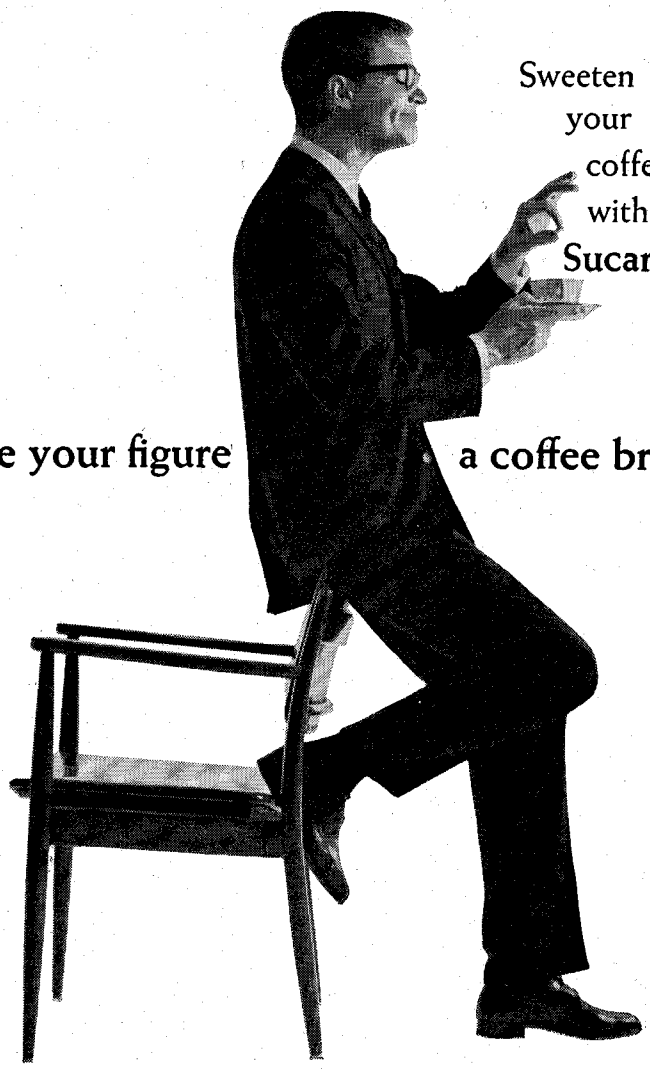
Illustrated is the Master Mariner Mark 20—superbly cased in fine 14K gold, with sweep second hand. The dial is luminous. $185. Other models priced from $95. Visit your LeCoultre Jeweler to see these and other 125th Anniversary watches for ladies and gentlemen.

Le Coultre THE MOST EXCEPTIONAL TIMEPIECES IN ALL THE WORLD
CREATOR OF ATMOS, THE PERPETUAL MOTION CLOCK

A DIVISION OF LONGINES-WITTNAUER

1833 • CELEBRATING LE COULTRE'S 125TH ANNIVERSARY • 1958

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Sweeten your coffee with Sucaryl®

"Give your figure a coffee break"

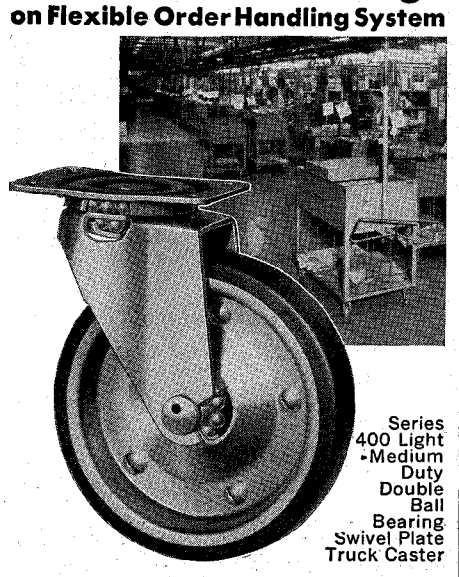
You save all sugar's calories, and you can't taste the difference!

®Sucaryl—*Abbott's Non-Caloric Sweetener . . . on sale at drug stores everywhere*

NOELTING

Faultless Casters

Effect 80% Savings on Flexible Order Handling System

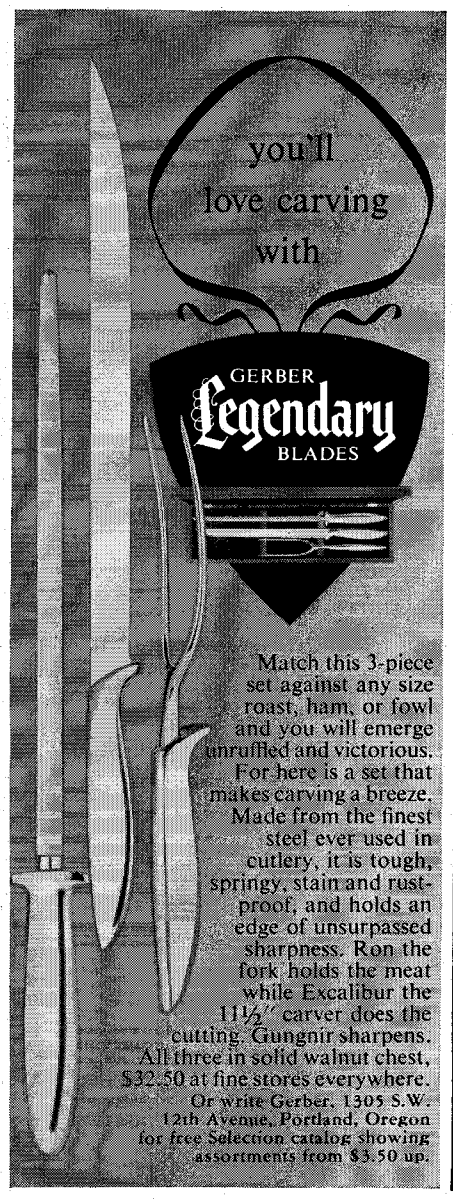


Series 400 Light-Medium Duty Double Ball Bearing Swivel Plate Truck Caster

Faultless handles the tough jobs!

At Los Angeles Drug Company an 80% cost reduction in order filling is achieved with a castered truck conveyor system. Conveyor trucks, equipped with Faultless 400 Series Swivel and 4700 Series Rigid Plate Casters operating in two 400 foot long order filling lines, permit employees to fill and check up to 1500 orders per day. Faultless Casters can help solve your materials handling problems. See your Faultless Industrial Distributor. He is listed in your phone directory under "Casters," or write.

Faultless Caster Corporation
Evansville 7, Indiana



you'll love carving with

GERBER Legendary BLADES

Match this 3-piece set against any size roast, ham, or fowl and you will emerge unruffled and victorious. For here is a set that makes carving a breeze. Made from the finest steel ever used in cutlery, it is tough, springy, stain and rust-proof, and holds an edge of unsurpassed sharpness. Ron the fork holds the meat while Excalibur the 11½" carver does the cutting. Gungnir sharpens. All three in solid walnut chest, $32.50 at fine stores everywhere. Or write Gerber, 1305 S.W. 12th Avenue, Portland, Oregon for free Selection catalog showing assortments from $3.50 up.

The Secret of Maine Cider

(Continued from Page 45)

its track cushioned in the springy stuff had leveled it off. It stretched in a thick, ruddy-brown pad fifty feet square. Walking on it was like treading the luxurious softness of carpeting made of velvet. It put a spring in my boots. It was a place for dancing. The place belonged to late fall's tough, blue-bellied flies. They made a drunken, greedy buzz, almost a bass-viol tune until the mill's make-and-break stationary engine started up and drowned them out with its hiccuping, uneven bark. It sounded drunken too.

But the mill man had no hang-over. He was as neat and clean as a morning bartender, save that his apron was not white, but the same ruddy brown as his pomace dump—the soft, warm brown of apple stain. His fresh-washed "cloths," the heavy canvas sheeting that enfolds the layers of "cheese," as the ground-up apples are called, were exactly the same color. He inspected them for holes and laid the last one folded beside him.

"Gimme them Russets first," he said. "Lord, I haven't had a full grindin' of Russets under my press in ten years. Mister, where do you live? I'll be callin' next hayin'."

My hard little beauties added their golden hue to the riot of browns in that ancient, mellow place as they spewed out into the loading bin. They started their climb on the elevator belt to the grinder overhead. The mill man, grinning with pleasure, watched them go up. He grabbed a fat one and bit into it deeply, core and all, and munched with great chomps.

"Got that deep-down sugar!" he yelled over the clank of the noisy machinery. "You got enough?"

"Fifteen bushel," I said. "That's what everybody said."

He nodded and slapped a wooden lever hanging down that started the grinder with a whining roar overhead. He placed the first frame, a six-inch-high, take-apart wooden casing that made a five-by-five-foot square, on the platform under the grinder's spout, and threw his first cloth across it and tucked it carefully into the corners and spread what was left out in four neat wings. Another wooden lever opened the trap door in the spout above, and my Russets—russet no longer, but a cream-colored, soggy mush—voided down. He picked up a handful and squeezed it in his big fist, holding it out to study the drip. "Old trees?" he called, and when I nodded, he beckoned me over.

"That's a dry cheese," he said in my ear. "Maybe it won't press out a barrel, but I say go ahead and see. Keep her pure Russet. Been so long since I had Russets ——"

The frame was filled and leveled off with a small wooden hoe and the cloth ends brought up and over to enfold the first layer completely in fabric. The second frame was set atop the first and its cloth set and filled, and then the next, until there were eight wet, soggy layers towering. The whole brown pile was pushed under the press. The wooden frames came off and, dressed just in cloth now, looking like a huge ginger cake made in thin layers, my harvest stood waiting. The press rigged to an oil hydraulic pump came down with its creeping, slow, fifty-five-ton pressure. Juice spurted and ran. The mill man plucked a tin cup from its nail beside a wooden faucet and, after dashing out a fat spider that had been sleeping there, he turned the faucet and handed me a brimming cup of my juice. It was as cool and sweet as the morning, a sweetness "tasting of Flora and the country green," more than any wine ever could. He took the cup and swigged what I had left, and filled it again for himself.

"Man," he said, "that's ci-dah. That's no McIntosh pop."

Together we watched the hose feeding it up into my barrel. The little gear pump whined and spurted out the last of it. He waited for the last drop, then stuck a white-oak measuring stick into the bung hole and angled it first into one end of the barrel, then the other, and studied where the wet stains crossed.

"There you go," he said. "Forty-nine gallons. I'm so used to those squirting

"I knew you'd like it."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

McIntoshes I mistrusted that dry Russet cheese. You're O.K. She's just full enough to work the finest kind, and all pure Russet."

The barrel thudded its 400-pound weight off the truck and down onto the lawn beside my drive. It creaked its heavy way down my cellar ramp and up onto its waiting sawhorses. Both sounds were low and unobtrusive, but they had a distinctive carrying quality. No one young or flighty heard them. But within a week the old-timers from up and down the road began slowing up to pass the time of day. They were ancient, but they had young eyes in their old faces and big, gnarled but kindly hands and quiet voices.

"Now the proper thing to put in that ci-dah," they would say out of a clear sky, "is a chunk of good red moosemeat. Chunk her up just small enough to clear the bung. And you put in, eight, ten pounds."

Or lacking moosemeat, which has been outlawed in Maine for the past fifteen years, deermeat would do; or even good red beefsteak. Or ten pounds of raisins. Or fifteen pounds of white sugar to make her stout. Or a peck of whole corn or cracked corn or corn meal.

"Now everyone hark," I said. "If I followed you fellows' advice, we'd have a barrel of trash and no room left for cider. So I'm putting in nothing at all."

"Oh, my," they mourned. "That's a pity. But she'll work just the same. She'll be good, even so. Maybe not quite so stout ——"

"You drop in when you think it might be time to drive the bung," I told them. "I am going to need advice. You help bore the hole for the spigot and get that in good shape. You got an old spigot—barrel faucet as you call it—anywhere?"

We had a collection of six old wooden faucets to choose from in the end. The grime and stain of many years had been carefully scraped away by pocketknives. They all needed soaking in hot water to swell them tight, but there was plenty of time to do that. My ancient friends could help with that.

"How's that ci-dah comin'?" they would ask almost every day. We would inspect the barrel, making sure the hoops were standing up, that there was no seepage, no chance of loss. After the bung was driven, there was nothing but the inert, silent barrel to contemplate, but there was pleasure in just doing that, dreaming about its potentiality. A man could tell a cider story. "There was a fella ——" the stories began or "Now the time ——" Maybe Forest Hodgkins had the one that brought forth the heartiest reminiscent chuckles.

"Now the time Leander Peasley came down the Gardiner Road drivin' his hoss and cutter. That was a sight, I tell you. It was Fourth of July, and hot. You could hear those cutter runners squeakin' and grindin' on the gravel and Lee's old brown hoss was wet with sweat. 'Lee,' they said, 'what in the world ——' and Lee said, 'Every time I've ridden in one of these things I've near froze to death. This time I'm havin' a warm trip.'"

"There was this fella," another of the yarns went, "had a jug in his oxcart, and he hit her, off and on, then he fell asleep. Along came a couple of young pranksters and unhooked his yoke and drove off the critters. He woke up after a while and looked around. 'If my name ain't Thompson,' he said, 'I've found me a oxcart—needin' some small repair. But if my name is Thompson, I've lost a fine yoke of oxen.'"

"There was this fella," a favorite story said, "needed some help gettin' home. Two who had been with him, one on each side, held him up and knocked on the door. His wife was as mad as a hornet, but instead of keepin' her growl for him, 'Who are these disreputable persons with you?' she said. He looked first to the right, then the left. 'On my right is Asey Snow,' said he. 'On my left I do not know.' And the two bein' well-mannered and polite, bein' introduced in that nice way—sort of a rhyme, it made—had to bow. So they stepped back and bowed real low, and with that the man just canted forward slow and ended up, his chin plumb on the door stool."

The first hay cut would be the minute we would tap her, we agreed. The first hay, that was, not the first mowing, for with the newfangled grass silos you can hear mowing machines whining into green grass as early as mid-June. But the first true hay. That would be Eben Haggett's south piece, without a doubt. Eben has one of the best herds of Holsteins in Maine and he tends his fields and makes his hay to do them honor.

There was a bright, crisp, high-glass noon, just as July was giving way to August, when the word came that Eben was cutting. Not impetuously, not with undue impatience, but sort of casually sauntering in after noon dinner had settled and the post rider had delivered the mail, my ancient coterie assembled. Alton Ames brought a sheath of Eben's long, beautiful redtop grass just cut by the mower and hung it on the beam over the barrel.

"Eben says he can't get here," Alton explained, "but he sent this to 'put on Ceres' altar,' as he said. Gimme a small jug along with it, and sort of looked as if he'd like it back along about the hot time of the afternoon."

We voted on which faucet to use. Alton's little one with the birch stem and

New underwood Add-Mate

only 7½ lb.—all-electric machine that adds, subtracts, multiplies, totals, sub-totals

"like wearing magic gloves!"

Ideal figuring machine for Stores—Homes—Offices

Wonderful big-machine results: adds · subtracts · multiplies · totals · sub-totals

only $168.50 (PLUS TAX)

- 10-Key Keyboard—for error-free performance
- So simple to operate, anyone can use it
- Carry it home or on trips for light-duty figuring
- So light you'll have to hold it to believe it

underwood

MASTERS YOUR PAPERWORK

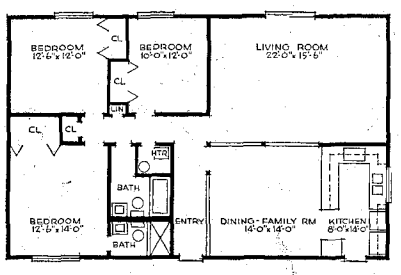
To call underwood consult the Yellow Pages

Order your Add-Mate from your local dealer or Underwood office

STYLED IN 8 DECORATOR COLORS

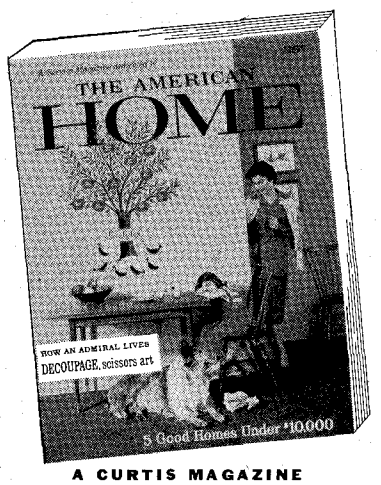
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now Good Homes UNDER $10,000



Yes, you can buy a house with floor plan like this today for less than $80 a month—as you'll be surprised to learn in American Home's report on 5 Good Homes Under $10,000. See the extra values today's home manufacturers can give. Timely news in the November issue.

MORE IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE



A CURTIS MAGAZINE

★ **SAME FURNITURE, NEW DECORATING** See how the same room, with the same furniture can look either contemporary or traditional. Valuable for anybody who can't throw good furniture out.

★ **HOW AN ADMIRAL LIVES** An intimate visit with the Admiral of the Atlantic fleet. See what he collects from the seven seas and what dishes he serves to visiting V.I.P.'s.

★ **DECOUPAGE—SCISSORS ART** Revival of an old craft for you who admire art but hesitate to paint. Try it—we dare you! All directions in the November issue.

★ **ALL-YEAR BREEZEWAY** Don't let your covered breezeway or terrace loaf when the leaves fall. See how to make it a real greenhouse, in "Enjoy your breezeway all year round."

★ **READ ALSO** . . . How to paint a family tree . . . How a housewife can be worth more money . . . Thanksgiving recipes collected across the U. S. A. . . . How to make a trundle bed or a butler's desk . . . or a storage cabinet.

Good reasons galore—Get The American Home wherever magazines are sold.

cherry-wood handle was the choice. It called for a three-quarter-inch bit to bore its hole into the barrelhead. The bit was inspected and found sharp and true, with a good clean worm, and the place on the barrelhead to use it was chosen after some debate. It should be low, but not so low that it would plug with dregs. Right there! That was the place. Put the iron to her—right there.

Alden Hall handled the brace. He turned slowly and the bit shed its clean crisp oak chips onto the cellar floor. They gave off a fragrance sweeter than any sandalwood of Araby—a man's cool perfume. Alden stopped. Slowly he backed the brace. A single liquid drop hung and then fell from the bit's steel spiral. The worm was through. There was only a thin wafer of wood left. The bit came out, followed by a thin jet of cider. The faucet's tapered open end was hurried into the hole. One swift hard blow with the bung maul drove it home, pushing out the thin oak wafer inside the barrel. Alden turned the faucet handle and for an instant, in a smooth, clear stream, our first cider splashed onto the cellar floor like a rite, like a pagan sacrifice to the gods before mere man dared partake. Alden shut off the faucet and checked it carefully from end to end and 'round and 'round.

"There now," he said, straightening up. "Fifty gallons with a tight faucet on it. No man can have more. All snug against the wintah now, I'd say."

I had readied a tray with tumblers, and brought it forth.

"Now listen, young fella," Forest Hodgkins said, "ci-dah is one thing all women do despise. You'd best learn that right away. Nothing makes a woman madder than to look for a dish and there it is down beside the old ci-dah barrel. You take those things back where Nancy, your wife, won't miss them."

In his jacket pocket everyone had brought his own "dish," as they called them in the old usage that so names a cup or a glass. They were washed-out peanut-butter jars by the looks of their rims. Each man of us took his turn and filled his dish. It was an amber wine, clear and sparkling. It still held a fragrance, but subtle now with a spiciness fermentation had added. We drank. In complete silence we drank. To me, it was a taste of disillusionment. We had dreamed too long. We had tasted in dream and now we had "the blushful Hippocrene" wet in our glass and it could not be so good as Keats' song had made it. It was just an ordinary wine. I knew I could not drink very much of it. I looked about, fearful that somehow my perfect apples and I had failed. That something was amiss. But not so.

Forest Hodgkins wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. His statement satisfied everybody, for it covered all experience: his youth, his memories, his sagacity.

"I never tasted better, not in all my born days," he said slowly. "That's clean, perfect ci-dah."

"Stout, too," said Alton Ames. "I was a lee-tle afeared of that."

We sat and drank soberly. I began to realize how wrong had been my first impression. Slowly the stoutness warmed us. Now I knew what it meant to educate a palate. This was not comparable to any sauterne—it was ci-dah, Maine's ambrosial white wine.

It was a subtle drink, tasting completely innocuous, belying its slow power. It would floor a guzzler. You could realize how awfully it could floor him. But we were no guzzlers. I spoke about that.

"I thought you men were heavy cider drinkers," I said.

"No heavy ci-dah drinkers here," Alden Hall said simply. "All the heavy ci-dah drinkers are dead."

Alton Ames left with Eben's jug.

"Have another, Alton, before you go," I said.

"No, thanks," said Alton. "Had three dishes. Two would have been just right."

Their dishes were left in a neat row on the shelf above the barrel. They still sit there, and when the spirit moves we fill them and slowly empty them, once or twice a month for a pleasant hour. Alone we could never have coped with that great barrel. But to my friends' amazement and, I fear, slight disgust, we were helped by the girls. It looks now as if we will have our barrel empty in time for this year's cider pressing and a new batch. At least the girls all say we must.

It came about in this wise. It was my day to cook the night's dinner. I do it once every two weeks in winter, when dining out in a place like Maine is arduous, to break my wife's too solid and too boring chore. A long time ago I volunteered to keep my mouth shut, cook something unusual and call her, all expectant, to table. But this time, what? There were cookbooks to thumb through. It was a bitterly cold February day and something cooking long and warming in the wood stove, with my good beech wood cozily snapping, was what I wanted.

There was a French-peasant dish in the book. It called for shallots sautéed in oil—enough for a thick layer in the bottom of a large casserole. Then turnips, cut in inch cubes, also sautéed a rich brown all over and spread atop the shallots. Then veal chunks, sautéed, too, to make a third layer. Then flour to thicken the fat in the sautéing skillet and blended into a rich gravy with a pint of white wine, and then the casserole, tightly covered, baked long and slowly in the oven. It was a proper-sounding dish and promised excellent company in the cheery kitchen. I had everything at hand save the white wine. Suddenly I bethought me of my cider. Was it not a white wine—Maine's stout white wine? A pint! I could use a gallon if need be.

As soon as the cider hit the hot skillet and the steam of it blended with the aroma of the shallots and the browned turnips and the lovely scorched veal, I knew my fortune was made. Tasting the finished creation some three hours later, I went back to the book. *Veau Bonne Femme* was the name of the dish. Veal by a Good Woman. What a good woman! What a brown-armed, buxom, lusty, earthy, delicious honey of a gal for a north country's winter afternoon. I blew her a kiss, my *Bonne Femme*. Oo-la-la, I had me a dish.

"What," squealed Nancy, "is this sauce? It is simply scrumptious!"

"In the first place, it is a gravy, not a sauce," I said. "You dames with your airy use of words. In the second place, it is none of your pretty business. It is my secret."

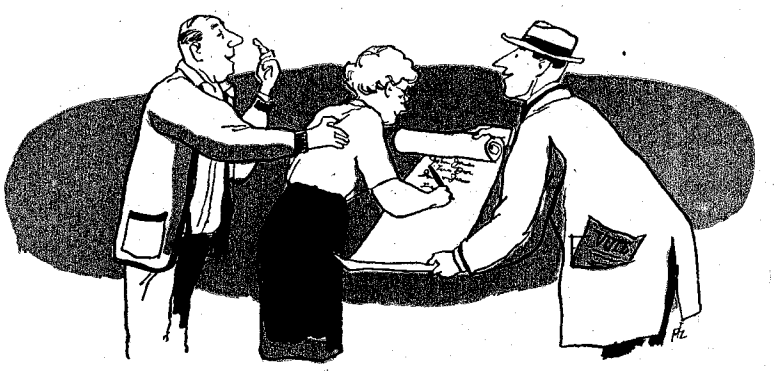
"But," she said, "it's wonderful. You must tell me."

Of course I must. Old cider it was, that made my dish. Old cider; Maine's stout white wine. It was a fine cooking wine.

So now, furnished bottles and beer caps by worshiping gals, good old ci-dah, neatly bottled, is in friends' kitchens, being used to put a spike in green-pea soup, boil a ham, cast a spicy wet smacker of a kiss on potato salad, caress a braised short rib or build up a stew. In any dish earthy and rugged enough to hold it—a man-sized dish, that is—it is a white wine supreme.

The old Russet trees have set another fine crop and they are waiting for the first of the north country's sharp little frosts to build up that "deep-down" sugar again. Like Alton Ames' "man with a ci-dah head" the next morning, who moaned, "If I ever get over this—if I ever—I'll probably do it all over again," we probably will too. I guess we'd better.

THE END



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

When the party worker came around with the nominating petition, papa couldn't find his glasses, so he asked mamma to sign for him. She did. The opposition party, on learning of this, sued to throw out the entire petition with its hundreds of names. They asserted it was fraudulent because the worker swore all signatures were genuine when at least one, and possibly others, weren't.

"He knew he was swearing to a lie, and a false affidavit invalidates the whole petition," the opposition argued.

"I thought a wife had a right to sign her husband's name when he told her to do so," the party worker retorted.

If you were the judge, would you throw out the petition?

• •

Only the husband's name was thrown out. The court said the party worker made an honest mistake, nothing more. It ruled that his error should not deprive the hundreds who signed the petition themselves of their right to express their wishes.

Based upon a 1956 Ohio decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

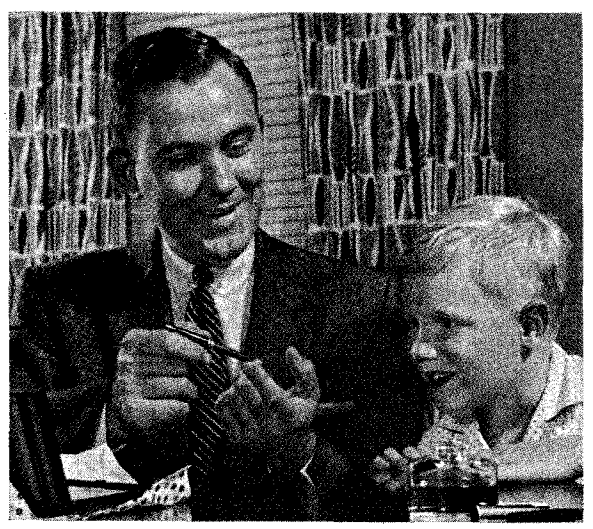
How the Parker 61 takes the guesswork out of giving

Ever notice at birthday time?
He prefers a useful gift—if it is
superlative in its class.
That's why he who receives this
Parker never forgets the giver.

YOU JUST *WATCH* him as he opens the gift box. He's impressed by what he sees, that's certain: the classic design, the softly glistening colors, the Arrow clip—all the things that say, this is a genuine Parker 61. Let's keep watching as he gets better acquainted . . .

"HMM—HEARD A LOT ABOUT THIS FAMOUS PEN," he says. "Wonder what's inside." A twist of the barrel reveals that there are no moving parts. No cartridges to change; no levers, no buttons, no bulbs—*nothing to wear out.* But if that's the case, how do you *fill* the Parker 61?

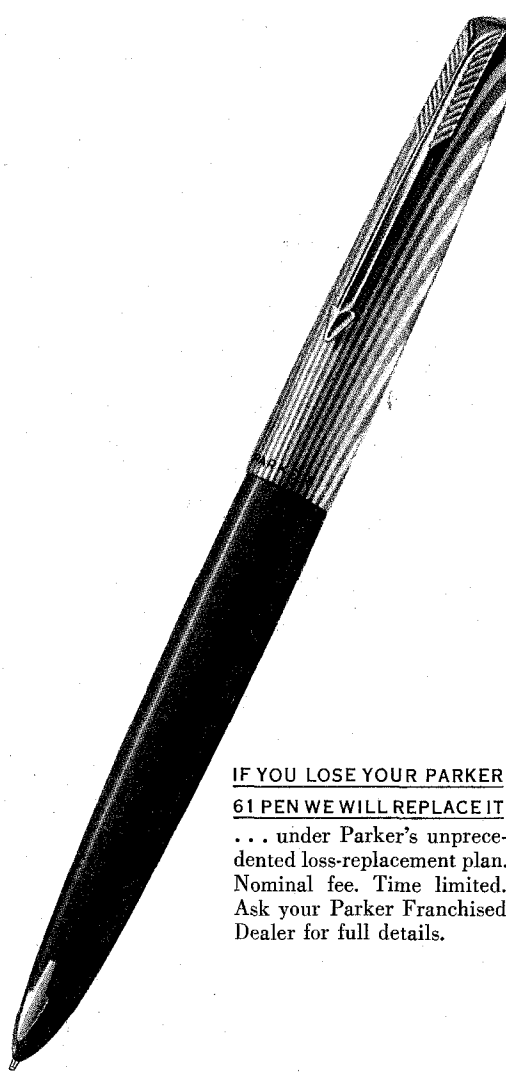
NOW, STEAL A LOOK at his expression, as he sees something for the first time in his life! A pen *filling itself by itself.* The Parker 61 actually drinks up ink without help. Even the most matter-of-fact men find this feature fascinating (and *very* convenient).



THERE IT IS—in fifteen seconds the big reservoir is full *inside*, but *dry* outside. Clean as a whistle. There are no drops to wipe away after he takes the pen from the inkwell—not a smudge on his fingers; not a stain on his hands with the Parker 61. Now for the real test . . .

AH! HERE'S A PEN AFTER HIS OWN HEART. It writes a *real pen line*—bold, clear, flexible. Character is what a man wants in his writing . . . character is what he gets with the new Parker 61. And with a smoothness, an ease, he never in the world expected. Here is *cushioned* writing. What a pen this is!

HE'LL NEVER FORGET who gave him this gift. It will be used by him every hour of every day—constantly and *pleasantly* reminding him of *you.* See your Parker Franchised Dealer today. Get the unique Parker 61 Capillary Pen. And take the guesswork out of giving. Prices start at $15



IF YOU LOSE YOUR PARKER 61 PEN WE WILL REPLACE IT . . . under Parker's unprecedented loss-replacement plan. Nominal fee. Time limited. Ask your Parker Franchised Dealer for full details.

Parker 61
CAPILLARY PEN
The world's most wanted pen
YOUR CHOICE OF FIVE COLORS:
Vista Blue, Rage Red, Black, Charcoal, Surf Green

Parker Franchised Dealer

COPYRIGHT 1958 BY ⊕ THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WIS., U. S. A. • TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Asylums Without Bars

(Continued from Page 29)

so confused and deluded that they could not manage their own affairs. Yet, working together twenty-four hours a day as a group or community, they were understanding and actually controlling their hospital ward to an amazing degree—and at the same time learning to understand and control themselves.

The program at Stockton is one example of what is known as the "therapeutic community," currently hailed by many psychiatric leaders as one of the most exciting developments of the past two decades in the management of psychotics, psychopaths, juvenile delinquents and other mentally ill patients. Introduced in its most recent form from England, it has been adopted in one version or another by many state, county, military and VA hospitals.

Although these experts enthusiastically support the therapeutic-community concept, they seem unable to agree on a precise definition. In general, it is based on the firm belief that even the most seriously ill mental patient has a remaining core of sanity, that treatment begins with that core and that a mental patient can be treated effectively and safely as a dignified human being.

This idea may seem simple and logical. To some staff members in mental hospitals, it is upsetting and even frightening. They have assailed it as anarchy, an abdication of staff authority and a threat to the time-honored principle that a mental hospital should be a "peaceful asylum."

"But we have not abdicated our authority," says Dr. Freeman Adams, director of the Stockton State Hospital. "We are now sharing it. And our goal is not keeping the patient peaceful and quiet, but helping him learn how to go back to the outside world. This may be more difficult, but it is infinitely more rewarding."

Although the therapeutic community is relatively new, some of its principles go back to the 1790's, when a French physician in Paris and Quaker doctors in England first dared to treat mental patients without binding them in chains. This humane approach was widely viewed with alarm, especially in the United States.

"Nonrestraint might work with Europeans who, sane or insane, are accustomed to obey orders," said one nineteenth-century American hospital superintendent, "but not with Americans, who believe in liberty and who, unless restrained, assert themselves even in a state of insanity."

Until a few years ago, in both Europe and the United States, the care of mental patients without any physical restraint was accordingly considered impractical if not dangerous to life, limb and furniture. With a few important exceptions, hospitals continued to operate with full use of locked doors, barred windows, straps, strait jackets and strong sedatives, and on the basis of what one observer recently described as "mutual fear between patients and staff."

This attitude was seriously questioned again in the 1940's, when several British mental hospitals cautiously began unlocking their doors and ending the standard use of restraining devices. To the amazement of those who had contemplated such steps with horror, there were no outbreaks of mass violence or epidemics of escape. As a matter of fact, once the doors were opened, it was found that fewer patients were tempted to run away.

Some of the most significant developments—involving not merely the abolition of locks and restraints but also the introduction of the so-called therapeutic community—were centered at Belmont Hospital, in the suburbs of London, under the direction of Dr. Maxwell Jones.

"There," an American psychiatrist has claimed, "the therapeutic community functions at its exciting zenith."

Doctor Jones began his therapeutic-community work during World War II, in the treatment of soldiers who had broken down emotionally in combat. Since there was a shortage of trained nurses for his unit, he enlisted a team of educated, mature women for temporary nursing duty. These temporary nurses blithely ignored the usual hospital protocol and proceeded to talk easily and freely to anybody at any time—other nurses, doctors, officers, enlisted men and all the patients.

"This annoyed many of the regular nurses, who felt their authority was being undermined," Doctor Jones reported later. "But with this free communication, the patients began getting better."

He likewise arranged educational lectures, so that he could explain the physiological basis of their symptoms to the patients. Soon he found the men preferred to turn these lecture sessions into community meetings, where they could talk readily about any problems which concerned them—their marriages, their financial worries, their fears, their dreams, their childhood memories, or even the taste of the tea on the ward. This, too, seemed beneficial.

Next, Doctor Jones was put in charge of a special unit to treat emotionally ill patients who had been returned from Nazi prison camps. Again he found that the patients responded dramatically when they could communicate with anybody, regardless of military or medical authority. But this freewheeling communication, he emphasized, could not be limited to a few minutes or even a few hours a week, as in a classical doctor-and-patient interview or even a standard group-therapy session.

"It must be a continuous process throughout the full day," the psychiatrist said.

In 1947, with strong support from the Ministry of Health and the Ministry of Labour, he began a similar program for the psychiatric casualties of peacetime—drug addicts, prostitutes, psychopaths, sexual perverts and particularly the "chronic unemployables." To provide a therapeutic community for these patients, he organized the 100-bed division at Belmont Hospital now known as the Social Rehabilitation Unit and started a program which had most staff members in a state of exhaustion at the end of each day.

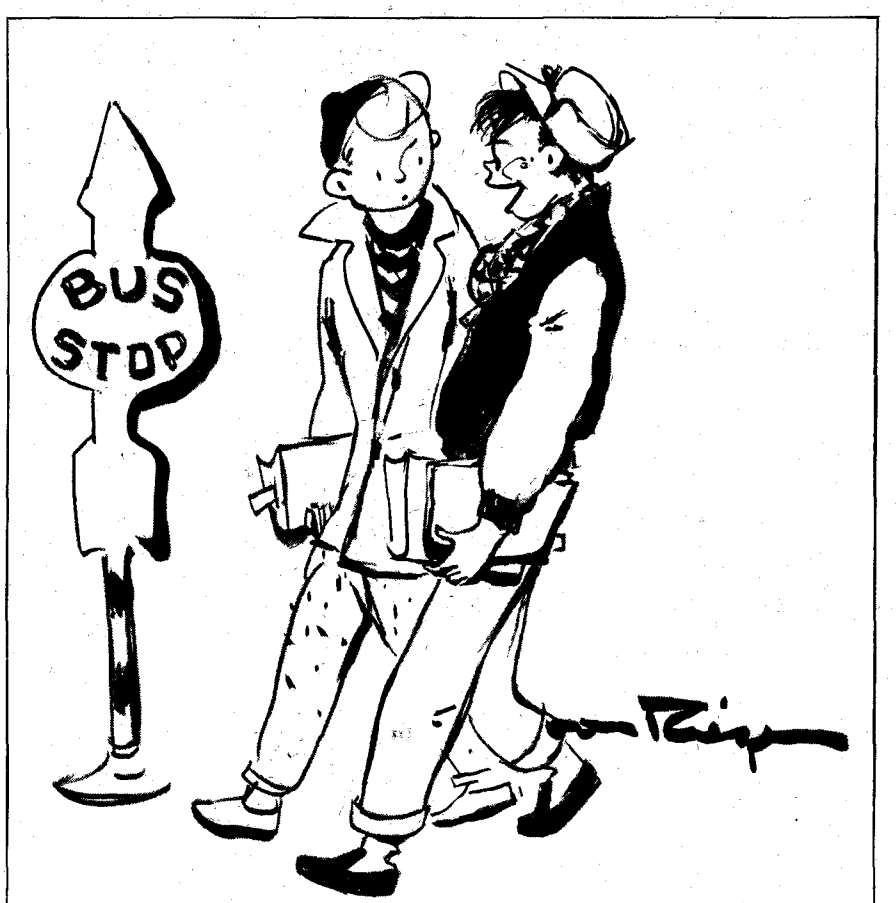
There were long daily meetings of all ward members—patients and staff together. There were daily meetings of small groups—a few patients with one doctor. There were intensive work programs on real jobs—gardening, house painting, sewing and equipment repairs. There were planned social activities every day. Every patient and every staff member was firmly expected to participate; if anyone—patient, doctor or nurse—declined to co-operate, this became a matter for group action.

From the outset, Doctor Jones did away with the typical white-coated, stethoscope-wielding, authoritative physician who knew everything, decided everything, saw patients only by appointment and "did things to or for the poor patients."

"Here," he said, "what needs to be done will be done by patients and staff together."

Furthermore, he insisted that everybody—including all doctors and nurses—be called by their first names. He insisted that he himself be called Max. A visiting American remarked, "An Englishman can go no farther in breaking down social barriers."

Many of these new approaches proved unnerving to staff members who could no longer hide behind their authority or their professional dignity. Accordingly, all staff members met daily to air their own feelings, problems and anxieties.



"I'm allowed to stay up until ten o'clock one night a week . . . the rest of the time I do it without permission."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

As the program continued, undergoing constant change and improvement, psychiatrists and social workers from all parts of the world came to study it. Many returned to their own hospitals and began to apply one or more of Doctor Jones' ideas, modifying these to suit their own institutions. In some hospitals, psychiatrists coincidentally set up somewhat similar programs on their own, apparently unaware of the Belmont Hospital experiment. Many observers at Belmont, however, doubted that the whole program could be safely applied on a broad scale.

"Max Jones," said an American visitor, "had shown us that the therapeutic community could succeed in a small hospital, on carefully selected patients with milder psychiatric disorders. But would it go in our big American hospitals, especially with patients suffering from acute schizophrenia—with patients who were really ill and potentially dangerous?"

That question was answered most eloquently in the United States by a young Navy psychiatrist, Dr. Harry Wilmer, who had long been shocked and sickened by what he had seen himself in mental hospitals—by brutality, and particularly by the deadly isolation of patients who sat vacant-faced and forgotten through their empty and apparently endless days.

"Over the years I realized increasingly that this isolation and brutality are both bound to happen under traditional mental-hospital practices of patient management," he wrote in his new book, Social Psychiatry in Action (C. C. Thomas, 1958). "I resolved long ago that if I ever had an opportunity to run any part of a hospital, neither would have any place in it."

Now forty-one years old, he was born in New Orleans, educated at the University of Minnesota and was graduated from medical school in 1940. A year later, while completing his internship in Panama, he discovered he had acquired tuberculosis.

"I was a patient for almost a year in a tuberculosis sanitarium," he said. "I do not recommend this way of going about the process of understanding human nature, but nevertheless the experience did give me valuable insight into the patient's world."

When he left the sanitarium, he studied further at Minnesota, Johns Hopkins and the Mayo Clinic, where he finally decided to specialize in psychiatry. In 1949, he moved to California, joined the faculty of Stanford University and tried to capitalize on his own experiences by developing group-psychiatry programs for patients in a TB hospital in nearby San Mateo County.

The following year, he was sent to England, where he first met Dr. Maxwell Jones at Belmont Hospital. At the same time, he visited Dr. T. P. Rees at Warlingham Park Hospital in Croydon, and Dr. Tom Main at Cassel Hospital in Richmond, and saw for himself how these British doctors were abolishing strait jackets, locked rooms and sedatives. Early in 1955, on a two-year Navy assignment, he visited his British friends again.

"I not only watched the therapeutic community in action," he said. "I even participated. I took over some of the groups and worked with them myself."

A few months later, he returned to the Navy's Oak Knoll Hospital in Oakland, California, and was put in charge of the admission ward in the psychiatric section. Here was his chance to try the therapeutic-community idea under fire. Here were patients suffering from almost every kind of psychiatric illness—the acute

(Continued on Page 112)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You know what they always say...

"YEAH (SIGH) THE MAIL MUST GO THRU!"

♫...Relief is just a swallow away♫

with **Alka-Seltzer®**
BRAND

"BLESS THAT RELIEF-GIVIN' ALKA-SELTZER!"

This fellow carries the mail. His job sometimes makes him tired. Maybe yours does, too. When you feel all worn out with a headache and upset stomach, just dissolve one or two ALKA-SELTZER tablets in a glass of water. Let it fizz—and there it is—relief that sparkles you "back again." With ALKA-SELTZER, relief is just a swallow away!

MILES PRODUCTS Division of Miles Laboratories, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 110*)

schizophrenics, the suicidal, the terribly depressed, the violent alcoholics—brought in from other West Coast Navy hospitals, from the Pacific Fleet and from Navy installations in the Pacific and the Far East.

The ward was no brutal "snake pit." In comparison with standard mental-hospital wards, it was at least as good as the average. But Doctor Wilmer thought it could be improved. He requested permission to try a therapeutic-community program.

"You're in charge of the ward," said Capt. D. C. Gaede, head of psychiatry at Oak Knoll. "Go ahead. We'll support you."

The young psychiatrist called together his staff and announced there would be some changes.

"There will be no further use of seclusion or quiet rooms," he ordered. "Eliminate so far as possible all barbiturates and other sleeping medication. No physical restraints of any kind—no restraining beds, belts, ties, cuffs, cold packs or locked rooms—will be tolerated on the ward."

Most of the doctors, nurses and corpsmen were horrified. "But what will we do if the patients become violent?" one attendant asked. "What if they attack us, or another patient?"

Doctor Wilmer said hopefully, "They won't."

Furthermore, and of utmost importance, he announced, there would be daily meetings at which any patient or staff member could really sound off without risk of punishment, ridicule or humiliation. He stressed that the ward would be operated neither as a prison nor as a traditional mental hospital, in which "crazy patients are expected to act crazy." Instead, the ward would be set up as a community—as normal a community as possible—with socially acceptable behavior expected from all hands twenty-four hours a day.

"By firmly expecting self-control, tolerance and understanding," he said, "we'll get it."

Practically nobody believed him.

Within a few weeks, it became apparent to the ward staff that there might be something to the therapeutic-community idea. The best evidence came from the reaction in the patients themselves. Typical was a powerful young marine who was transferred to Oak Knoll from a Navy base in the Far East. He had been hearing "voices." According to his record, he was psychotic, violent and highly dangerous, and had "already torn up two hospitals and one brig." He was carried into the admission ward, screaming, lunging and cursing, restrained in a strait jacket and leg straps.

"Get him out of those things," Doctor Wilmer ordered.

Quickly the marine was released from restraints, but he continued his curses.

Another patient, seriously ill himself, walked over. "Mac," he told the marine, "we got nurses on this here ward. We don't cuss where ladies are around."

The marine stopped his profanity, but went on with his screams—"For God's sake, put me in the quiet room! Lock me up! Knock me out with some sleeping medicine! If you don't, I'm going to kick somebody's brains out! I'll kill somebody!"

"You're going to do nothing of the kind," said the doctor. "We don't use quiet rooms here, and we practically never give sleeping medicine. You're going to control yourself."

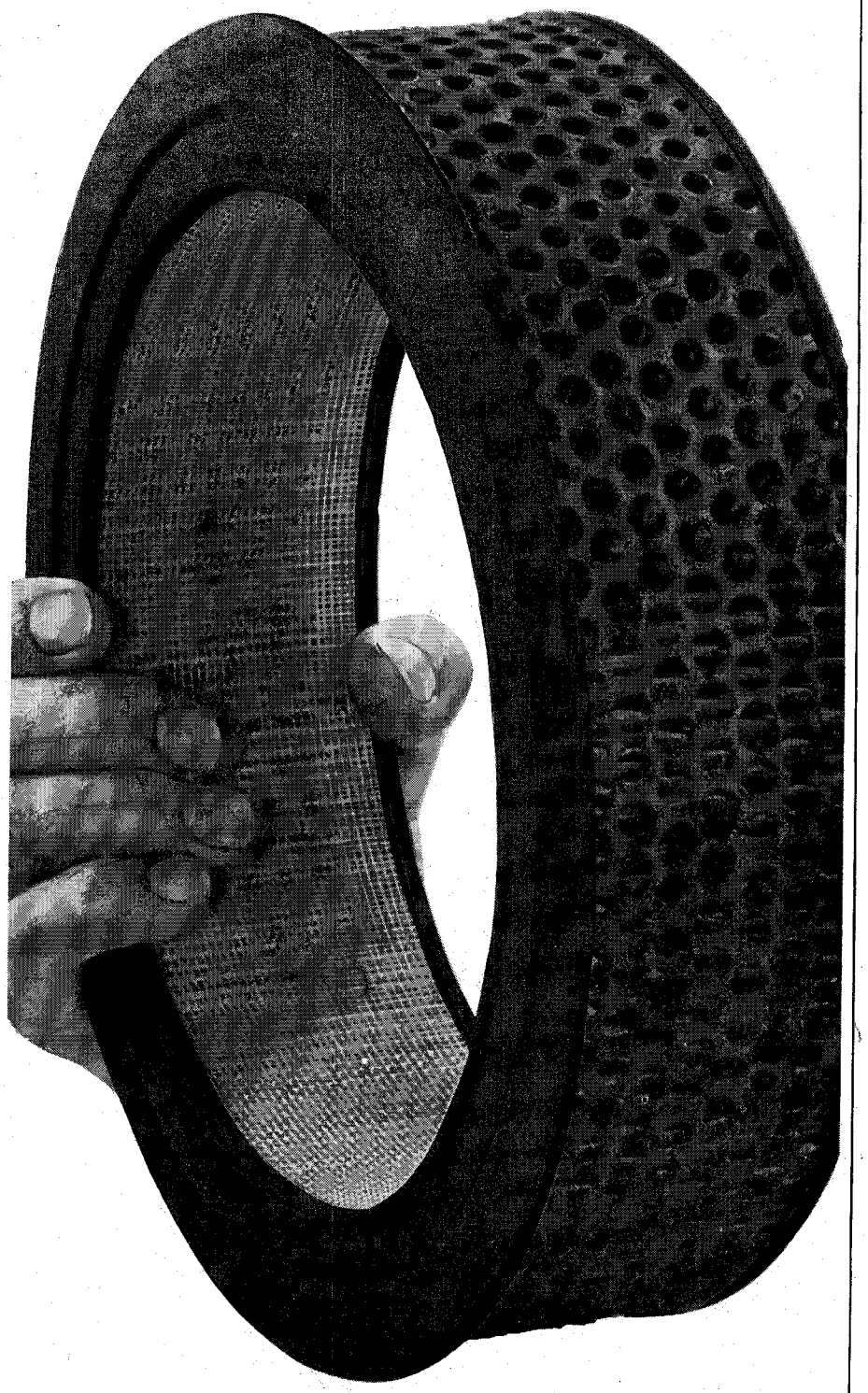
"No, I'll kill somebody!" yelled the marine.

Still another patient—who was firmly convinced the Secretary of the Navy had robbed him of ten billion dollars—came over to help. "Look, fellow, you don't have to go clobber anybody to prove how strong you are," he said. "If you're really so powerful, you keep yourself under control."

A puzzled look appeared on the marine's face. "I still might hurt somebody," he warned. Then he asked quietly, "Sir, can I have some coffee?" Soon he found he could keep himself in hand.

Later Doctor Wilmer declared that giving a sleeping pill to a confused patient "merely confounds and compounds his confusion."

"Too often," he said, "a sedative is given to the patient so the doctor can get a good night's sleep. Generally it's better to let the patient stay awake—have a cigarette or a cup of coffee, walk around, talk—and find out what's really troubling him."



CLOGGED FILTERS KILL POWER!

Beware! A grimy, dirt-choked carburetor air filter strangles your engine . . . makes it lose pep . . . cuts horsepower.

Engines must breathe! Replace that dirty, clogged air filter cartridge *now!* Change to a FRAM *Air* Filter and feel the new surge of power! Remember to change to a FRAM *Oil* Filter, too . . . with your next oil change. FRAM *car-matched* Air and Oil Filter cartridges are the best protection against engine damage you can buy. FRAM Filters are engineered for *full filtration* . . . give your engine *full protection* against damaging abrasives, sludge and dirt. Clean FRAM Filters and clean oil means more pep and power!

FRAM® OIL • AIR • FUEL • WATER FILTERS

TAKE FIVE!
Take five minutes every 5000 miles for a free filter checkup by your FRAM Authorized Service dealer. *Keep new car pep!*

Fram Corporation, Providence 16, Rhode Island
Fram Canada Ltd., Stratford, Ontario

"I have uncovered some interesting information about you, Your Majesty."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was equally opposed to standard use of the locked seclusion or quiet room. "It confirms a patient's fear that he might lose all control and go to pieces," he said. "It puts him in a situation where he feels it's proper for him to act crazy. Also, when you put one patient in a quiet room, the fear that goes through the rest of the ward is so thick that you can feel it."

Originally his ward had two quiet rooms. One was changed into a regular office. The other was equipped with a piano and made into a recreation room.

From the outset, increasing emphasis was put on the daily community meetings, where patients could discuss anything and everything that might be important to them. Occasionally, for many minutes at a time, no one seemed willing to discuss anything and the session remained like a silent Quaker meeting. In other sessions, the patients quickly brought up a host of subjects, ranging from the editorial tone of "confidential" magazines—"Man," remarked one schizophrenic patient, "those guys are sicker than we are!"—to the problem of broken homes, alcoholic mothers, unfaithful wives, long-remembered battle fears and abnormal sex urges.

Repeatedly it was demonstrated that the patients—all of them seriously ill and unable to run their individual lives—possessed a remarkable group ability to handle the problems of others with insight, skill, warm understanding and humor.

"As week after week went by," Doctor Wilmer reported, "it became clear to all of us on the staff that something more than meetings was taking place. It was not merely the transformation of a ward which had been too often disturbed by violence, destruction of property and the struggling and screaming of men in quiet rooms. We were no longer a jail. We were becoming a hospital. Of more importance we were becoming a community."

In this pioneering experiment, the Oak Knoll group received vital support from Rear Adm. John Q. Owsley, commanding officer of the hospital; Capt. George Raines, the Navy's chief of neuropsychiatry; Rear Adm. Bartholomew Hogan, the Surgeon General; and Dr. Francis J. Braceland, a special consultant to Admiral Hogan and later to be named president of the American Psychiatric Association. Even Fleet Adm. Chester Nimitz took personal interest in the ward, came to visit it himself, and gave the staff his warm personal encouragement.

At the end of ten months, in a report to the American Psychiatric Association, Doctor Wilmer noted that 939 patients—many of them desperately psychotic, suicidal or homicidal—had gone through the admission ward. There had been remarkably few cases of violence, and not one of these had been serious.

"Use of barbiturates was reduced by about ninety per cent," he said. "I did not once find it necessary to place a patient in a seclusion room. Patients were expected to use self-control. . . . They did."

In 1956 Doctor Wilmer was named a captain, transferred to the Navy Medical Center at Bethesda, Maryland, to make a detailed analysis of his findings, and then moved to the Mayo Clinic to continue his research. At the Navy hospital in Oakland, Capt. Marion Roudebush continued the therapeutic-community program and extended it to other wards in the psychiatric section. Thus the patients who had started with this type of therapy in the admission ward were able to continue as they were passed along to other wards.

"The whole section," says Doctor Roudebush, "is now being run as a hospital. Our emphasis is not on maximum security, but on maximum treatment."

Before Doctor Wilmer left Oakland, he urged one of his close friends—Dr. Harold Chope, the health officer of nearby San Mateo County—to try a therapeutic community in the county hospital.

"You don't have to sell me," Doctor Chope reminded him. "I've seen your ward at Oakland."

Late in 1956, a modern psychiatric ward was built at the new San Mateo Community Hospital and opened under the direction of Dr. Calvin Young, an enthusiastic and imaginative psychiatrist who had been unhappy with the standard custodial care of patients.

"Before we actually started the unit as an open ward, everybody was in favor of it," said Doctor Chope. "But when our doctors saw what they'd actually approved—when they saw that open door—they were petrified."

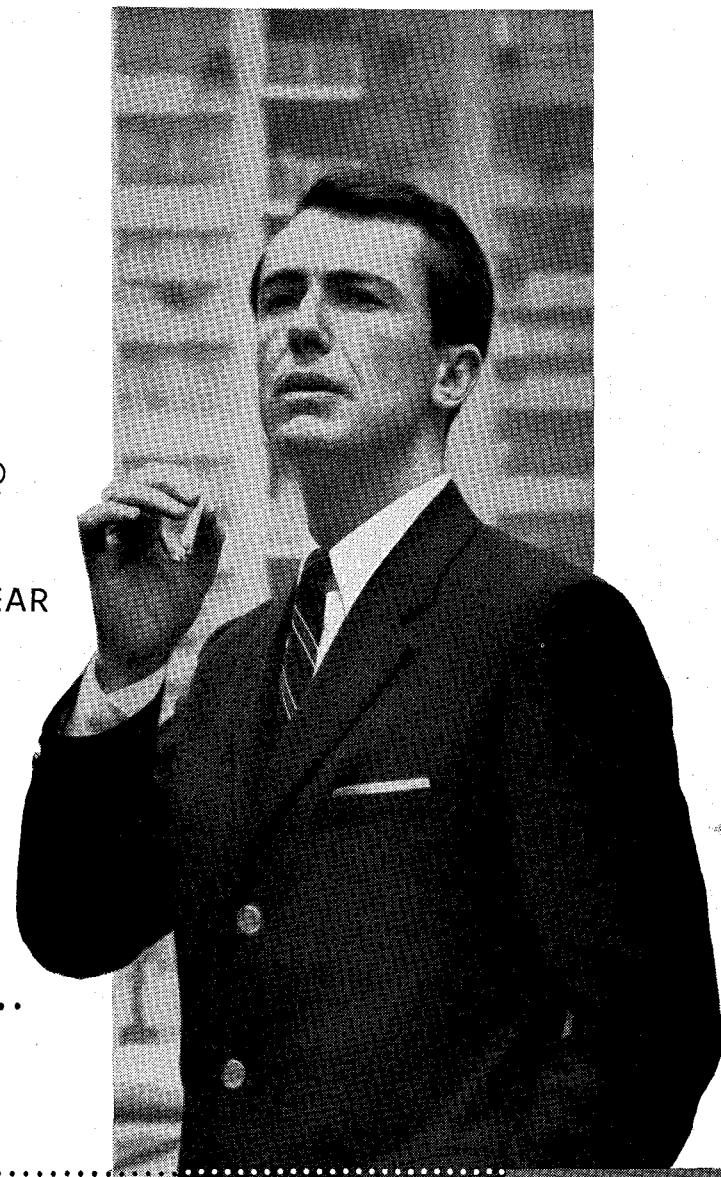
One distinguished local psychiatrist told him, "Jones could get away with it in England because his patients weren't very sick anyhow. Wilmer could get away with it because he was working with sailors who were used to discipline. But here you get everything—the old, the young, the drunks, the schizos, the suicidals. You can't screen them or refuse them admission. You've got to lock them up. Why, they want to be locked up themselves!"

Another leading physician warned, "People will get hurt. There will be suicides and escapes and scandals. The taxpayers will murder you."

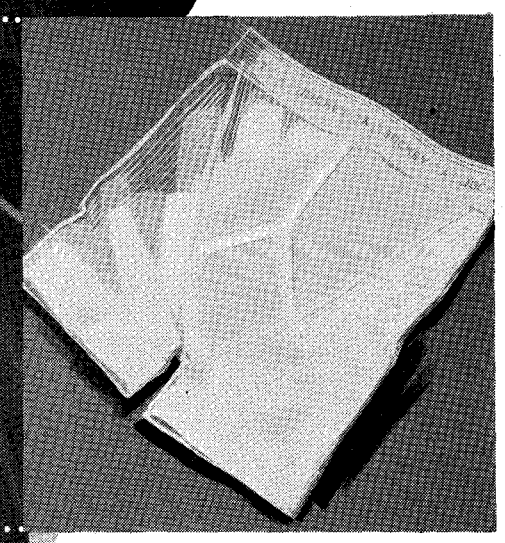
Impressed by Doctor Young's confidence in the plan, the health officer refused to back down. "Before, with locked wards, there have been suicides and escapes," he said. "We're not going to

Jockey® BRAND UNDERWEAR

feels better because it fits better...



It stands to reason: underwear that fits better feels better, and Jockey brand is exclusively tailored to fit far better than any other underwear. Coopers invented Jockey Midway® to suit the needs of men who want complete comfort plus more coverage. Discover how the superior tailoring and extra leg length of Midway give you a bonus of comfort. Wear Jockey Midway—it feels better because it fits better.



NEW Jockey® Midway® BRAND made only by Cooper's®

Known the world over by this symbol. ® Sold in 98 countries. Cooper's, Incorporated, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

penalize ninety-nine per cent of our patients with strait jackets just to protect the one per cent who might need them—and who might not too. We're going to give it a try."

For a few months, there was near panic in some sections of the hospital. Significantly, there was no upheaval in two important areas—in the adjoining city of San Mateo, where citizens took news of the experiment quietly and reasonably, and in the psychiatric ward itself, where patients quickly learned that they could function as a group to control and help themselves. There were a few escapes and incidents of violence, but these were remarkably infrequent and rarely serious. Within a year, the therapeutic community had been generally accepted as routine.

Typical of the attitude of the San Mateo group is the rule that only two items—liquor and personal medication—are considered contraband. Mirrors, eyeglasses, rings, nail files, belts, shoe laces, manicure scissors and neckties are not confiscated. Similarly, patients are free to use the telephone in the ward.

"Sure, we've had a few screwball calls," admits Doctor Young. "But keeping the phone here shows the patients that we really do trust them. It lets them talk to their husbands or wives, their kids, their employers. It keeps the lines of communication open."

To many observers, the most important application of the therapeutic community has been its use in the huge California State Hospital at Stockton. Started in March, 1957, the new program has now been extended to ten of Stockton's wards, including some 750 patients. Under the leadership of Dr. Freeman Adams, director of the hospital, the experiments were begun largely by Drs. G. W. O'Brien, T. E. Doody, Charles Dutton, a clinical psychologist, and E. F. Galioni.

"We'd been a whopping-big state hospital, steeped in tradition," says Doctor Adams. "Our wards were filled with patients who were confused, unhappy, frightened, withdrawn, all mixed up. Most people assumed that all these symptoms were the result of their mental disease. But some of us suspected that maybe these patients were victims of 'hospitalitis'—that many of their symptoms stemmed from their being locked away from the world for months or years."

Several of the staff members had watched the work at the Navy's Oak Knoll Hospital and proposed a trial of the therapeutic community at Stockton. Doctor Galioni, director of clinical services, approved an experiment in one ward. A week later, there was a full-scale revolt, and a delegation of doctors met with the hospital director.

"Those fools have thrown out all restraints and all seclusion," one irate physician declared. "They're letting the patients have meetings right out in the open. Doctor Adams, you've got to do something. All hell has broken out on that ward!"

The director rose from his chair, strode to a window and looked at the ward where the first therapeutic community was being tried. "Looks O.K. to me," he said. "The building still seems to be standing. If the boys need any help, they'll call me."

Many of the old-time staff members found it impossible to tolerate the sharing of any of their old-time authority. They continued to express their alarm, and several threatened to quit. Actually, only one physician resigned. Typically they issued the two standard warnings: "You can't let patients decide anything—if they knew what was good for them, they wouldn't be in here," and "Somebody will get hurt!"

Doctor Adams declined to retreat and suggested patience. "We had an uneasy stalemate for a while," he says, "and then the staff began to cool down."

Soon the revolt dissipated, and more and more staff members decided they wanted to try a therapeutic-community program on their own wards. "We hope to have it on nearly all our wards someday," says the hospital director, "but we won't force it."

In the Stockton ward meetings, the patients and staff members together have decided not only when the bars should be taken from the windows and the doors left unlocked but also which patients should have ground privileges and which should be permitted to leave the hospital.

"Naturally, the hospital administration reserves a veto power," Doctor Adams says. "Of all the hundreds of group decisions, however, we've overruled only three—and in two of those, later events convinced me that the group was right and I was wrong."

Interestingly, the townspeople of Stockton—like those earlier in San Mateo—demonstrated no alarm. They viewed the new development with interest, intelligence and sympathetic understanding.

"I think most of us now realize that we're no longer trying to be custodians for the hopeless," Doctor Adams said recently. "We're trying to be a hospital, where patients can be cured. We can offer help to patients only if we have a decent regard for their dignity and their fundamental rights, if we show our belief that each patient has a core of mental health—a core of sanity—on which we can build. . . . If I were to be a patient myself in a mental hospital, this is the way I'd want to be treated."

All leaders in the field emphasize that the therapeutic community is no panacea. It will not solve everything. Furthermore, it is no mere technique, or a gimmick which can be doled out unemotionally like so many ounces of medicine. Instead, it is fundamentally a state of mind, a deep conviction which is marked by devotion and a willingness to expend far more than the routine effort, a belief in the program which soon becomes communicated to patients and staff alike. With this belief, the program can succeed. Without it, it will fail miserably.

Whether the therapeutic community is "curative" in itself, speeding the recovery of mental patients, cannot yet be proved by statistics. It seems generally established, however, that the new method—with its humane management of mental patients as human beings with human dignity and human rights—is safe, practical and a boost to everybody's morale.

In the past year, therapeutic-community programs have started at a dozen other state hospitals in California and other states, and at various governmental and military institutions. At the last meeting of the American Psychiatric Association, in San Francisco, similar programs were proposed for the management of all kinds of psychiatric patients, from juvenile delinquents to the most severe forms of schizophrenia. In all these developments, it was noted, patients should be treated where indicated with electroshock, tranquilizers and other forms of psychiatric therapy, but the major emphasis must be placed on relationships between people.

"Our simple premise," says Doctor Wilmer, who recently returned to practice in California, "is that to live a good life, people need people. To recover from mental disease, people need people even more." THE END

Tempting cheese tray. A tasty array for dessert or between-meals treat. And it's even *tastier* with the saltine that's *fresher* and "*Krispy-er*"— new Sunshine Krispy Saltines!

Soup's on — soup's great with new "Krispy" flavor! Sprinkle grated cheddar cheese over savory tomato soup. Serve with *lots* of Krispy Saltines for *lots* of compliments!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Range Quarrel (Continued from Page 36)

it," said the Kid. "They call me the Long-Gone Kid because I relish traveling. I want work."

"No work," said the man, "at this season. And you should know it."

"Then I'll move on. And thank you kindly for that speech on how to be mannerly."

"Wait a minute," said the girl. "Wait a minute. Are you hungry?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the Kid. "But I ain't goin' to eat you, no matter what your step-pa seems to think."

"I'm Quincy Gilmore," the man said crisply. "This here is the Half Circle G. Yonder's the cookhouse. Supper in a couple hours."

"Yes, Mr. Gilmore," said the Kid, and turned his horse.

Wearily he watered his mean little gray and put her in the corral. Then he stood for a moment in the sunlight, and sized things up.

A flat, quiet creek of mountain sweet water ran through the barnyard. There was the ranch house, two barns with a rickety windmill between them, and a small bunkhouse with a cookhouse adjoining. Before the cookhouse, from a cottonwood fork, a wagon-wheel rim was suspended by a thong of rawhide. In front of the cookhouse, on a bench, sat a withered old man, obviously the cook.

As the Kid approached him, he said amiably, "Three days, son."

The Kid seated himself on the bench. "Three days what?"

"That's what Mr. Gilmore gives all saddle tramps at Half Circle G. Some ranches throws a hot meal in your hat and yells good-by, but not Mr. Gilmore."

"I liked 'em both," said the Kid. "Him and his girl, Mary."

"The girl's name ain't Mary," said the old man. "It's Sally. Sally Caffrey. She's his step-baby. Her ma was bull-kilt last year and now she ain't got no one but him and her uncle. Anything else?"

"What do you mean, anything else?"

"Well, you're pumping me, ain't you?"

"Not yet," said the Kid. "Not really. But I'm sure as heck going to. I'm going to ask you about that wheel rim hanging there."

"That's a dinner bell to call the help."

"Oh, no," said the Kid, and his boyish face looked gnarled and hard. "No, you don't, not to me. I can't take that for no answer. Some of them is dinner bells, but not that one. It's been new hung; that rawhide thong is new cut. And look at the dust under it. No footmarks. If it's a dinner bell, why ain't you ringing it? It's there for an alarm, ain't it?"

"Was I to tell you," said the old man, "you'd burn out of the county so quick I wouldn't never have the pleasure of your acquaintance." Softly he added, "I'm afeered you're sitting in the middle of a range war, son."

"What started it?"

"There's a man at the edge of the valley name of Polk Caffrey, Sally's uncle. Two year ago he got mad at the county shipping pens down at Wilkesville and trailed his herd across the line to ship them out of the territory, for spite. This year he done it ag'in. Everybody knows it's a rustler's trick to take cows across a line to ship them. Whenever a rancher tangled hisself in his own range count, he figured Polk was stealing his cattle. The county begun to boil and choose up sides, three to one agin Polk."

"What did Polk do?"

"Went out of his way looking for trouble. They been hay burnings and fence cuttings, both ways. Next step is ambush, blasting powder and night riding."

"Whose side is Mr. Gilmore on?"

Bleakly the old man said, "No side whatever, and that's the worst side of all."

The Kid nodded.

"We don't have a gun thrower on our payroll," said the cook. "Mr. Gilmore wouldn't have a gun thrower on the place. He says gun throwers is the curse o' mankind."

In this day and age the young man who is moonstruck can count himself lucky if it was only a small moon.

IMOGENE FEY

"In my travels," said the Kid, "I've ran into other folks that held the same surprisin' opinion."

"Ranching has come to a miserable pass," the cook said angrily, "when a man has to know more about guns than he does cows."

"It sure has," said the Kid.

That very evening after supper the Kid got his first look at Polk Caffrey. The crew came in about sundown, dusty and workworn. There were three of them. One was a slew-footed redhead called Hart, another was a paunchy man named Ambrose, and the third was a grizzled gnome named Tyler. As punchers, they seemed a poor lot, but the Kid knew better. The shipping season had passed, and these were Half Circle G's winter crew. Every one of them would be an expert, not in one thing, but in many things. Not one of them, the Kid knew, was a fighting man. He could see they were troubled by events, but not afraid. They were polite enough to him, and friendly enough, but after a little conversation they called him "Otis," instead of "the Kid," as though they considered "the Kid" disreputable.

After supper they went out into the afterglow, all four of them, and sat on their heels by the corral fence. They had been sitting perhaps ten minutes when a buggy came cannoning up the road, flanked by three tough-looking punchers, one of whom wore two guns. In the buggy was a lantern-jawed man with lifeless black eyes, and between his feet was an ancient, moldy carpetbag. The cortege wheeled and drew to a stop, halfway between the corral and the ranch house.

"Polk Caffrey," informed Hart in a whisper. "He shot himself with his own pistol in his own kneecap, ten year ago, and has to ride in a buggy."

"This is trouble," said Tyler. "He's brought his artillery with him—old Two-Gun Latrobe, his big-mouth foreman."

"I seen trouble before," said the Kid sociably. "I don't want to brag, but I seen trouble that would make you gentlemen molt your teeth."

"Maybe we'll all molt a few teeth in the next half hour," said Hart.

"Not me," said the Kid. "I'm just passing through."

They stared at him coldly.

Mr. Gilmore came out of the ranch house, followed by Sally, and advanced upon the buggy. Polk alighted. The Kid flicked a glance at Mr. Gilmore, harried, troubled, and then a long one at Sally, so clean, and wonderful, and sweet.

"Quincy," said Polk, "I got a long ride home, so I'll not waste words. You've

New "Krispy" Flavor!
Sunshine Flaky-Thin SALTINES
KRISPY CRACKERS
Sunshine Flaky-Thin CRACKERS
KRISPY
SALTINES
The Saltine of 1000-and-1 uses from the Thousand Window Bakeries of Sunshine Biscuits, INC.
Fresher, flakier, "Krispy-er" than ever, Sunshine Krispy Saltines bring out the best in the foods you like best . . . because new "Krispy" flavor out-tastes 'em all!
Spread extra pleasure with flakier Sunshine Krispy Saltines and this delicious cream cheese and chopped corned beef spread. Add chopped onions to taste. Tastes great!
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shilly-shallied me more'n I can take. Are you for me or agin me?"

"Neither," said Mr. Gilmore.

"That won't do," said Polk. "Not no more. You're either for me or Russ Duffield and his friends. I'm giving you one last chance to answer."

Mr. Gilmore just looked at him.

"You know I never rustled no cows," said Polk.

"Sure, I know it," said Mr. Gilmore.

"Well, then," said Polk comfortably. "This has all been put on me by my enemies. My boys can't go to Wilkesville but somebody looks a insult at them. They live a terrible life."

"You can fix that," said Mr. Gilmore. "Turn peaceful. And if you've got any gun hands, get shut of them."

Now the man with two guns, the foreman Latrobe, spoke from his saddle. He had a puffy, arrogant face. "I hear you referrin' to gun hands," he said. "Do you think I'm a gun hand?"

"No," said Mr. Gilmore. "You do, but I don't."

"Now here's what we'll do," said Polk: "You put a little notice in the Wilkesville Gazette saying next year you plan to ship your cows with mine, across the line. That will straighten everybody out."

"No, Polk," said Mr. Gilmore. "The truth is, until you stop burning and cutting fence, I don't want nothing to do with you at all."

Polk Caffrey's face flushed darkly.

Softly, thickly, he said, "I'm Sally's closest kin. Don't that mean nothing to you? When her pappy died, she and her ma lived at my ranch, and I just about raised her. Don't that mean nothing?"

"You raised her nice, and I thank you," said Mr. Gilmore calmly.

Polk turned to Sally. "What about you, child? Ain't you on my side?"

Sally met his eyes squarely. "I'm on my father's side."

"But, child, your father died. This man's not your father."

"I'll listen to none of that kind of talk, Uncle Polk," she said.

Polk looked at her with those lifeless black eyes. "I thought maybe you'd feel that way," he said. "I hoped you wouldn't, but I thought you might."

He took the carpetbag from the buggy and held it in his hand. "This has been stored under my bed since you was a little girl, Sally. I used to treasure it, but I don't treasure it no more. I don't want it in my house. I'm giving it back to you."

With an overhand swing, he threw the carpetbag against the earth. Its catches burst and it flew open. Out poured toys and dresses—sweet, sad, little girl's dresses that made the Kid's eyes cloud. Polk Caffrey climbed into the buggy seat and untied the reins from the whip socket.

Mr. Gilmore stood at utter ease, watching quietly. Now he broke the silence. "Before you leave," he said, "I want to ask you a question. You've known me for three years. Do you consider me a man of my word?"

"Yes," said Polk. "But that don't mean nothing."

"It might, at that," said Mr. Gilmore. "Because the next time you speak to this girl, in my presence or out of it, I'm going to take a pair of pliers and look you up and rip out your tongue. I'm giving you my simple word on it, Polk."

Polk started to answer, and changed his mind. He drove off with his men.

Ambrose lit a lantern and put it on the table. Because of the seasonal layoff, the bunkhouse was largely empty. The Kid was allotted a lower bunk in the far corner of the room and he was thenceforth ignored. A card game was started, from which he was delicately excluded.

About nine o'clock, Hart said, "I liked this room last night, but I don't much care for it tonight."

The Kid went white as a sheet. "You mean me?"

"Well, yes," said Hart. "I guess I do. What kind of a fella are you, Otis? How can you eat Mr. Gilmore's grub and sleep in one of his bunks, and say, like you done out by the corral, that you're just passing through and don't care what happens to him?"

The Kid lifted his blanket and bunched it under his arm.

"Where you think you're going?" asked Tyler.

"I'm going out to sleep on the ground. I done some shameful things, but one thing I ain't never done. I ain't never slept with pigs."

"Them's hard words," said Ambrose mildly.

"I got harder," said the Kid. He swept them with his blazing eyes.

"Simmer down," said old Tyler gently. "Put back that blanket." The Kid put back the blanket. "Now, Hart," said Tyler. "Apologize."

"I don't want his apology," said the Kid, "because, fact is, he's entitled to a fair answer. So I'll try to give it to him. He asked what kind of a fellow I am."

"And we don't want to know that neither," said Ambrose. "Unless you want to tell us."

"I want to tell you. I'm a orphan. When I was eight, I was a swamper in a saloon. When I was twelve, I was stableboy in a livery barn. The man I worked for was a whipper. He'd get drunk and whip everything but the horses. Me, the stanchions, the stalls, even the floor. Then Wichita come to town, and met me, and got me out of it."

"Who's Wichita?" asked Hart.

"He was one of them wizard gun fighters nobody ever heard of outside his county."

"You find 'em here and there," said Tyler softly. "Oh, my."

"He was unbeatable," said the Kid, "but when he first drifted in, he didn't know it. He was just a starving, stranded immigrant. He got a job as deputy sheriff, serving papers. They give him a badge and showed him how to cock his gun, and before they knowed it he had that county cleaner'n a new shirt. He had a shanty on Main Street and took me in with him. We lived in trouble, trouble, trouble. Out by the corral a while ago, I didn't mean I didn't care none what happened to Mr. Gilmore. I just meant I've had seventeen year of trouble, and I never really learned to like it."

"Sometimes we can't dodge it," said Hart smugly.

"Then borrow a Winchester and get to work," said the Kid coldly. "Don't look at me."

"What happened then?" asked Ambrose. "Where's this gun-fighting Wichita now?"

"He's dead," said the Kid. "It come to me in a dream. Here's what happened then: Wichita tried to turn me respectable. He got me a job as a hazer on a ranch on Powder River. Being lonely, and naturally smart-alecky, I took off and started to travel. I been travelin' ever since."

"Did it come to you in a dream who killed him?" asked Hart.

"Yes," said the Kid.

Blank-faced, he walked past them, out the door. He got a drink at the pump by the water trough, making an unnecessary commotion as he did so, lest anyone think he was sneaky, then started a tour of the premises. He heard soft, throaty weeping, and, rounding the corner of the ranch house, came upon the girl.

She was seated on a chair by a scraggly grape arbor, with her head in her hands. As he came up, she took her hands from her face and sat on them.

"Pardon me," said the Kid. "But I came out for a drink and can't find my way to the bunkhouse."

"It's that building yonder," she said, "with the open door. But it's a long, hard trip, so maybe you better wait for daylight."

"I heard a little puppy crying," said the Kid. "But I don't see him."

"It was me," said Sally. "And you know it very well."

"I know it," said the Kid, and turned aside his head. After a moment, he said, "You knew Mr. Polk Caffrey pretty well. I want to ask you a question about him. When he dressed in the morning, which boot did he put on first?"

Cautiously she said, "The right one, generally. Why?"

"Generally? Sometimes the left one?"

"Always the right one."

"Naturally," said the Kid. "That's the way men are. They get habits, and nothing on this earth will change them. You love your Uncle Polk, don't you?"

"I love Quincy."

"Of course. Which is right. But you also love your Uncle Polk, and that's right too."

"But you heard and saw him. He threw that carpetbag on the ground."

"And what came out?"

"Everything."

"Not everything," said the Kid impassively. "Dresses come out and toys come out, but they was one thing that didn't come out. His love for you. He couldn't have throwed it out if he'd wanted to. It had been in there too long. In a way, it's like that boot we was talking about. He's no different from any other man; he's powerless agin himself."

Involuntarily, she reached for him with a groping hand, and he stepped back.

"Your name is Otis Beekman, you said," she declared. "I was sick a minute ago, but now I'm well. How long are you going to be around?"

"No longer than I can help," said the Kid. "You'll do, but for the others, even for Mr. Gilmore, I ain't wanted."

"And that makes a lot of difference."

"It makes the only difference. That's why they call me the Long-Gone Kid. That's why I travel. They's someplace in this world I'm wanted, and I ain't going to eat dirt and stay no place else."

Before she could answer, he had turned on his heel and left her.

When he stepped back into the bunkhouse, he found the Half Circle G hands looking strained and tense, as though they had come to a mutual decision.

Heavily Ambrose said, "Funny thing, but we half believed that story you told us, Otis."

The Kid looked stony.

Ambrose said, "Hart says you living with that Wichita, he must have taught you his trade."

"What he could, of course," said the Kid, "us being so close. But I'm trying to forget it."

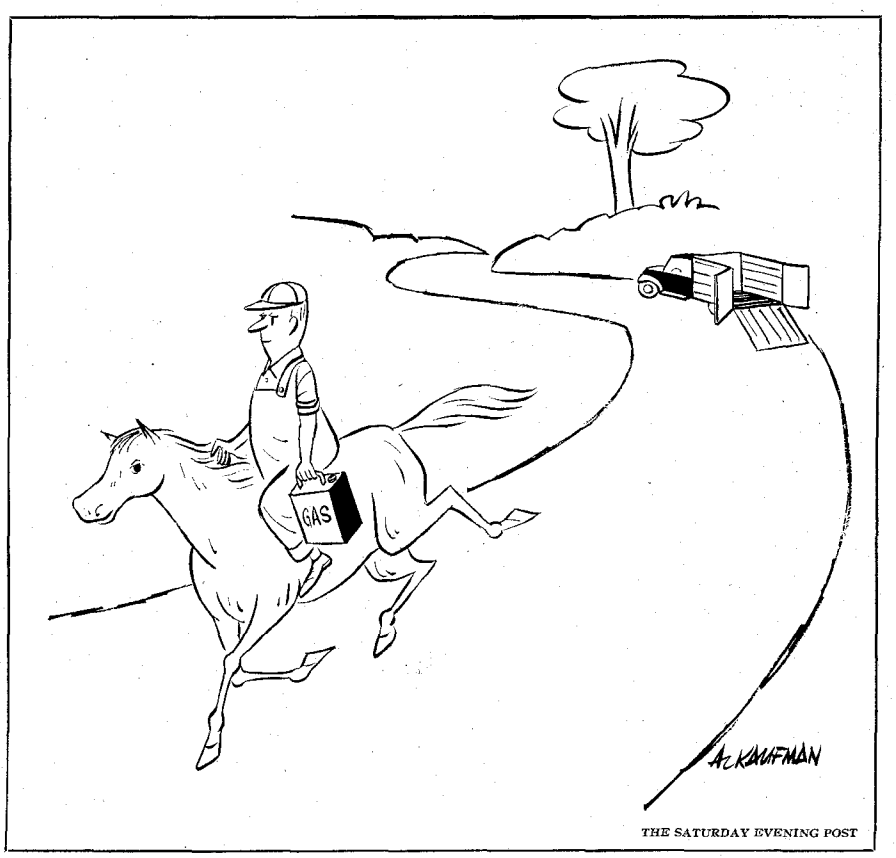
"Hart says they call you the Long-Gone Kid because you're a roamin' gun fighter yourself."

The Kid waited.

"We want to hire you," said Ambrose. "We'll make up your pay amongst us. Hart has a thirty-dollar saddle, Tyler will put in a mustang, I'm donatin' a month's pay."

"No," said the Kid. "I know how you feel, but I won't go on the gun for you nor nobody else."

He undressed and went to bed.



Next morning, midmorning, the old cook, whose name was Gila River, was sitting on his bench in the sun when the Kid joined him. The boys were out on the range on odd jobs. Breakfast had been an ordeal for everyone.

As the Kid came up, he said, "If that bench is still big enough for you and me at the same time, I'd like to set."

"It's big enough, and welcome," said the cook, with a twinkle in his eye. The Kid seated himself. "Excuse the boys," said the cook. "They got worries."

They sat in silence in the blistering sun.

Up the road came a rider on an iron-gray horse. As he drew closer, the Kid saw that his face was big and square and sun-blackened. He pulled up at the water trough and dismounted.

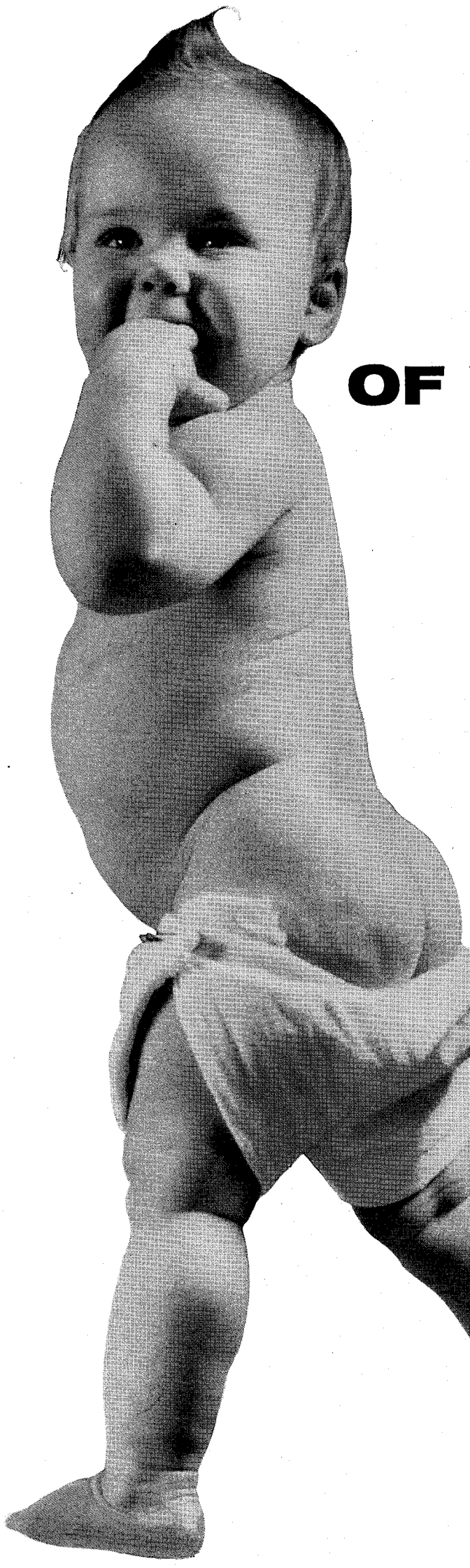
"That's Russ Duffield," said the cook from the corner of his mouth. "He's the rancher heading the fight agin Polk Caffrey, and two thirds of the county is behind him. He's fair and square."

The Kid grunted.

Mr. Gilmore came out of the house in his shirt sleeves; he wore steel-rimmed spectacles and carried a newspaper.

(*Continued on Page 118*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOW MUCH OF WHAT YOU'VE GOT IS COVERED?

Does your insurance cover your house at today's values?

Do you know that a house—
built in 1937 for $10,000, now would cost $25,000 . . .
built in 1946 for $12,000, now would cost $18,000 . . .
built in 1951 for $15,000, now would cost $19,000?

Are you adequately insured in view of such a drastic increase in construction costs?

What about your personal property? The value of furniture, appliances, clothing and other household goods also has skyrocketed. Do you have *enough* protection?

For your own financial safety, check your insurance protection with your local independent agent or broker today. He can help you make sure that *WHAT YOU'VE GOT IS COVERED.*

For the name of a nearby America Fore Loyalty Group insurance agent, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

THE CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY • FIDELITY-PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • FIREMEN'S INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK, N. J.
NIAGARA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY COMPANY OF NEW YORK • NATIONAL-BEN FRANKLIN INSURANCE COMPANY
COMMERCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEWARK • THE METROPOLITAN CASUALTY INSURANCE CO. OF N. Y. • MILWAUKEE INSURANCE COMPANY
ROYAL GENERAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

America Fore Loyalty Group

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 116*) "Russ!" he said cordially. "Step right into the house. I got a couple of lemons, Sally will pump up some cold water, and we can have us a pitcher of lemonade."

"I can't stay, Quincy," said Duffield. "Folks is saying you're on Polk's side in secret, Sally being his kin and all. That blowhard foreman of his, Latrobe, was spouting at Swenson's Store that last evening you and Polk agreed to ship out of the territory together next year. Is that so?"

"No."

"They want me to ask you one thing more. Do you hold with Polk and his ways?"

"No."

"I didn't think so," said Duffield, smiling. "You and me has always been friends and I didn't think so." He put forth a horny hand. "Shake on that, and I promise you won't be bothered."

Mr. Gilmore ignored the hand. He said, "But I don't hold with you either. I told you some time back, and I haven't changed my mind."

Duffield flushed and put his hand in his pocket. When he spoke, his voice was unsteady. "We're only fighting fire with fire. The valley has had two bad years in a row. We've had wind, snow, wolves, drought and low prices. Nobody can buck this and rustling too."

"Polk Caffrey isn't rustling."

"You say that to my face?"

"Of course," said Mr. Gilmore. "How could I say anything else?"

Russ Duffield swung to his saddle. He said, "I been holding them off you, Quincy. But I doubt if I can any longer, and I doubt if I care to."

"Well, that's the way it goes," said Mr. Gilmore placidly. "We do the best we can, and we admit it."

When Duffield had gone and Mr. Gilmore had disappeared into the house, the Kid said, "And so that's Mr. Duffield, fair and square."

The cook looked shaken and distressed, and made no answer.

The Kid rose from the bench. Preoccupied, he wandered about the yard. He was behind the barn, sitting on his heels, when Sally came to him.

"Go away," he said. "Please go away. I'm sick. I ain't in the spirit to talk to nobody."

"But I'm in the spirit to talk to you," she said. "I'm going to tell you what they're saying about you in the bunkhouse."

"I can hardly wait to hear."

"Hart and Ambrose have decided you're a fraud. That you've been throwing your weight around as a gun fighter and are a complete fraud."

"I ain't been throwing my weight around as nothing," said the Kid. "What does Tyler say?"

"He says you're this Wichita yourself. He says you've been talking part truth, part lie. Mixing it up to fool them. He says you're a famous gun fighter, hiding out; that he feels it in his bones. He claims there is no Wichita, nor no Long-Gone Kid either. He says if we heard your real name, we'd surely know it."

"My name is Otis Beekman," said the Kid. After a moment, he asked, "Who do you believe?"

"I believe Hart and Ambrose, because I want to. I'd rather believe you were a fraud than a gun fighter."

"I know you don't mean to aggravate me," said the Kid. "But like I said, I'm sick, and would you please go away?" As she left, he said, "Thank you, ma'am."

"No trouble at all," she said crisply.

That evening, Polk Caffrey came again. His cavalcade moved slowly tonight, and lazily, and an air of menace hung around it as it approached. The Kid and the Half Circle G men sat again by the corral fence, but tonight markedly separated. Sally and Mr. Gilmore were not far away, under the big cottonwood. Brushing past the Kid and the Half Circle G hands, Caffrey advanced upon Mr. Gilmore.

"Go inside, Sally," said Mr. Gilmore. The girl went into the house, where she stood just within the open door.

"Quincy," said Polk, "you been talkin' with a double tongue. Latrobe here heard at Swenson's Store that Russ Duffield come to visit you this morning, and you offered him your home and even lemonade. Is that true?"

"It is," said Mr. Gilmore. "But the lemons are gone now. I'm sorry."

Back by the corral, Tyler laughed.

"All this is just an excuse for violence," said Mr. Gilmore. "You've got started and can't stop. I must ask you to leave my land, Polk. All this must be very frightening to Sally."

"And to you, too, doubtless," croaked Polk. "Now leave me tell you what I think of you."

He spoke for three minutes in panting vituperation, Latrobe and his other hands listening, alert.

By the corral fence, grizzled old Tyler said mildly, "I'm sorry, boys, but I can't take this no longer. I just can't take it."

Walking to the bunkhouse, he returned with a cheap pistol and gun belt.

"A cowboy pawned this to me in Wilkesville once," he said. "Up to now, I ain't never shot nothing but cartridges, and few o' them. But here goes."

Hart said, "Who's the foreman at Half Circle G? If you don't want to get fired, hand me that belt, Tyler. I'll take care of this."

Tyler hesitated, then handed him the belt. "You good with one of these?" he asked.

"I'm the world's worst," said Hart. "But I'm foreman."

He approached Mr. Gilmore and the Caffrey men, and addressed himself to Polk. "All right, Mr. Caffrey. You got your orders. Clear off this land. And take your barflies with you."

"Well," said Latrobe, stepping forward and striking an animal stance, "if you're looking for anything, anything at all, I got it."

"Hart," Mr. Gilmore said, "do you see Polk's buggy team over there?"

"Yes," said Hart, frowning.

"Yesterday," said Mr. Gilmore, "Polk brought his best team, his favorite team, for show. Today he brought those second-stringers. He came expecting trouble. He expects shooting and don't want his best horses hurt. Hand me that gun belt. If there's going to be trouble, I'm the boss, the one to take it. Not you."

Hart faltered and handed him the belt. Clumsily, Mr. Gilmore buckled it on.

"Take a look at this," said Polk. "Now this is something I didn't expect. . . . Step back, Latrobe; I think I'll take over. Then this can be between bosses."

Mr. Gilmore asked, "Would you really do it? Would you really kill me?"

"We shall see what we shall see," said Polk, grinning wolfishly.

Now the Kid walked forward carelessly, and was among them before they realized it. He carried his rusty old .44-40 in his hand, out of its holster, holding it limply by his trousers leg, as though it were a loop of logging chain. All eyes were suddenly on him, and men seemed turned to stone in the amber afterglow.

Mr. Gilmore said severely, "You keep out of this, Otis."

The Kid pointed his gun muzzle at Mr. Gilmore's back.

"All right, Mr. Gilmore," he said. "Drop that gun belt."

Mr. Gilmore let his gun belt fall and the Kid reholstered his .44-40.

"I think the little runt was bluffing," said Latrobe.

Polk Caffrey did a strange thing. He turned his back and stood a long moment, staring at his boot toes. Finally, he refaced them, and his cheeks were drawn and pale.

"This boy has got more sense than you and me put together, Quincy," he said. "I come nigh killing you. He's got more sense than this whole durn county. What's got into me and Russ Duffield, anyhow?"

"Why don't you ship them cattle of yours from Wilkesville like everybody else?" said the Kid. "It's not only sociable but cheaper."

"I will," said Polk. "I must have gone crazy. From now on, I will."

"Then the war's over," said the Kid. "And everybody can dee-mobilize." After a moment, he said to Latrobe, "Almost over, not quite."

"You talking to me, boy?" said Latrobe.

"That's right," said the Kid, and his voice was like sawteeth. "And I don't want to see any of your friends amovin'. Take off your hat and drop it in the dust."

"I don't like that kind of talk, boy," said Latrobe ferociously.

"Then do something about it," said the Kid. "Because I ain't going to say it again."

For a crystal instant, they faced each other, man and boy, in a clash of wills. Tension built up and spread to the watchers, until it became almost unbearable. Latrobe broke. He seemed to wilt. With a sickly grin, he dropped his hat.

"Now pick it up and put it on again," ordered the Kid.

Latrobe obeyed.

"I just wanted to show up your big mouth and little stomach," said the Kid, "to pay you back for some of the trouble you helped along. I'm leaving now, and I doubt if you'll ever see me again. But if you do, remember two things. Don't ever call me a runt, and I never bluff." He turned and walked to the bunkhouse.

The Kid sat in the bunkhouse alone. After a bit, he got wearily to his feet, put together his bedroll and stepped outside. The ranch yard and the scattering of buildings seemed deserted, ghostly in the gloaming. He saddled his horse and started up the road.

About a mile beyond the ranch gate, he passed through a nest of great wind-polished boulders and came out onto a tongue of grassland. Around a barn lantern set on the earth were people and horses: Hart and Ambrose and Tyler, Mr. Gilmore and Sally. They mounted when they saw him, and rode forward, intercepting him.

"Leave me by," he said.

"You're going back with us to Half Circle G," said Mr. Gilmore. "I'm hiring you. You're our new hazer."

"A hazer in the winter?" said the Kid.

"We need you," said Sally. "We want you."

"No," said the Kid, coldly and entirely without self-pity. "Nobody needs me, and I ain't the kind of fellow anybody wants."

"Now that might be generally true," said Hart gravely. "I wouldn't know. But we want you."

Tyler and Ambrose nodded in warm agreement.

The group began its return. There was a good deal of laughing and talking.

After a while, Mr. Gilmore called across the chatter, "Otis, I hope you won't take this unkindly, but I'd like a word with you in private."

The Kid and Mr. Gilmore lagged their horses behind the others.

"Wichita," said the Kid, "you don't know how I've missed you. I been looking for you everywhere. How you been, you old rattlesnake?"

"Good enough," said Mr. Gilmore. "Why did you ever leave that ranch on Powder River?"

"You didn't come to see me often enough," said the Kid. "So I got lonesome and took off. It don't make sense, but that's why I did it. Then when I was sorry, you were gone."

They rode in silence.

The Kid said, "When I pulled up to your ranch house and said howdy, why did you cold-eye me and tell me to move on?"

"For two reasons," said Mr. Gilmore. "For one, I don't care to be known as Wichita any more. But mainly, and most important, I wanted you out of the county. I didn't want you hurt in this sorry little two-cent range war."

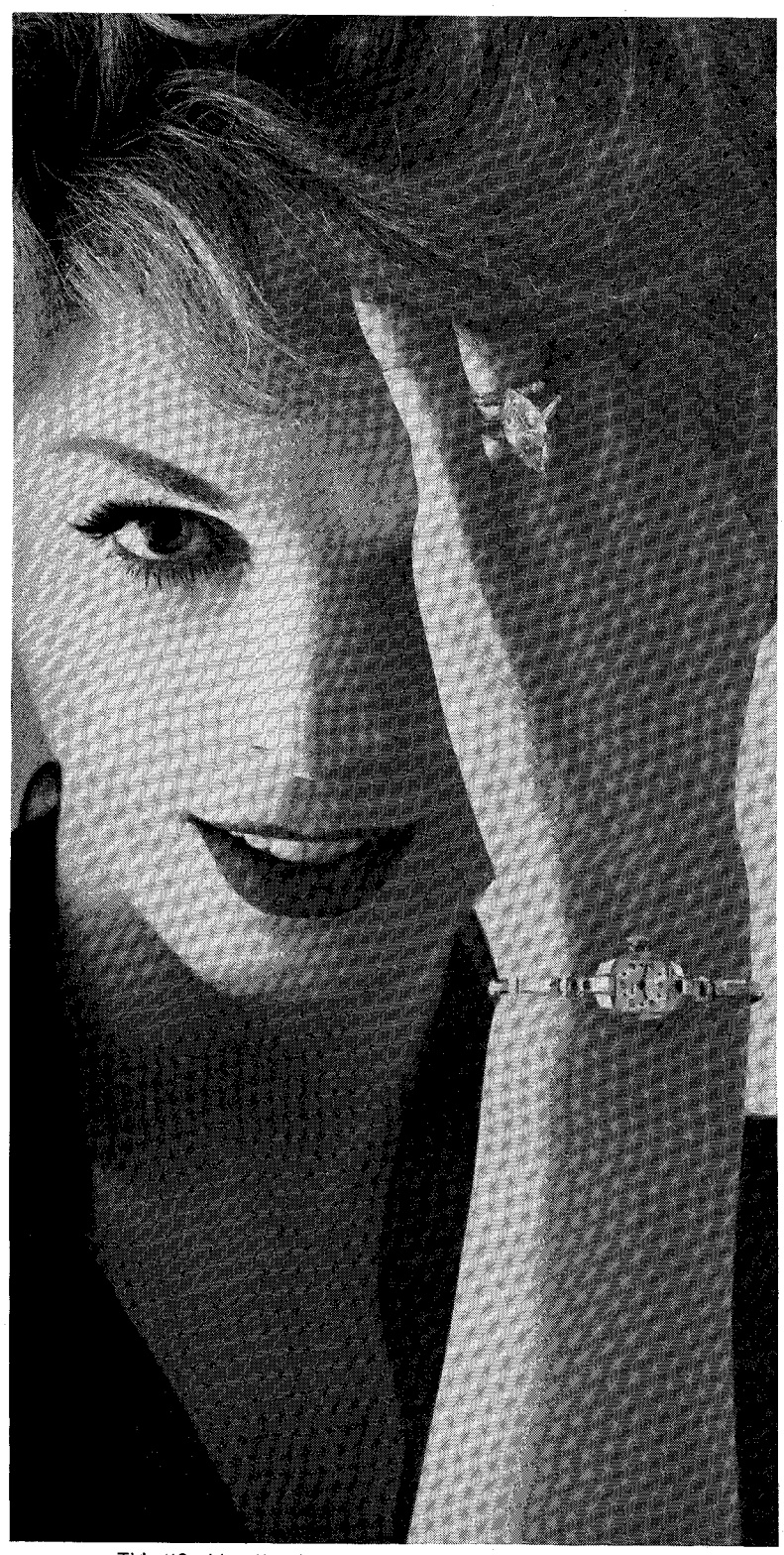
"I had a feeling you'd give up the gun," said the Kid.

"Yes. It came over me, like a sort of craving, to live harmless like other people."

"That's understandable," said the Kid.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When her eyes say something special to you alone

This "Goddess" is faceted to gleam like the sun. Yellow or white. $45

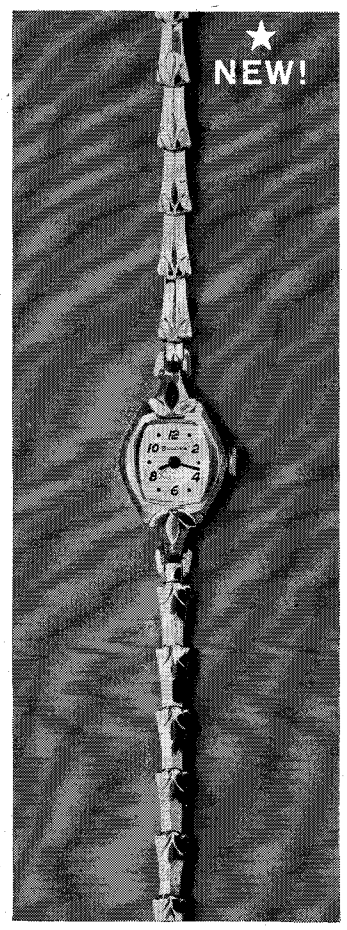
...give her beauty that flows around her wrist like a golden caress

BULOVA

GODDESS OF TIME

from $39.75

Watch and bracelet as matched as a kiss! This is the Bulova difference in the brilliant new Goddess of Time. And although the golden, shimmering flame of this watch is what will catch her eye, there are 17 working jewels inside the stylish case to mark the minutes with unfailing accuracy. Whatever Bulova you choose—from $29.75 to $2500—you are assured of the same careful craftsmanship. Let your authorized Bulova jeweler show you his complete collection soon!



Above: Stylized design to set off watch and bracelet. Yellow or white. $49.50

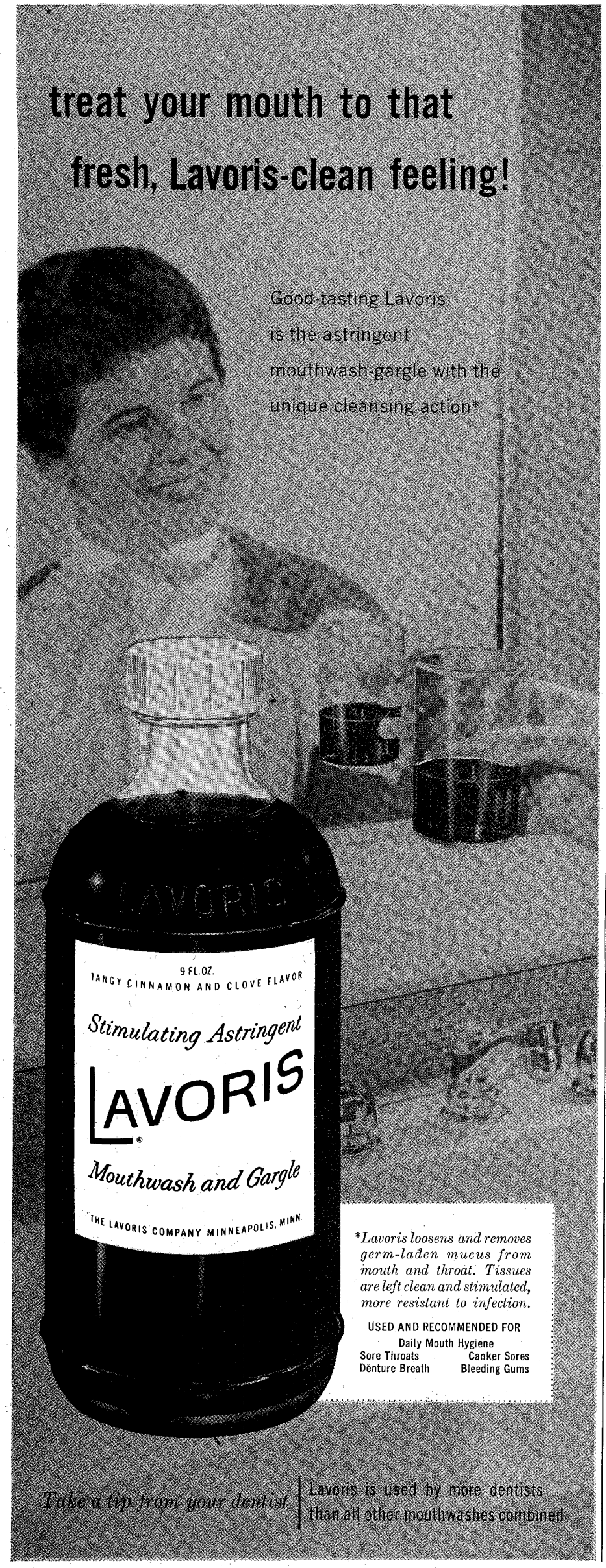
Left: Slim version with rippling bracelet. Yellow or white. $39.75

All prices include Federal Tax.

LOOK FOR THAT BULOVA DIFFERENCE

©1958, Bulova Watch Co., Inc., New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


treat your mouth to that
fresh, Lavoris-clean feeling!
Good-tasting Lavoris
is the astringent
mouthwash-gargle with the
unique cleansing action*
LAVORIS
9 FL.OZ.
TANGY CINNAMON AND CLOVE FLAVOR
Stimulating Astringent
LAVORIS
Mouthwash and Gargle
THE LAVORIS COMPANY MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
*Lavoris loosens and removes germ-laden mucus from mouth and throat. Tissues are left clean and stimulated, more resistant to infection.
USED AND RECOMMENDED FOR
Daily Mouth Hygiene
Sore Throats
Canker Sores
Denture Breath
Bleeding Gums
Take a tip from your dentist
Lavoris is used by more dentists than all other mouthwashes combined

Our Caribbean Showcase (Continued from Page 35)

in theory, were approximately the same in practice. With these, and by their own hard work and original effort, Puerto Ricans were lifting their country out of its ancient poverty and misery.

Muñoz, as everyone refers to him informally, said his island therefore had something to show the poor countries of the world. It could serve as a kind of Point 4 laboratory, or training ground. He also suggested that as a kind of Exhibit A, Puerto Rico could provide an effective answer to much of the anti-American propaganda round the globe and refute the Communist line, which claimed that Point 4 was an imperialist device.

The President agreed with him; so did Congress, which continues to give Muñoz' plan bipartisan support. So has almost everyone else. On his world travels, Vice President Nixon describes Puerto Rico as the "showcase of American co-operation." He urges officials of needy nations to send representatives there to learn how to help themselves with our aid.

This they do. Nepalese have learned about soil conservation. Peruvians about governmental budgeting and the paying of schoolteachers. Spaniards have returned home with an understanding of hydroponics, the science of growing crops in gravel washed with chemicals and treated with essential nutrients—a precious thing for countries limited in their arable areas. Nigerians have learned about agronomy; Egyptians have observed the construction and use of multiple-purpose dams.

Since May, 1950, when fifteen Latin-American engineers and one doctor arrived to tee off the program, almost 5000 trainees—*becarios*, the islanders call them—have come from 106 countries and territorial entities of the free world to see how Puerto Rico does it. In addition, Washington and London have sent people to Puerto Rico before dispatching them on aid missions to farther countries. And many more have come under various exchange arrangements.

These observers have included social workers, labor-relations people, clergymen and nuns, laborers, businessmen and bankers, architects, cabinet ministers and legislators, artists, editors, scientists, teachers, technicians, farmers and agronomists, doctors and nurses, engineers—a human cross-section.

In Puerto Rico their activities are directed by what is known as TCA (Technical Co-operation Administration), an agency of the island's State Department. TCA is under the supervision of an able young alumnus of the University of Texas and of Columbia—Dr. Arturo Morales Carrion, Puerto Rican Under Secretary of State.

The collaborating agency in Washington is the International Co-operation Administration; but there is not, and never has been, any interference by the United States in Puerto Rico's running of the show on the island. The project is a partnership.

Trainees usually are selected—and screened—by the country of origin, by United Nations agencies or by the Organization of American States. American representatives on the spot screen them again. The candidates are tested for character, personality, aptitude and, not least, political beliefs. Thus far, no subversives have turned up, but, with citizens from 106 countries and from every conceivable walk of life and stratum of society, there have been a few incidents.

Some *becarios* have been expelled because of overly exuberant behavior; others have had money troubles. One gentleman thought the little slips of paper bearing the bank's name had only to be filled out and signed in order to become cash money, even though he had nothing in the bank. He had never seen a check before.

Then, there have been those who made the classic mistake of overindulging in Puerto Rico's celebrated rum, then challenging Puerto Rico's equally celebrated cops. Others have violated the automobile rule. No trainee may own or operate

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Can't you just see us, dear, growing old together? You, sort of letting yourself go and getting dumpy and querulous—and me, bald, paunchy and uncommunicative?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a motor vehicle while on the island. This prevents traffic accidents and the international complications which might well ensue.

A jovial, rotund TCA factotum named Julio Perez Garcia heads what is known as the Office of Personal Services. It is his responsibility to meet the visitors when they arrive, place them in living quarters, solve their problems, calm the impetuous, admonish the obstreperous, soothe the unhappy.

Don Julio will long remember the matter of the Pakistani from Karachi and the Indian from Hyderabad. They arrived at a moment when the continuing friction between their countries was at a particularly tense stage. In Puerto Rico they were thrown together at meetings, at parties, even at meals. They complained—separately—to Don Julio. Don Julio urged reason, asked them to try to understand each other's point of view—and he continued to schedule them on the same field trips. It is his satisfaction that they wound up fast friends and even chose to room together before they went back to their countries.

Incidents have been relatively few because of the character of the trainees themselves. In general, they are intelligent, educated men and women who take their mission seriously. They study everything about the island—economic, political, social. This task is made easier by Puerto Rico's small size, which keeps everything on a scale convenient for observation. The total population, at 2,281,000, is about the size of Philadelphia's.

The country is also ideal for this kind of study because it still has a long way to go in quest of the good life. Although progress has been remarkable, the island's annual per capita income is still only $443—less than half that of Mississippi's, whose $964 is the lowest of any American state's. Like the countries of the trainees, Puerto Rico is still struggling to better itself. This creates a bond between student and islander. At the same time, the island's accomplishments are impressive enough to encourage people who have wondered if there ever would be a way out of their own wretchedness.

Since 1940, when Bootstrap was launched, Puerto Rico has increased its gross product by more than 300 per cent, its net income by 266 per cent—in 1940, the annual per capita income stood at $121. Its bank deposits have grown sixfold. So have motor-vehicle registrations. The number of telephones in use has risen 350 per cent. By astute use of tax concessions more than 500 new industries have been persuaded to locate in Puerto Rico. The island has also developed its water power sensationally. It now produces more kilowatt hours per capita than any other country south of the Rio Grande.

Some trainees protest that Puerto Rico could not have done all this had it not been for its relationship with the United States. They complain that their own nations, not having anything comparable, can never match the island's achievements for that reason.

The relationship is, of course, a tremendous advantage. As American citizens, Puerto Ricans may migrate freely to the States, thereby keeping the island population in check. In addition, Stateside resources are available for the asking; continental capital nourishes Puerto Rican production; Puerto Rico's products enter the United States without duty.

But Puerto Ricans reply that they had the wit to take advantage of all this. When they started Bootstrap they inventoried every resource at their command. The United States happened to be the most important of these, so they are using it. They urge other needy nations to inventory their own resources and wring the last possible benefit from these with Point 4 help.

The islanders also point out that their effort stems entirely from themselves—as it should in all countries—and that the relationship is by no means a one-way affair. Puerto Rico buys goods in the amount of $600,000,000 a year from the U.S.A. As Muñoz is quick to tell everybody, all of Latin America combined—twenty nations and some 180,000,000 people—buys only six times that amount from the United States.

Puerto Rico's relationship with the United States is unique. Under its constitution, voted by the islanders in March, 1952, approved shortly thereafter by Congress and put into effect on July 25, 1952, Puerto Rico assumed a commonwealth status within the American Union. Except for foreign policy, defense, the mails, coinage and the United States District Court, which are Federal matters, the island runs its business.

The island has its own executive and legislature and its own taxes—it pays none to the United States. All customs duties collected at its ports are deposited in San Juan's treasury. Yet it remains part of the American Union—something of which the islanders are very proud.

An Austrian trainee called this "fabulous." A banker from Jakarta, skeptical about the relationship before he came to Puerto Rico, says that it still seems too good to be true even though he now knows it for a fact. Visitors from the Arab states, while they disagree with America's Middle East policies, are enthusiastic in praise of the United States as a nation that could permit such a thing.

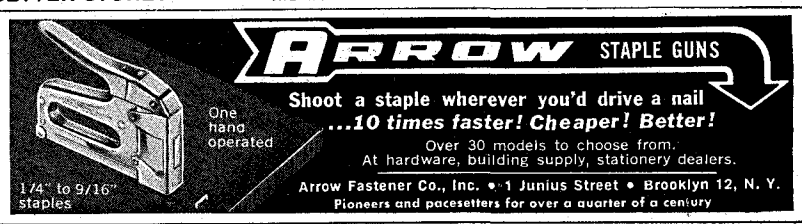
A Cuban labor leader who had agitated for Puerto Rican independence changed his mind after his visit and went on the radio in both San Juan and Havana to say so. A Panamanian who had considered Puerto Rico subjugated wishes that his own country had a similar setup. A Mexican said to me, "Puerto Ricans live in a climate of liberty, but at the same time security."

The trainee project has had a powerful effect on Puerto Rico itself. It has given the islanders a much-needed pride in their country and in themselves. Only a few years back they lived with the age-old inferiority complex of a colony. Now they are an international cynosure, their accomplishments so spectacular that people all over the world want to study them. Every day brings a fresh example of their importance. For example, their country's rural-development program was a principal subject of study at a recent United Nations conference in New Delhi.

The rural-development program has, in fact, become a model. When the rebel Hukbalahaps surrendered to the Philippine Army after the late President Magsaysay's promise of safe conduct and land, resettlement turned out to be a very difficult matter. An army captain, Octavio Alzona, was dispatched to San Juan. As Captain Alzona knew, Puerto Rico had a serious resettlement problem itself. This involved the squatters who lived in loose communities of miserable shacks, made largely of tin, scrap lumber and cardboard. The shack dwellers were coffee pickers, tobacco growers, cane cutters—totally dependent on agriculture. They were on salary, or shares, and the work was seasonal. They had to do whatever the landowner directed in return for the privilege of living on his property. They were often hungry.

Bootstrap's goal was to give them land, housing, diversified sources of income, education, electrification and accessibility to good water and consumer goods—a tall task.

Elegance...
at most unusual prices!
Just think...for only $35.75...you can own the luxury of an Alligator Weatherstyle all wool tweed or Shetland style outercoat. Smart patterns and colors. Soft, wonderfully wearable and water repellent! Above: new Galetone IRIDESCENT of finest yarn-dyed 2-ply cotton. Elegant in quality and appearance, $25.95. Plaid lined, $29.95. Other Alligator Coats, $11.75 to $54.75.
THE COAT YOU'LL LIVE IN
Alligator
ALL-WEATHER COATS
AT BETTER STORES
THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY • ST. LOUIS • NEW YORK CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES


ARROW STAPLE GUNS
Shoot a staple wherever you'd drive a nail
...10 times faster! Cheaper! Better!
Over 30 models to choose from.
At hardware, building supply, stationery dealers.
One hand operated
1/4" to 9/16" staples
Arrow Fastener Co., Inc. • 1 Junius Street • Brooklyn 12, N. Y.
Pioneers and pacesetters for over a quarter of a century

Wanted: You!

IF YOU want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earning generous commissions.

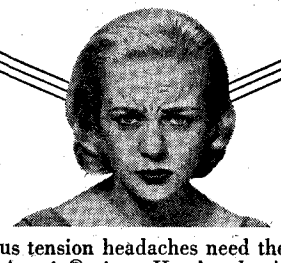
Just send us your name and address on a postal. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this kind can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you. Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
445 Independence Square, Phila. 5, Pa.

DON'T LET WATER PIPES FREEZE!
use safe, dependable
LINE-O-HEAT®
Largest-Selling Heating Tape in the World!
Prevents freezing in coldest weather. Easy to apply. Costs very little to use. 10 lengths from 4' to 80' from $2.40. If your hardware dealer doesn't have it, write . .
SMITH-GATES CORP., Farmington, Conn.

Better than aspirin even with buffering for

TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES



Nervous tension headaches need the special relief Anacin® gives. Here's *why* Anacin is better than aspirin, even with buffering added. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a *combination* of medically proven ingredients. Anacin acts to (1) relieve pain, (2) calm nerves—leave you relaxed, (3) fight depression . . . and Anacin Tablets do *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today!

3 out of 4 doctors recommend the ingredients of ANACIN

ASK FOR **WARM** DOG SWEATERS
WHEREVER PET SUPPLIES ARE SOLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The job starts with the land itself. A spot is selected where water is available, the topography is suitable for homes and a power line is accessible. The land is taken under right of eminent domain. Mostly, it is acreage not in use; always it is paid for. Prospective householders are selected by drawing lots out of a hat. Losers are cared for as new lands are acquired. Winners must occupy their plot within four months or forfeit their right to it; in Puerto Rico space is at a premium. Title to the land is kept by the government, although a man may pass his house to his children with the approval of the Land Authority.

The winner builds his house himself with the help of his neighbors. The material is poured concrete. The plan is standard—two bedrooms, living room, kitchen. It is not large. The government furnishes materials and a concrete mixer, sends a foreman to oversee the construction. Every man in the community is expected to contribute at least part of two days each week to the job, even though he may not be a house builder himself. For one thing, this teaches community co-operation; for another, it entitles him to shelter in the new concrete houses should heavy tropical storms threaten or destroy his own flimsy shack.

The house costs approximately $300, of which the government pays half. The house builder pays twenty dollars down and has five years in which to pay the rest of the $150 at no interest. The task of repayment has been eased by the coming of new factories to the rural districts. Today there is not a Puerto Rican town of any size without its industry. Women and girls help support the family as factory workers; so do boys of suitable age.

After the houses are up, the people build their school, form their co-operative store with the payment of five-dollar shares, erect a community center, establish recreation facilities, and so on—all with community labor. They even make their own streets.

Tall order or not, by the end of August, 1957, 45,885 families had been installed in 283 communities. By 1961, all *agregados*, as these rural people are called, are scheduled to be resettled.

Success was not quite so spectacular in 1954, when I talked to Captain Alzona in the State Department Building in San Juan's Fortaleza Street, but it was marked enough for him to recommend that the plan be applied to the Huks.

A few months ago my wife and I journeyed into the hills to Maria Jimenez, a little community about twenty miles southeast of San Juan. Forty-eight $300 houses had been built there; the people were having a celebration to dedicate them. With us went a Brazilian priest, thinking of resettlement problems near his home city of Belo Horizonte, north of Rio, and three Filipinos.

The presence of people from far places excited the villagers, even though they already had received attention from abroad. Two nuns from Mexico and a group of construction workers from El Salvador had helped to build the houses. The sisters, one of them a mother superior, had wielded trowels, driven nails and plied screw drivers while their habits flapped about them, and their wide, starched hats waved in the trade wind. They wanted something of the kind in their home community and had come to Puerto Rico to experience everything connected with it.

The dedication was gay. There were speeches and folk songs sung to the accompaniment of guitars and *juicharos*, local rhythm instruments. There was dancing. The girls looked spruce and pretty in new dirndls, the boys scrubbed and clean in new figured shirts. Almost every able-bodied person in Maria Jimenez above school age was working now. They looked confident and prosperous—and they impressed their visitors.

The Filipinos were interested also in Puerto Rico's second type of rural development. Financed, like the first type, by bond issues sold on the New York market, this program involves the distribution of land for small farms. As in the first scheme, the land is condemned, paid for, then given to a family for life. Recipients must own no other property. Before a family is selected, a screening committee investigates every member. No government employee is eligible, nor is anybody without agricultural experience. No farm may be less than five acres in area nor more than $5000 in value. The government lends $400 for seed, fertilizer and what not, and provides assistance from agronomists and other experts. The loan must be paid back at 3 per cent within ten years. There are presently about 1000 such farms in Puerto Rico. These grow pineapples, truck, and the like, as opposed to the industrial crops, such as sugar cane, tobacco and coffee. This has created a whole new economic group.

But even more interesting to the trainees than these phases of rural development is Puerto Rico's system of community education. It could also be the most important. The work is going on now in 190 communities, some not yet resettled. Its purpose is to inspire *agregados* to discover for themselves that they have the right to participate in the community's activities and that on them depends the future and fate of the community.

This has had varied success. The people of one place may, for reasons not apparent, be further advanced in civic concepts than those of another. Work goes faster. Maria Jimenez, for example, is ahead of Placita, a community several miles to the south in the cane fields above the town of Juncos.

Placita's several hundred people still live in their flimsy shanties. We visited it one night with an Iraqi newspaper editor and a Ceylonese government official. A community education meeting was being held, led by a fieldworker assigned by San Juan. The fieldman's power truck supplied current for lights. The subjects discussed were three—the motion picture they had recently been shown; the digging of latrines; the Christmas party they were to have.

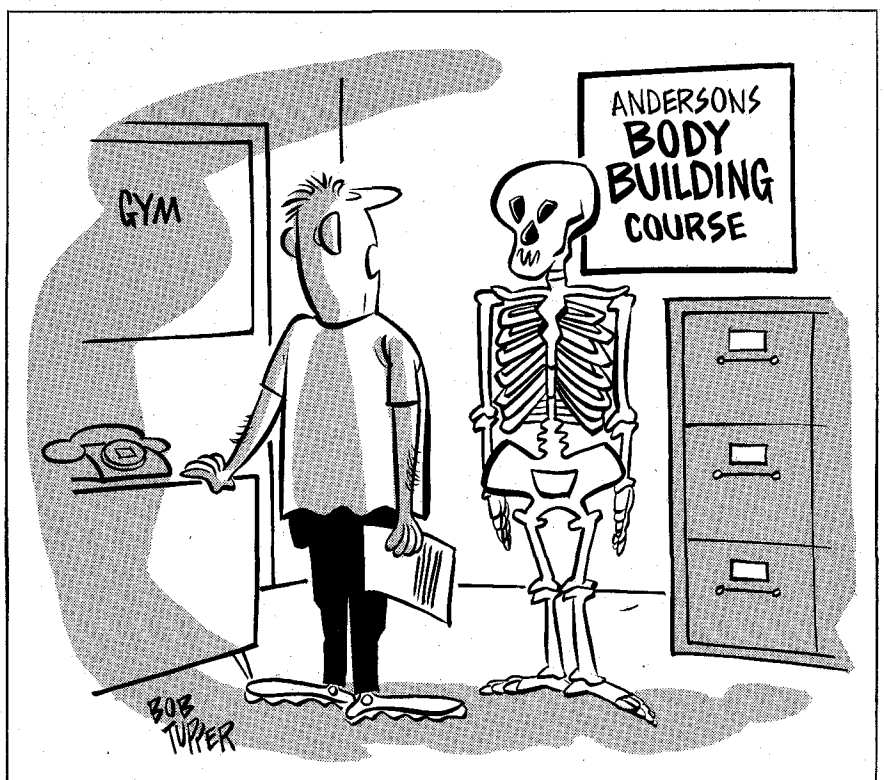
The movie had demonstrated self-help. It showed the citizens of Placita how the people of a settlement called Batijos Numero Uno had built a bridge over a mountain stream which their children had to cross on their way to school. With every heavy tropical storm the pupils were endangered by the stream's flash floods. The government lacked sufficient funds for the job, so the citizens themselves took the job in hand.

Latrines were discussed next. Placita has no modern sanitation. Bilharziasis, a debilitating disease spread by human filth, was present in the neighborhood. Some Placitanos were already infected. The need for latrines was urgent. The government had neither the funds nor the labor for the job; the people would have to manage it themselves. The meeting instructed everyone who had not already done so to dig his own. Young men were selected to dig for people too aged for the work.

The Christmas party was next on the agenda. The fieldman had brought books. These explained the various Christmas symbols—the origin of Santa Claus, the meaning of the tree, the carols, and so on. In turn, a number of people read aloud to the group about these things. As they did, excitement grew, and the children, playing on the fringes of the crowd, became silent. People then were assigned to make decorations, bring in Christmas greens and prepare food for the party, which was only a few days off. There would be a pageant, so costume making was also assigned.

In none of this did the fieldman take an obviously leading part. His job was to suggest; the people took it from there, as they are intended to do. The program is designed to make them think and act for themselves.

At least some of the educational gains of Puerto Rico may be traced to meetings such as this one at Placita. Literacy has risen from 68.5 per cent in 1940 to 83.2 per cent in 1957; primary-and-secondary-school enrollment has doubled; there are three times as many students at the University of Puerto Rico. With the extension of community education, demand for more schools and learning has grown apace.



"Sorry about this, Quimby, but I'm afraid you've flunked!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Ceylonese and the Iraqi with us were impressed. They told me the program would be ideal for their countries.

Of course, not everybody is impressed. There are complaints. Some trainees say they have learned little; others grumble that the courses offered in the Metropolitan Vocational School in San Juan or in the university are not what they expected, although the catalogues of these institutions seem clear enough. Some chafe at regulations and go home mad.

But these cases are relatively few. Muñoz' world laboratory has been a solid success, as evaluation reports show. For example, when Panamanian public-health officials attended the University of Puerto Rico's School of Medicine, they noted some significant statistics. The Puerto Rican death rate was 18.2 per thousand in 1940; today it is at the fantastically low figure of 7.0—that of the United States is 9.6. In 1940, a Puerto Rican baby could expect only forty-six years in this world; today he can look forward to sixty-eight.

The Panamanians discovered that the island-wide system of clinics and the training of rural midwives were important factors in this remarkable improvement. They studied midwife training and prenatal and postnatal child care in the clinics. These things have been adopted in Panama with resulting improvement in that nation's health statistics.

U Myint Soe, a Burmese, was more interested in something else. He told me he would recommend Puerto Rico's methods of public and industrial administration for his country. He said that Burmese administration was unorganized and inefficient, but that the Puerto Ricans had taught him how to train people to fit specific jobs, to systematize work and to delegate it.

Ghana, on the other hand, has been learning national economics from Puerto Rico. Three years ago, when Ghana—then the Gold Coast—was moving toward nationhood, the local government sent Mr. A. L. Adu to Puerto Rico to study the island's advance from colonial status. Since then, Ghananians have been shuttling back and forth between San Juan and Accra, bearing new knowledge each time they go home.

Generally speaking, three types of grants make possible the visits of Point 4 trainees to Puerto Rico. Under the first, all expenses are paid by the host countries—that is, by Puerto Rico and the States; under the second, the home government pays traveling expenses and ICA provides upkeep; under the third, ICA pays a flat $240 to the trainee.

To date, the trainee program has cost American taxpayers about $1,500,000, or about twice what Puerto Rico has spent. For the good will and prestige the United States has received in return, it is a ridiculously low price.

The island is indeed an American showcase. Just before last Christmas I accompanied Dr. Morales Carrion to the annual State Department party for trainees. More than 200 *becarios* from forty-two nations and territories were there. The air was noisy with the accents of Tagalog, Arabic, Spanish, French, Burmese, Ceylonese, Indonesian, Chinese, Papiamento (the Creole of Curaçao), Iranian, and the flat, singsong English of the West Indies and Liberia. The people talked endlessly of their Puerto Rican experience.

Watching, Dr. Morales Carrion said, "We've shown them what they can do if they have courage." And he said something else, "In the world struggle, the poor and underdeveloped countries are going to have the last word."

If he is right, Puerto Rico is helping to win us the proper sort of allies.

THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tune in on "Arthur Godfrey Time," CBS-TV and Radio, Monday through Friday.

Not just a faint blush of flavor, here's

the full bloom of coffee!

...fresher flavor and aroma than you've ever had before!

From your next cup on, forget all you know about instant coffee —the un-coffee-like smell, the faint blush of flavor. Today, take Arthur Godfrey's advice—breathe in . . . drink in the *full bloom* of coffee, improved Instant Chase & Sanborn!

Here's coffee with a luscious, full bloom look. Wonderful aroma. Fresher natural aroma and flavor than you've ever had before. Here's everything good coffee's got. So *havacup*. Have a "Flavor Break"—a coffee break with full bloom flavor. It's yours only with improved Instant Chase & Sanborn. Try it soon.

NOW IMPROVED—THE "FLAVOR BREAK" COFFEE

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

Box's creations, he and Bill also could do it, cutting out the middleman.

In April of 1954 the two Bills pooled their resources and fine-combed Box's art portfolio. With a total capital of twenty-six dollars they entered the greeting-card business, producing 1000 each of two of Box's impudent cards. (One, still popular, shows a bum tipping his hat as he stoops for a cigarette butt. The line inside says, "*Merci.*"

Converting Kennedy's battered 1948 auto into a combination office and storehouse, they set out for San Diego to lay siege to the stationers and greeting-card dealers of that city. By selling their cards in sample bunches of a dozen, they returned to Los Angeles with a $238 profit.

The cards, then as now, featured deliberately contrived crude and provincial drawings, black on white, because that was the least expensive way to get out a line of merchandise. To tie in with the drawing, the cards had a first-rate gag line or snapper on the inside page.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Halloween Do-it-Yourself

By Tom Congdon

The regular spooks are off
tonight,
And amateur ghosts, in shrouds
of white,
Are doing the neighborhood
haunting chores
With shrieks and moans and
thumps on doors.

The rest of the year the small fry
quake
At sounds in the dark the
goblins make,
But Halloween's when any wee
one
Can don an old sheet, go out
and be one.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

After their initial success in San Diego, Kennedy and Box borrowed $1550 from relatives and printed up a new stock of cards. Then they went to New York for the annual stationers' convention. Many of the cards on display in New York dripped with saccharine sentimentality, and their florid designs looked more like seed catalogues than greetings.

Stationers attending the convention, remembering the success of the Steig cartoon cards, cautiously and conservatively bought assortments of the new Box cards. This encouraged the partners to open an office and send samples of their line to some 1500 dealers across the country.

The response was phenomenal. Box Cards, Inc., was on its way. Since the firm's inception four years ago the two Bills have had to move their business four times to permit necessary expansion. In the past two years alone their output of cards has quadrupled. The firm now has twenty home-office employees in Los Angeles and thirty-two salesmen on the road. The company now is housed comfortably in its own brick building, across the façade of which is a twenty-foot-long sign in letters a foot high, reading, OURS IS A TICKLISH BUSINESS.

For all its rapid growth, the studio card is still a relatively small part of the giant greeting-card industry, which turns out almost 5,000,000,000 cards a year and grosses around $500,000,000. The studio-card market now runs around 25,000,000 cards and, in 1958, Box Cards will sell an estimated 5,000,000 of these, making it the largest of the 200 or more firms specializing in this type of card. Hallmark and American, the largest producers in the greeting-card industry, took formal cognizance of the field and started issuing their own line of studio cards last year.

Not everybody who orders Box cards necessarily likes them. The boys still keep as a precious memento of their early days an uncashed check dated October 22, 1954—six months after they started in business—for ninety cents. It is from a Philadelphia stationer in payment for a box of their cards, and it bears the message in the sender's indignant handwriting, "Do not send any more."

A stationer in Connecticut wrote, "I will not display your cards to any human." And a card from Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, carries this message: "Please take us off your mailing list—your cards are horrible."

Last year police in Washington, D.C., closed up a shop selling a Box card for Christmas featuring a woman holding up a string of balls, and the legend, "Deck them halls with matzoh balls." The officials complained the card was a "satire on the Holy Holiday."

Although the satire of Box's cards may offend some people, it is never vulgar. A few of the people in the studio-card business specialize in off-color cards, which, unhappily, have turned out to be profitable. Bill Box believes, however, that a card which is genuinely funny and sophisticated will outsell one that is off-color and unfunny.

Your life changes...
You need Occidental Change-Easy Insurance

"Dad's been promoted!"

Another change in a life full of change. And a time to protect the new gains Dad has won for his cheering section. For insurance needs also change as fathers and families move ahead. Occidental Change-Easy Insurance helps meet those changes as they arise.

Example: This 34-year-old father can put a $25,000 umbrella of 5-year Renewable and Convertible Term life insurance over his family's head for only $13.47 a month.

As other promotions and changes occur, he can change this plan to provide retirement and disability benefits for himself, money to pay off the mortgage, insurance on his wife and children, education funds—*all in this one policy.* And Change-Easy insurance will make his existing insurance more effective.

Plan now for the changes in *your* life. See your Occidental representative.

OCCIDENTAL LIFE
Insurance Company of California

HOME OFFICE: Los Angeles, California
GENERAL MANAGER FOR CANADA: Toronto, Ontario
Life, Accident and Sickness Insurance • Group Insurance • Pension Plans

7-14

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of the hundreds of Box cards now on the market, the all-time biggest seller has no drawing at all. It is composed of a number of sweet, romantic sentiments on the front cover, such as: "Lover, Sweetheart, Fly to me in sweet rapture, You are mine, all mine." However, when you turn the page, there is printed cryptically just one line: "Burn this."

The No. 1 birthday card shows a little brat grinning fiendishly, with a caption reading: "Now that you're old enough . . . go play in the street."

A big Christmas seller is a card featuring a tattered Santa Claus, head in hands, sitting on an orange crate, and inside is the legend, "I'm willing to forget if you are."

The favorite Box card at Leavenworth Federal Penitentiary, according to the Catholic chaplain, Father J. W. O'Connor, is one showing a droopy man in prison stripes on the cover, and inside, "I made a boo-boo."

You can find a Box card for almost any occasion. The 300 cards in the line cover engagements, disengagements, weddings, hirings, firings, birthdays, graduations, invitations to get pickled and apologies for having got pickled, anniversary cards and cards which are likely to cause a divorce. All the Box cards are open to individual interpretation—one reason why they are so popular.

The two Bills also tailor Box cards for specific needs. The Smith College Alumnae Association asked them to design a card which would bring contributions, and the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund had them design a card of thanks for contributions. The Box-card humor also has been put on napkins, ice buckets, record-album covers, cocktail glasses and ash trays.

One of the ash trays, in fact, caused the two Bills many headaches. For their ash-tray line, called "Burnt Offerings," they adapted one of the most popular characters on TV, the United States Forest Service's symbol of carefulness, Smokey the Bear.

On TV, Smokey is always warning big and little boys and girls to put out campfires, break matches in half and, when smoking, to tear a cigarette butt into tiny bits to save our forests. But on the ash tray, Smokey is lackadaisically puffing on a pipe, with burning tobacco embers flying in all directions. He has already dropped two lighted cigarettes and one smoldering match on the ground and is prepared carelessly to drop another butt and match.

The ash trays showed evidence of becoming popular sellers until the Forest Service and the United States Attorney General's Office huffily ordered Box Cards to remove Smokey from their line.

In the early days, all the Box cards were drawn and captioned by Bill Box, but now the firm employs seven other artists, who also write their own captions. The two Bills constantly search for new young talent and currently are sponsoring their second annual Campus Cartoonist of the Year contest among college artists, with Steve Allen, Groucho Marx and Al Capp as judges. They offer the winner an all-expenses-paid trip to Paris. Generous royalties are paid contestants on any cards they create which are published under the Box Card label.

The general public is also eager to get in the act. Rarely does a mail delivery reach the Box Card office that hasn't a bunch of contributions from customers. A few of them are bought and published, but many of them would cause Box, Kennedy and the budding artists to be lynched if they were put in circulation. A shining example of this is a recent contribution from a customer which featured a faithful and painstaking pen-and-ink copy of Leonardo da Vinci's The Last Supper. Inside the cover is the simple legend: "Separate Checks, Please."

"The key to Box-card humor," claims Bill Kennedy, "is taking life and switching it around so it comes out hilarious. Our big-selling cards are the ones in which the sender is depicted as the victim. When you fall down, you are the first one to laugh."

"People usually don't have any special reason in mind when they buy our studio cards," Box adds. "It's just easier to send one of them than write. Actually they're inexpensive smiles."

How does Bill Box account for the boom in his cards?

"The public created our format long before we even thought of it," he says. "For years, people have been buying bona fide condolence cards and mailing them to couples engaged to be married.

"Actually I think our success is a product of our era. With the threat of atomic annihilation, many people are disillusioned and they express themselves caustically. Also the schmaltz and smugness of the TV commercial started a rebellion. Our cards have a kind of universal humor. Everyone, young and old, buys studio cards today. I design cards I'd like to send to my friends."

A seventy-four-year-old grandmother in Berkeley, California, has fifteen scrapbooks filled with studio cards. Junior-high-school kids in Levittown, Long Island, stick studio cards all over their notebooks. Hollywood high-school kids paper the walls of their rooms with them.

A Los Angeles store owner said he has thrown out all of the conventional greeting cards and now stocks only studio cards. "Sometimes I'm called on to act as a junior analyst trying to find a card to fit a particular person or set of circumstances," he said.

Once a girl who had been fresh to her parents came in and explained her predicament. She couldn't talk to her parents, but she wanted to apologize somehow. He found a card which read, "Sometimes I'm too smart for my own good."

A man who felt he really should apologize for an action, but didn't like the man he wanted to apologize to, sent a card which said, "I apologize . . . FATHEAD."

A buyer for a big bookshop on the West Coast said she feels studio cards have found a market among people who never before bought cards. "Men, for example, have found that studio cards can sometimes say for them what they might get their faces slapped for saying in person. Until studio cards were published, at least ninety per cent of our greeting-card sales were made to women. Nowadays, at least thirty per cent of the sales come from men. Also, some people who don't like the traditional verse-type cards and preferred to write their own greetings now find that studio cards fill the bill. They are bought also by people who hope to be considered sophisticates . . . those who read satiric novels and magazines."

While psychiatrists generally regard the impertinent or tongue-in-cheek cynicism of studio cards as a harmless and perhaps even therapeutic outlet for the sender's dissatisfaction with social conformity, some people have a tendency to suspect that the creators of the cards must themselves be offbeat characters. Visitors who meet the Box Card partners for the first time often seem amazed that the two Bills are so unremarkably normal—for a couple of guys who dream up such unconventional cards.

As a matter of fact, neither of the Bills has been psychoanalyzed—a rare distinction among successful Hollywoodians. Bill Kennedy recently was selected by TV's Art Linkletter as "the average American." The selection was made after comparing him with the findings of Gallup pollsters. Some of the items which made him "average" were his height, five-feet-nine; weight, 150 pounds; brown eyes and brown hair. When he was chosen last year he was thirty years old, had three children, liked steak, had a nine-to-five job and drove five and one half miles to and from work each day.

Bill Box is a shy six-footer who sports a Vandyke beard because his wife likes it. He grew up in Bremerton, Washington, where his father has been the elected manager of the chamber of commerce for the past ten years.

Box worked as a shipping clerk in a five-and-ten for a while when he was sixteen, then did other odd jobs to put himself through art school. Recently married, he expects to be a parent soon and is busy building a nursery onto his rustic suburban house in the Hollywood Hills.

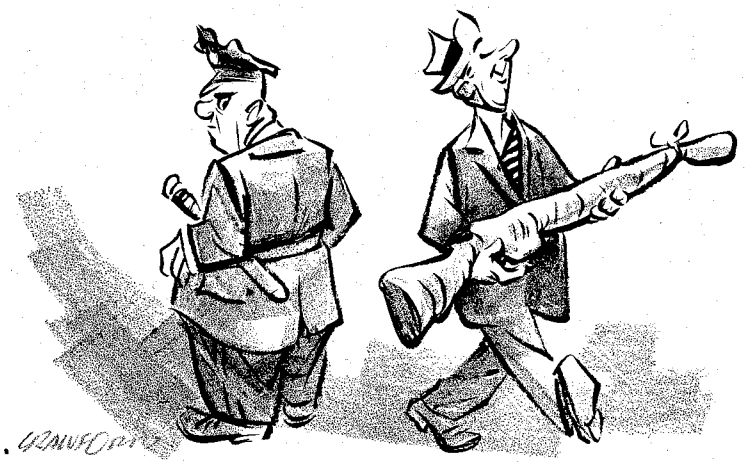
Despite his conventional background, Box is not a conventional thinker. For example, he says if he were buying TV time to sell automobiles, he would have his announcer in a dirty sweat shirt, with baggy pants and run-down-at-the-heels shoes. When he stepped into the shiny new car to demonstrate it for a million TV viewers, the rear end would fall out or the motor would explode. Then the announcer would wail, "Everything goes wrong when you're trying to do a job." Box is firmly convinced that if anyone had the courage to do that just once, the car thus advertised would become overnight the most talked-about in the world.

Luckily the two Bills have the same sense of humor. Not long ago Bill Box wanted to get a second car. For years he had driven a 1934 sedan and he wanted something on a par with it. One day he met a man who said he knew where a 1923 Stutz fire engine was available.

Box told Kennedy, who was enthusiastically in favor of buying the fire engine for the firm's use. It was purchased for $400, and $3000 more was spent refurbishing the motor and installing power brakes. Now both men use the fire wagon for quick trips around town.

Last month they got word that one of their biggest customers was coming in from the Midwest for a visit. The two Bills, dressed in their best, rode out to the Los Angeles airport in the fire engine to meet him.

They tossed his luggage in back with the water pump and hose, and sandwiched him in between them on the seat. He said nothing during the ride in from the airport to his swanky hotel. Later, when someone commented about his arrival in the spectacular vehicle, the customer said, "Actually I was relieved when I found Kennedy and Box were driving a fire engine. I had halfway expected to be met with a hearse." THE END



You be the Judge

By QUINTUS TANEY

Roderick strode manfully down the street carrying a long, sinister-looking package. A policeman took one look and arrested him on a double charge: Carrying a firearm, and carrying it concealed. The package did, indeed, contain a rifle.

"Your honor," Roderick said on trial, "the state law against firearms applies only to weapons such as revolvers and automatic pistols. It never was meant to deprive a man of his right under the Constitution of the United States to carry a rifle or shotgun. Further, there was nothing so concealed about this rifle that the policeman couldn't recognize it for what it was."

"We can't have people roaming the streets with firearms loosely wrapped up in paper," the prosecutor argued. "Roderick might have been within his constitutional rights if he had carried his rifle unwrapped and in open view, but the minute he covered it up in such a way that it was hidden but readily available, he naturally aroused the policeman's suspicion."

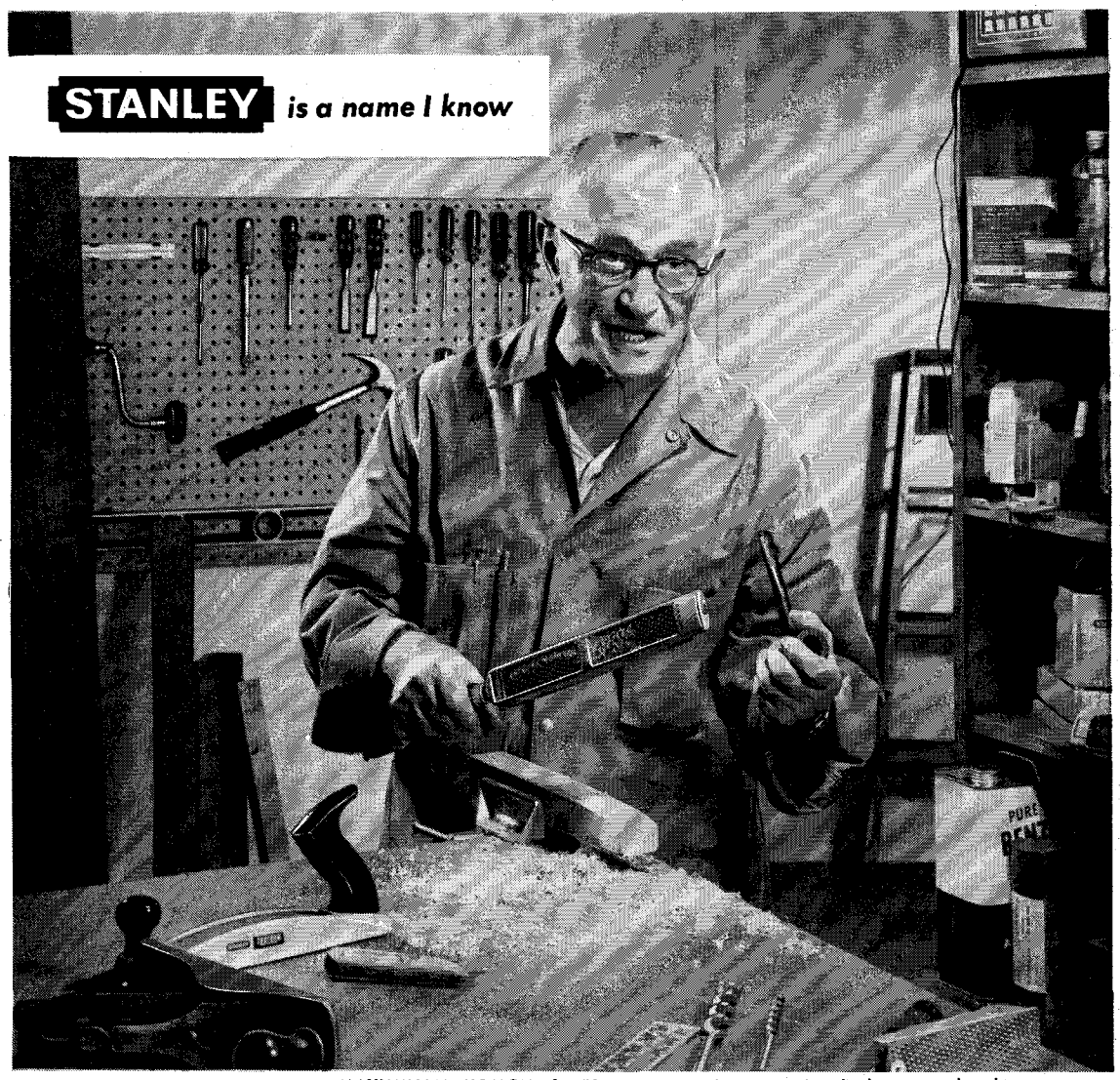
If you were the judge, would you jail or free Roderick?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Roderick went free. The court said that the state law against concealment of firearms applied only to weapons "of a size which may be concealed upon the person," not to rifles. It agreed, furthermore, that the policeman's recognition of the wrapped object as a rifle showed it was not actually concealed.

Based upon a 1958 New York decision.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAXIMILLIAN KOMOW, for 50 years a prominent vocational educator and tool expert

"Stanley *SURFORM*® is a great new tool that should be in every workshop."

"Stanley on a tool has always been my guarantee of the finest. As a teacher, and formerly head of the Bureau of Vocational Activities in New York City schools, I have bought and used Stanley Tools for more than 44 years. I know tools. There are none better than those made by Stanley.

"Take this Stanley Surform, for example. I was attracted by the Stanley name. But when I tried the tool it sold itself immediately. The only really new hand tool I can remember in 50 years, Stanley Surform shapes, smoothes, trims and cuts a variety of materials from wood to mild steel. It's easy to use . . . no blades to sharpen, nothing to adjust. The blade has hundreds of tough, sharp teeth set at the right cutting angle. Stanley Surform is a basic tool. It has already saved me hours and made several jobs easier. It should be in every workshop."

NEW BLADES! NEW USES!

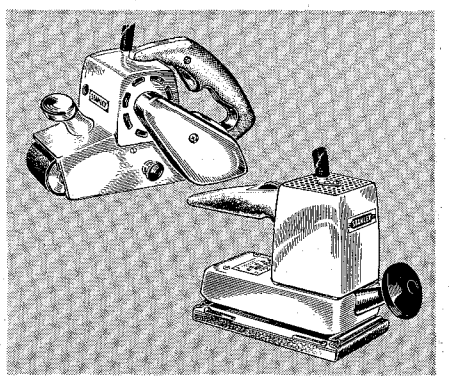
Now you can get new half-round and fine-cut SURFORM blades to fit either full size tool.

Many new uses on concave surfaces, mild steel and other tough materials.

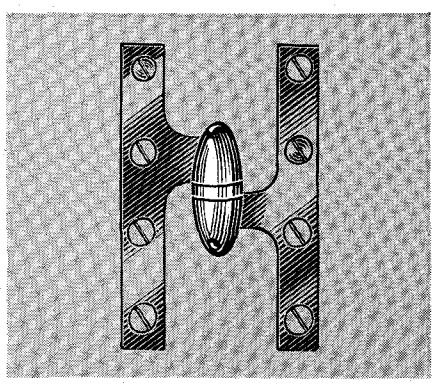
All replacement blades — only 98¢ each

STANLEY IS A NAME TO LOOK FOR ON QUALITY PRODUCTS LIKE THESE

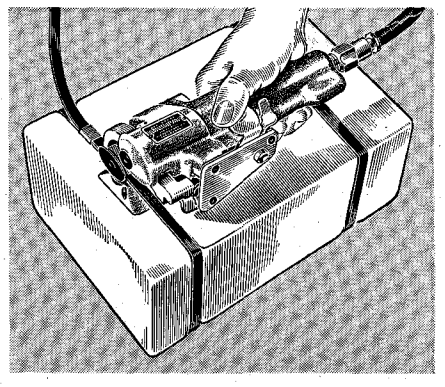
Stanley Bi-fold Hardware for smooth operation and smart styling. Doors open all the way to permit full closet access.



Stanley Sanders. Smooth finishing, light weight orbital sander — only $54.95; power-packed belt sander — only $89.95.



Olive-knuckle hinges add distinction and beauty to interior doors and to cabinets. Only knuckle is visible with door closed.



Stanley Air-Powered Strapping Tool best way to package and protect your product for handling, shipment, sales!

STANLEY

AMERICA BUILDS BETTER AND LIVES BETTER WITH STANLEY

This famous trademark distinguishes over 20,000 quality products of The Stanley Works, New Britain, Conn. — hand tools • electric tools • builders hardware • industrial hardware • drapery hardware • automatic door controls • aluminum windows • stampings • springs • coatings • strip steel • steel strapping — made in 24 plants in the United States, Canada, England and Germany.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Better Courts for Kids

(Continued from Page 23)

to be a local explosion of juvenile delinquency. Joe Sanders, then a young lawyer, became chairman. Expert assistance was supplied by the National Probation and Parole Association. One of the immediate questions the commission faced was: Have Baton Rouge judges become too lenient?

At first, it certainly seemed that the judges were too easy on youngsters. Here, for example, was a thirteen-year-old boy, Timmy, hauled into court for indecent exposure and obviously in need of psychiatric treatment. The judge released Timmy on condition that the boy "see a doctor," but nobody checked to see whether or not he did. Three months later, Timmy was back in court on the same old charge. This time he was turned loose on condition that he live under the guidance of an older brother—when even casual inquiry would have revealed that the brother was himself a sex offender.

Other Baton Rouge delinquents were similarly being released with advice, a scolding or a warning. Many were placed on probation—which practically amounted to dismissal, as there was only one probation counselor for the entire city. It was impossible for this one officer to follow up on hundreds of cases. However, as the citizens' commission dug into the situation it became apparent that this was merely a symptom of a much deeper disease.

As in many cities, Baton Rouge had a juvenile court in name only. Responsibility for children's cases was parceled out on a part-time basis among five adult-court judges. These judges were troubled about their juvenile-court work, and you could hardly blame them. Attempting to deal with juvenile delinquents without adequate staff or facilities was bound to be a frustrating task.

What, for example, could a judge possibly do with a hostile, undersized seven-year-old who called himself "the Hooded Vengeance" and was hauled into court six times in four months for tire slashing and other malicious mischief? No judge wants to ship a half-pint kid like that to a state training school already crammed with older delinquents. So, time after time, "the Hooded Vengeance" was scolded, warned and released.

Also, there was another side to the Baton Rouge story, quite unknown to the public. Angered by the courts' shortcomings, some Baton Rouge policemen and deputy sheriffs had established a "get-tough" policy of their own in the local jail. Any officer could bring a child to this jail and lock him up for as long as he pleased, for days or weeks. During the year the commission studied, 243 children aged sixteen or younger had been jailed; fewer than half of them were brought to court.

The commission found that both adult and child prisoners—including eight- and nine-year-olds—were being lodged in "tanks" or steel pens, along the jail's central corridor. Overcrowding was chronic. One tank for boys had mattresses on the floor and whenever there were more boys than the floor would hold, additional mattresses were spread in the hallway. Young girls were put in the same tank with hardened prostitutes. One girl, aged twelve, was locked up for forty days.

The Baton Rouge Journal published a complete report on the situation and the shocked community took action. A new family court for delinquency and divorce cases was established. Joe Sanders was persuaded to give up his profitable law practice to accept the judgeship.

Baton Rouge had tried turning delinquent kids loose and it had tried locking them up. Both approaches had failed. "My job," Judge Sanders told us, "was to try something better—a complete reorganization of the handling of juvenile delinquents from the moment of apprehension by the police until the completion of a child's rehabilitation."

A juvenile bureau was set up by the police department to handle all children's cases. This bureau was staffed with officers who were specially trained for this work.

The police no longer take apprehended children to jail, but directly to court where an "intake officer" takes charge of them. Children who, in the opinion of the intake officer, must be held in safe custody pending their hearings are lodged in a specially staffed detention home.

A trained counselor next talks with the child, the parents, teachers, arresting officer or complaining witness, and others who might throw light on the reasons for the youngster's misbehavior. A psychiatrist may interview the child or a psychologist may test him. Thus Judge Sanders has the complete background on the delinquent when the case comes before him.

At the conclusion of the court hearing, Judge Sanders may—like his predecessors—commit the child to a state training school or release him in the custody of his parents with advice and recommendations. Or he may refer a child like Timmy, the exhibitionist, to a psychiatric clinic. But in addition, Judge Sanders can now place a child on probation and really mean it. He has what his predecessors lacked and what many other judges still lack—an adequate staff of trained and devoted men and women who can supervise the child to make sure that the court's policies are carried out.

The results? "Only 11 per cent of the children brought before me now are repeaters," Judge Sanders told us proudly. "It used to be 40 per cent."

His reforms in Baton Rouge brought Judge Sanders an invitation to join the Advisory Council of Judges, a task force of judicial leaders from all over the country assembled by the National Probation and Parole Association and the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation to pool their experiences for the benefit of judges everywhere. The council believes that through more than a half century of trial and error the best juvenile courts have evolved sound methods for handling delinquents, based on remedial treatment rather than punishment. These methods now have been brought together in a new council publication, Guides for Juvenile Court Judges, copies of which have been sent to every juvenile-court judge in the United States.

In most communities where juvenile courts are under attack, the advisory council believes, it is not primarily because they are either too harsh or too lenient, but because they still lack the facilities for applying treatment procedures.

Many cases, some of them the kind that would seem hopeless under a "get-tough" policy, illustrate the effectiveness of carefully prescribed rehabilitation treatment. A striking example is the teen-age girl who last spring was operating as a prostitute under a glamorous alias—we'll call her Glorianna Lovall—in a city of 200,000. Slim and brunet, Glorianna was only fourteen, but was grossing about $225 a day. Even after dividing her take with the man who brought customers to her room in a downtown hotel, the girl had enough money left over for all the clothes, perfumes, costume jewelry and movie tickets she could possibly desire.

In due course Glorianna was arrested and jailed by a Federal court as a material witness against the man in the case. For four months she sat in a cell of her own under conditions that amounted almost to solitary confinement. The man, as adult defendants usually do, spent those four months out on bail. Then his lawyers arranged a further postponement of his trial. Glorianna was kept in jail.

"I first learned about Glorianna," a woman juvenile-court judge told us, "when an indignant jail attendant called her to my attention. I arranged for her transfer to my jurisdiction and the usual prehearing study of her life history was begun." The judge learned that Glorianna was the youngest of seven children of a drunken father and a mentally defective mother—a typical background for delinquency. In November, 1957, she had run away from intolerable home conditions, "anywhere else but there." At this crucial point in her life, the rebellious, affection-starved girl was picked up by an older man who drove her across three states, bought her food and attractive clothing, and gave her a facsimile of the companionship she craved. After her dependence upon him was complete, he led her down the road that ended in jail.

"It was easy to foresee," the judge pointed out, "what would happen if Glorianna were turned loose on the streets following her jail experience. She'd be back in some other hotel room by nightfall.

"It had taken only a little phony affection to lead that girl astray," the judge continued. "I concluded that a little decent treatment might prove equally effective in leading her back again." Accordingly Glorianna was lodged in a home for delinquent children under the court's jurisdiction. There, with firm but friendly supervision, skilled counseling, and an opportunity to vent her feelings in talks with the judge and others, Glorianna gradually underwent a remarkable change in attitude and perhaps also in character.

She dropped her hard manners and gutter language. She abandoned the name Glorianna and became again plain Sally Jean.

"We can't yet be sure how Glorianna's story will end," the judge concedes. "But if we don't fail her now as her parents failed her before, she has a good chance of ending up as a faithful wife and conscientious mother."

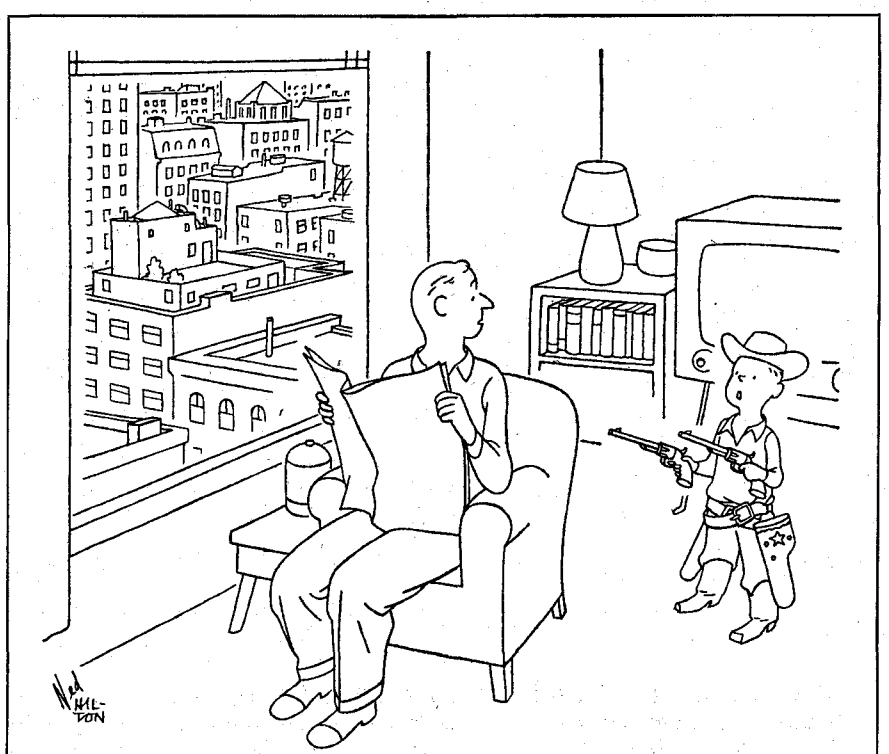
It is the "tough" delinquents who land on the front pages—the muggers, gang sadists and teen-age murderers, often so hardened in their antisocial patterns that rehabilitation seems impossible. Almost every juvenile-court judge has authority to transfer such offenders to adult courts for regular trial as criminals, and in some cases the judge can find no other choice. The importance of making such decisions wisely is one reason why men of trained, independent judgment are needed on the juvenile-court bench. But even more significant is the fact that the primary mission of the juvenile court is to prevent youthful delinquents from becoming "tough." The better the court, the more successful it will be in reaching and treating wayward children long before they land in the headlines.

"In almost every case," says Chief Judge Thomas Gill, of Hartford, Connecticut, "the delinquent who commits an act which shocks the community has given many earlier signs of maladjustment and abnormal behavior. He proceeds to major offenses after these early signs have been ignored. We know what treatment can do. In the entire state of Connecticut, we've had only three juvenile killers since modern methods were adopted sixteen years ago."

Over most of the United States, such preventive methods have not yet been tried. One reason is lack of qualified judges. Indeed, only a few hundred of our 3068 counties have full-time juvenile-court judges. Elsewhere, the adult-court judges in a county may rotate the thankless assignment among themselves. "I can always tell when it's my husband's turn to hear children's cases," a judge's wife told us. "He comes home glum and distracted, and talks in his sleep."

In some suburban or rural counties, there is only one judge, who is expected to shift roles and grind out juvenile cases for a couple of hours a week. Or a county may hire a part-time judge for juvenile cases—often an elderly lawyer who "retires" to the juvenile bench following a heart attack or other serious illness. In some counties, the clerk of the adult court is unofficially promoted to the status of judge when a child's case comes along. And some judges with juvenile jurisdiction are not even lawyers, but garage owners, physicians or real-estate brokers.

(*Continued on Page 130*)



"Mister, this town ain't big enough for the two of us."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW '59 FORDS

now at your nearby office of

. . . up-to-the-minute assurance of more driving pleasure when you rent your car from NATIONAL

Thinking about a new car? Rent a brand new, smooth-as-silk '59 Ford, or other fine car, at your local NATIONAL office. Make your own test-drive at your leisure! Costs less than you think and NATIONAL'S economical rates include gas, oil, proper insurance. You can "charge it", too!

Air travelers save money at NATIONAL! By showing your round-trip airline ticket you save 5% on NATIONAL'S low rental charges at every stop-over on your itinerary.

Be sure of always driving a shiny new car . . . tell your transportation or travel agent to have a NATIONAL car waiting at your destination. Or, phone your nearby NATIONAL office for free world-wide reservation service. Ask about NATIONAL'S one-way, inter-city service enabling you to rent your car in one city and leave it in another.

KNOW YOUR NEARBY NATIONAL OFFICE

It's locally owned . . . with the highest standards of courtesy and dependability . . . adds the personal touch to the finest of world-wide car rental service.

NATIONAL CAR RENTAL SYSTEM, INC.
1209 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.

Any airline, railroad or travel agency will reserve your **NATIONAL RENTAL CAR**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(*Continued from Page 128*) Our favorite example of a nonlawyer judge is James A. Sutherland, of Bardstown, Kentucky, who landed on the bench almost by accident. A public-spirited young mill owner, Sutherland had rarely even set foot in a courtroom before his election last November.

"Here in Nelson County," he explained, "the judge is the county administrator and takes care of the roads and county finances as well as the law cases. Some of us younger men didn't like the way the money was being handled, so we picked a candidate of our own." Just before the filing deadline, the reform candidate decided not to run. "I was so disappointed," Judge Sutherland told us, "I rushed down the street, got signatures on a petition and filed for the judgeship myself. Imagine my astonishment when I won and learned that in addition to everything else I was supposed to curb juvenile delinquency!"

A typical problem coming before this earnest but inexperienced judge: What to do about a teen-age girl, repeatedly in hot water because of petty misdemeanors, who begs the court to put her in jail, which she prefers to the brutal treatment she gets at home.

"I'm just an amateur," Judge Sutherland told us. "There ought to be some way to get cases like that before a court equipped to handle them."

There is a way. Connecticut used to have more than 150 town judges handling juvenile courts on a part-time basis, but back in 1942 established a juvenile court with three full-time judges who ride circuit to towns throughout the state. Their motto: "Have gavel; will travel."

Connecticut also organized probation counseling and detention facilities on a state-wide basis, and now the remotest hamlet receives complete juvenile-court service of high quality. Utah and Rhode Island have also established state-wide systems.

Most large cities, of course, already have full-time juvenile-court judges, but often they are much too busy to handle children effectively. In Washington, D.C., one lone judge held 17,900 children's hearings in a year—an average of one every six minutes.

Most juvenile-court judges are either elected on a partisan political ticket or are appointed by the governor; in either case, a judgeship is likely to be considered a political reward rather than an important post needing the most competent man available. But there are noteworthy exceptions. In Tulsa, Oklahoma, for example, Judge Dorothy Young, a member of the Advisory Council of Judges, was appointed by the governor; but the law required the governor to make his selection from a list of qualified candidates submitted by a nonpartisan nominating commission. Another member of the council, Judge Donald Long, of Portland, Oregon, must run for office; but he and his opponents run on a nonpartisan judicial ballot. In Westchester County, New York, a Citizens' Commission on the Juvenile Court Judgeship drew up and published a set of qualifications which a good judge should possess, then canvassed the county to find men who met these Westchester standards, and persuaded both political parties to nominate them.

The juvenile courts which have won respect both locally and nationally have one significant thing in common: excellent judges. All such judges have standing and prestige in their own communities; most of them are paid as much as superior-court judges in their areas. There is no "inferior court" stigma embodied in law or reflected in community attitudes. These judges draw satisfaction from their work; several have turned down promotions to so-called "higher" courts. All of them are committed to a "treatment-not-punishment" philosophy. And all of them get good results.

As important as a full-time qualified judge, is an adequate court staff, in the opinion of many judges. "During the time I personally spend with a child in the courtroom," one judge explains, "I can hardly be expected to achieve a miraculous transformation. My effectiveness on the bench depends chiefly on having enough trained probation counselors to bring in the facts I need before I reach a decision, and to carry out the plan of that decision through the months or even years which follow."

Typical of a probation counselor's chores is the case of fifteen-year-old Morton, apprehended in an Eastern city after stealing a new car and smashing it into a telephone pole. The counselor's inquiries reveal that Morton stole a bicycle when he was nine, is failing in school, his father disappeared two years ago, and his mother works five days a week to support Morton and four younger children. Morton himself is a gangling boy of average intelligence who alternates between a sneering bravado and deep despondency. He admits that he previously "borrowed" two other cars without getting caught. He hates the whole world and is convinced that the whole world hates him. He brightens up only when he tells the probation counselor about another kid in his neighborhood who goes to a trade school "where you can learn all about automobiles." On the basis of the counselor's report the judge decided to put Morton on probation, despite the seriousness of the youngster's offense. With the counselor, the judge worked out the plan of Morton's rehabilitation.

The counselor first sat down with Morton's mother to discuss with her the problem of holding down a job and caring for five children. He located the missing father and (with the help of the district attorney) arranged for monthly payments from him to ease the economic strain on the family. Perhaps most important, the counselor secured Morton's transfer to the trade school of his dreams. During weekly conferences the counselor treats Morton with a measured combination of friendliness and firmness. The change in the boy is gradual; months pass before he can admit to himself that here at last is a man he can trust, and whose advice he can seek. Even then, the counselor doesn't let loose; he knows that probation supervision, in the words of Guides for Juvenile Court Judges, is "the guiding force that holds the child in correct channels until he is strong enough to stand alone." The probation counselor will stick with Morton until the risk of further offenses is considered to be past.

A probation counselor can intensively supervise only a relatively small number of children. The National Probation and Parole Association recommends not more than fifty probationers per counselor—about forty-five minutes of supervision per child per week. But, so far as is known, not a single large city in the United States today consistently meets even this modest standard.

Understaffing is a nationwide problem. "In my city," says a Southern judge, "we have forty-five policemen in the juvenile bureau to catch the delinquent kids, but only fourteen probation counselors to supervise their rehabilitation." Judge Orman W. Ketcham, newly appointed to the District of Columbia juvenile-court bench told us, "Frequently I am faced with a child who would be an excellent candidate for rehabilitation—if intensive supervision were available. Yet my overworked court staff cannot provide that supervision. So, regretfully, I must commit him to an institution." This policy, Judge Ketcham adds, is sheer economic lunacy. It costs $200 a year to supervise a child on probation, $2000 a year to lock him up.

"I don't blame people for getting mad when they read the headlines about delinquents," says Judge Harry Lindeman, of Newark, New Jersey. "Some of these aggravated-assault cases make my blood boil too. But after handling 25,000 children, I know that wreaking vengeance on kids isn't the answer. Let's channel our anger instead into getting the facilities we need to strike at the roots of delinquency."

In Lake County, Florida, we learned just how much angry citizens can accomplish when they follow Judge Lindeman's advice.

Lake County a few years ago had only one probation counselor, paid $3600 a year, and one assistant counselor at $2400, to handle 800 children a year. Neither received any transportation allowance, yet they were expected to cover sixteen towns and cities spread over 996 square miles. For many kids being "on probation" meant mailing a post card to the county seat every week or two. There was no place to lodge delinquents except in the county jail, where prisoners received only two meals a day—and no milk.

The first whispers of reform arose shortly after ladies from the Society for Christian Service of the Morrison Memorial Methodist Church visited the Lake County jail and were shocked by what they saw—boys and girls locked up next to adult criminals, with nothing to do all day but fight or stare at the ceiling.

The women's group recommended changes to the county commissioner chiefly responsible. An old-timer, deeply committed to holding down the tax rate, this commissioner saw the church ladies' complaint as just one more underhanded effort by "that young whippersnapper on the bench," Judge W. Troy Hall, to raid the county treasury. In a countermove, the commissioner sponsored legislation that would take juvenile cases out of Judge Hall's hands.

But citizens began to take an interest. The Reverend John F. Mangrum, of St. Edward's Episcopal Church, urged every Christian in the county to "pray for the county commissioners." Mrs. Grover Hinebaugh and the Reverend Hoyt Tatum, of the Methodist Church in Leesburg, and tax consultant W. F. ("Billy") Williams, of the Clermont Rotary Club, appeared at the next commissioners' meeting to back up the judge and urge that the court's $9000-a-year budget be tripled. The budget issue was postponed. However, they didn't leave quite empty-handed; the sheriff was directed to supply those jailed kids with milk every day. Then, no doubt to avoid further public intervention, an unscheduled commission meeting was called for the unusual hour of 9:30 A.M. on Saturday, July 13, 1957.

"We heard about that maneuver late Friday afternoon," Billy Williams told us, "and we got so mad we called the Rotary Club, Elks, Kiwanis, The American Legion, the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and lots more. They got mad too." Next morning when the five commissioners arrived for their meeting, they were greeted by more than 200 delegates from all over the county eager to talk about the needs of the juvenile court.

Paul and Wendell Husebo, of radio station WLBE, were on hand with their station microphone. "We broadcast the proceedings verbatim for an hour and a quarter," Paul says, "and built up one of the largest audiences in the history of Lake County broadcasting. The response was so great that we broadcast it a second time."

The results to date have outstripped Judge Hall's fondest expectations. The court budget has been almost quadrupled, additional probation counselors and a clinical psychologist have been employed, pay scales have been raised, and a new state-welfare unit has been established to help with dependent children. The National Probation and Parole Association, at the county commissioners' invitation, made a survey of the juvenile court's long-term needs. The present commissioners take as much pride in the county's rapidly expanding services for children as they do in good roads and good schools.

"Lake County still isn't Utopia," Judge Hall told us recently, "but we're moving rapidly toward an effective juvenile system. There's no limit to what can be accomplished when people get really mad, not at the kids in trouble, but at the conditions which foster delinquency."

THE END

"I have a feeling he's going to make an excellent husband."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

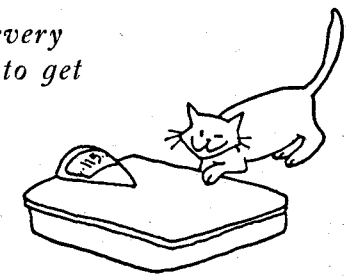
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Some man's-eye views of womanpower

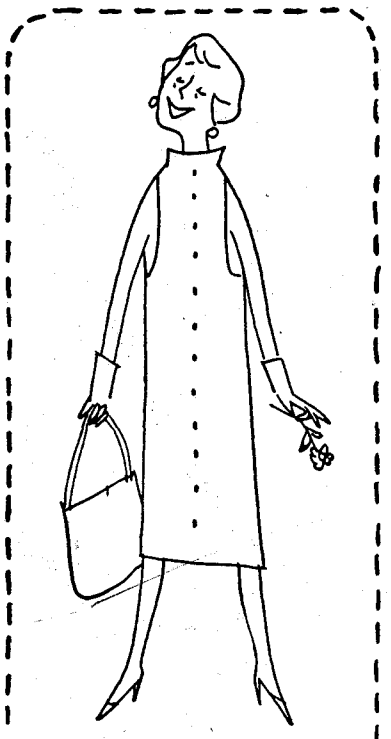
Womanpower—which we define as that wonderful feminine force that influences every area of modern life—is the kind of word that keeps getting new definitions (mostly from men). Here are some of our favorites:

"Womanpower is the only thing that can fix a breakfast so that eggs, bacon, coffee and toast all arrive hot at the same time, even though it's impossible because I've tried it."

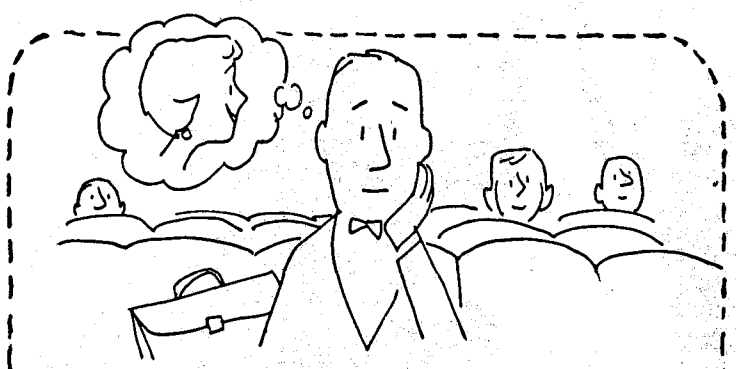
"Womanpower is what every manufacturer would like to get behind his product."



"Womanpower is when we both go on a diet and she loses 5 pounds while I lose 0 pounds."



"Womanpower is. Even in a chemise."

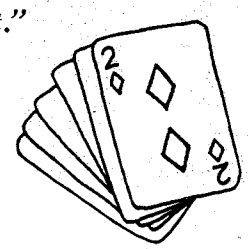


"Womanpower is what I miss when I'm alone in Cleveland and end up at a movie by myself."

"Womanpower is the mysterious force that gets the suit I plan to wear cleaned and pressed before I plan to wear it."

"Womanpower is why we have a freezer, a washer, a dryer, a dishwasher, a vacuum cleaner, a floor-waxer, a mixer—all of which run on womanpower."

"Womanpower is intuition. When her psychic bids don't work, she admits she had a hunch they wouldn't."



Have any definitions of your own?
We do. To us, womanpower is the power that has made Ladies' Home Journal the world's largest and best-loved magazine for women. It's the power of Journal editing... and of the Journal's 5,750,000* women readers. It's the power that makes women respond to ideas in the Journal enthusiastically—and quickly!
To get this Journalpower, advertisers invest more money in Ladies' Home Journal than in any other women's magazine.

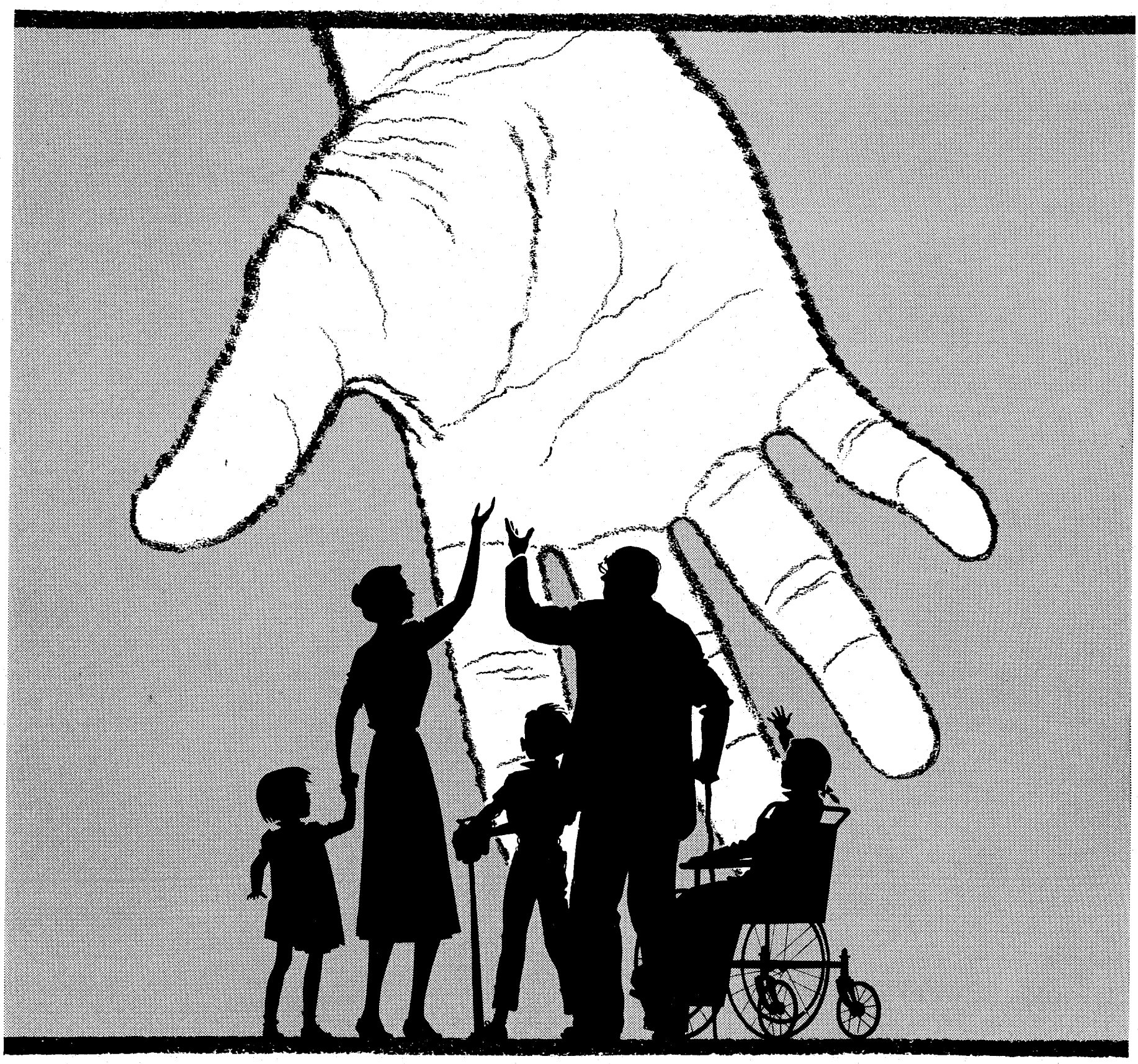
*Pub. Est., Sept.

Never underestimate the power of a woman!

Ladies' Home JOURNAL
A CURTIS PUBLICATION
No. 1 magazine for women

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can have a hand in so many people's happiness



When you make your one big pledge to your town's united campaign, you are actually giving to many campaigns in one. Your one contribution fights disaster and disease, works to prevent juvenile delinquency and attacks the problems of the aging and the breakdown of family life. This once-a-year, United Way of giving helps people of all ages, all races and all creeds, and is the idea behind the United Fund, Community Chest and other united community campaigns.

United Way pledges support 27,500 local, state and national health and welfare agencies which serve 72,000,000 Americans. When the United Way volunteer in your town asks you to give, welcome him with your pledge.

GIVE...THE UNITED WAY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Let's Abolish Boxing (Continued from Page 42)

memory, self-control, speech and coordination all impaired by repeated head blows. Possibly as many as five out of 100 become completely punch drunk and wind up in mental institutions.

The head contains a three-pound floating brain. Any blow to the area causes the brain to jounce back and forth. Any hard blow can cause a concussion which may destroy nerve tissues. Such injuries never heal. And the more blows to the head, the worse the injury gets.

I judged fights in which Gene Tunney participated. He was a skillful boxer who retired when he was at his peak as heavyweight champion. Tunney once told a reporter for the New York Daily News that he decided to retire after a blow on the head in training left him without memory for three days. He said, "I wanted to leave the ring that had threatened my sanity before I met with an accident that would permanently injure my brain."

Tunney was lucky to get out in time. Other fighters have been less fortunate. Lavern Roach, Sonny Boy West, Jimmy Doyle, Ed Sanders, 1952 Olympic heavyweight champion, and George Flores are among those who have died in recent years in professional fights. I officiated at one time or another in bouts featuring most of these boys. In the case of George Flores, I was one of the judges at the fight that resulted in his death—a bout with Roger Donoghue in Madison Square Garden on August 29, 1951.

Going into the eighth round I had Flores losing the fight on points, but he hadn't seemed hopelessly outclassed. Nor did he seem an unfit opponent for Donoghue. Then, in the eighth, I was taken by surprise when Flores was knocked down by a strong left hook to the jaw. He fell directly in front of me, not more than two or three feet away. I heard his head strike the ring floor with a resounding thud. He tried to get up, but couldn't. Finally he was able to walk out of the ring under his own power.

Ten minutes later in the dressing room he went into a coma. An emergency operation was performed almost immediately and a blood clot removed from the left side of the brain. But it was too late. The autopsy showed that Flores had been injured in such a way as to tear a small vein in the head and cause clots which cut off circulation to the brain.

The death, naturally, created a furore. Sports columnist Bill Corum, of the New York Journal-American, wrote, "If the killing or near killing of lads such as this, in the name of sport, can't be stopped, and isn't stopped, then boxing itself must be."

But boxing goes on today. A wry postscript to that fatal fight is that Flores' widow, who was originally awarded $80,000 in a damage suit against the state because of her husband's death, ultimately got nothing. A higher court unanimously set aside the damage award, saying, in effect, that boxing was such a dangerous sport that the state could not be expected to insure the participants against death.

Twenty-seven years earlier I witnessed my first ring fatality. It happened at the old Madison Square Garden on January 11, 1924, in a semifinal match between Bud Taylor and Frankie Jerome.

That was one of the bloodiest fights I ever saw. Taylor completely outclassed Jerome. On my card he took every round but the fourth and tenth. In the eleventh he brought Jerome down with a right to the chin. Frankie took a count of eight and lurched to his corner at the bell.

At that moment I noticed that Jerome's eyes were glassy. I stood up and called to the referee, Jack O'Sullivan, to stop the fight. I felt the referee hadn't seen the condition of Jerome's eyes. But he paid no attention to me, and one of the New York boxing commissioners, Walter Hooke, hollered, "You're out of order, Barnes! Sit down before you start a riot."

Jerome staggered out for the twelfth round. In the first mixup Taylor floored his opponent. Jerome took a count of nine and again staggered to his feet, blind and groggy. He moved in instinctively, but Referee O'Sullivan finally stepped between them and stopped it.

Jerome fainted as he was being assisted to his corner. He was carried to his dressing room unconscious. He died the next day. Afterward I made it a point to tell Commissioner Hooke that Jerome might not have died if the referee had ended the fight when I hollered to him. The commissioner didn't answer me.

I don't contend that boxing is as brutal a sport today as it was in the days of Frankie Jerome. Refinements have been instituted to protect fighters. Padding in the ring is much heavier, gloves are thicker, boxing commissioners are diligent public officials. The fighters also are helped by more stringent regulations and stricter medical supervision.

After Flores died in 1951, a Medical Advisory Board was established to aid the New York State Athletic Commission. The medical board, headed today by Dr. Mal Stevens, a former college football coach, has done a fine job. There hasn't been a death in a New York ring since that of Flores.

But these safeguards are still not enough to guarantee the welfare of the young men who participate in boxing. There is only one sure way to protect them—by abolishing the sport altogether.

Last May 24th, in Detroit, a former leading heavyweight contender, Johnny Summerlin, was knocked out by Nino Valdes. Several days after the fight it was revealed that Summerlin had passed the prefight medical exam even though his left side was numb from head to toe. His condition was eventually diagnosed as hypesthesia, "a diminished capacity for sensation," caused by pinpoint hemorrhages in the brain.

Authorities in Michigan were so shocked by this disclosure that they immediately appointed a medical-study committee headed by Dr. Joseph Cahalan. Doctor Cahalan took the job, although he advocated abolishing the sport, saying, "As long as there is boxing, there will be injuries and possible deaths."

The head isn't the only vulnerable part of the body. The bones in the hand are extremely fragile, and were never meant to deliver forceful blows. The eyes are also extremely vulnerable. As an optometrist of some forty years standing—I taught optometry at Columbia University for thirty-five years—I know something about the eye structure. The frequency of retinal detachments and hemorrhages among fighters is appalling. I would estimate that 10 per cent of the "catchers" in boxing—the fellows who absorb unusual amounts of punishment—eventually suffer retinal detachments. Such detachment results in loss of vision in that eye.

Not long ago Pat Valentino, a former heavyweight contender, revealed that he had undergone an eye operation nine months before his Ezzard Charles fight in 1949, and was partially blind at the time. He also admitted that when he lost to Joe Louis two months later he was completely blind in the right eye.

The worst thing about ring damage, as far as I am concerned, is that it is premeditated. That's why I call boxing legalized murder. It is the only sport in which the definite objective is to injure an opponent sufficiently to knock him out. So, together with an admittedly long, glorious record of champions and challengers and great, exciting fights, you also have a long, inglorious roll of boxers who have died in the ring or sustained permanent injury.

Among the most tragic figures are the boxers who have finished their lives in mental institutions. The list stretches back to the early 1900's. One of the first prominent examples was Terry McGovern, a featherweight champion. Over the years such great fighters as Joe Grim, Ad Wolgast and Battling Nelson ended up in asylums. Then there was Frankie Carbone, a former middleweight, who was picked up one night in front of the Roxy Theater in New York City after shouting, "People are trying to take me out to the middle of the ocean, right into the waves!"

There also was Bob Martin, champion of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I, who once fought Gene Tunney. Martin was taken to Walter Reed Hospital in Washington suffering from what was described as "boxer's waltz." Physicians said his disability was the result of cerebral lesions directly due to the many blows he had taken on the head. He was classified as incurable.

This unhappy list continues to grow. Johnny Bratton, former N.B.A. welterweight champion, has been in several Illinois state hospitals since May, 1956. Another sad recent case was that of Jimmy Flood a onetime "pleasing" middleweight contender, as he was often introduced by the ring announcer. He was sent to Bellevue Hospital for mental observation after being arrested on a wife-beating charge. His wife, Dorothy, told the magistrate that her husband had suffered brain damage as a result of his ring career. Indeed, Flood had been retired as a fighter by the New York Medical Advisory Board after an electroencephalogram revealed such brain damage. Too many present-day fighters face the same kind of future.

It may seem hypocritical for me to be sounding off about boxing when I've stayed in it as a fight judge for thirty-seven years. There have been times when I've come home after a particularly vicious and one-sided fight and told my wife, "That was terrible. I'm going to get out of it." And she'd say to me, "You can't, Harold. It's in your blood."

That may be true to some degree. At its best, the sport can be a most moving experience for those who watch it. However, there are other reasons why I've remained connected with it. For one thing, the work of judging fights presents a tremendous challenge. But more important, as long as boxing *is* legalized, somebody must officiate. I like to feel I am contributing to keeping the sport as decent as it can be. It was in this spirit that I applied for renewal of my judge's license this fall.

Lately, though, I'm beginning to wonder just how clean boxing really is. I may seem naïve, but until recently I never thought the boxing world was the corrupt jungle that some critics made it out to be. Oh, I've officiated at certain fights—I'll talk about them later—that were distinctly suspicious. But there weren't many of them. And never in my life has anyone approached me and tried to bribe me to vote a certain way.

Nobody has ever seen me in the company of, or in conversation with, a fighter or manager. I don't think that I would recognize a manager if he walked into my back yard. I have never set foot in the usual haunts of the fight crowd in New York City. I don't go to fights as a spectator. The only exceptions since I became a judge were the second Max Schmeling-Jack Sharkey bout in 1932 and the second Rocky Marciano-Ezzard Charles fight in 1950. In each instance, I had officiated at the first fight and was very much interested in seeing the rematch.

I don't mean to imply by all this that I regard fighters and managers as outcasts of society. I simply believe that a fight judge, to insure his impartiality, shouldn't associate with these people.

The indictment last July of one of my fellow boxing judges, Bert Grant, shocked me profoundly. No New York State boxing official ever had been indicted before. It was alleged in the indictment that Grant accepted bribes totaling $400 to influence his decisions in five specified fights.

I don't know Grant personally. I know him only as a reserved, introverted type who talked little when in the officials' room. On the basis of his decisions, he seemed very capable. The handing down of an indictment doesn't mean a man is guilty. Unless he is proven guilty, one should not pass judgment.

If any fight judge or referee does take part in a "fix," it amazes me that he would jeopardize his career and his family's reputation for a mere pittance. In Grant's case the alleged bribes ranged from $50 to $100.

Most of the officials I have worked with have been business and professional men of the highest caliber. They got into officiating primarily because of a love for the sport and a desire to contribute something to it. They certainly didn't take up officiating for the money involved. Fees to judges today run anywhere from $10 to $40 a night at a small club, depending upon whether a bout draws well, and from $75 to $150 for a big fight with an exceptionally large gate. The club that stages the fight pays the officials. In the old days of the million-dollar gate I earned up to $250 for judging a fight. The last such occasion was the second Joe Louis-Billy Conn fight in 1946. Most years, after license fee, income tax and other miscellaneous expenses, there has been very little left of my officiating fees.

One of the fights for which Bert Grant allegedly accepted a bribe was the Alex Miteff-Nino Valdes battle of last February. According to the New York indictment, Grant was paid $100 for that

... ...

Revelation

By Betty Isler

I had thought you distant, perfect
In your poise and self-control;
Admired and envied you, apart,
Until the merest pinprick hole
Appeared beneath one off-guard word.
And through it in a flash I saw
Your own dark halls of doubt and fear;
Knowing now this precious flaw,
Identifying, I shall lend
You courage too. Hello, my friend.

... ...

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one in the expectation that he would be designated a judge. But he wasn't selected—I was. Thus I feel personally involved—especially since I voted for Miteff, Hymie Wallman's fighter. Wallman is the manager who is alleged in the indictment to have paid off Grant.

That was one of the most savage fights I've witnessed recently. Valdes' white trunks were spattered with Miteff's blood. Referee Teddy Martin's hands were covered with blood. The canvas was crimson too. It was a sickening sight.

Despite all the blood that was shed by Miteff, I awarded him the decision—five rounds for Miteff, four for Valdes and one even. Referee Martin agreed with me, giving it to Miteff, six-four. Judge Nick Gamboli called it for Valdes, six-three-one. It was a close fight, but Miteff gained an early lead. As I saw it, he won the first three rounds by a definite margin. Thereafter Valdes came along better. But I felt that he hadn't shown effective aggressiveness, that he hadn't sustained the action by the greater number of skillful attacks. Miteff continuously forced the action despite his cuts. I think the majority of newspapermen at ringside agreed with my decision.

After the fight there was a disgraceful exhibition in the ring by Valdes, who went around crying that he had been robbed. His manager, Bobby Gleason, was just as bad. Gleason later apologized to the boxing commission for his behavior. He was simply following the path of many other fight managers. Hymie Wallman, for instance, has always been a chronic squawker.

A boxing judge is subject to all sorts of abuse. Everyone seems to take a perverse pleasure in questioning his decisions. I have often been awakened at three in the morning by bums who would curse me over the phone, saying something like, "You dirty crook, what made you think you could judge a fight?" I never fail to be disturbed by this sort of thing.

Under the New York system of judging we use a round and point system, with rounds prevailing unless the rounds are even. Then points are added up. The winner of each round is awarded anywhere from one to four points, based on such factors as: (1) strong, effective punching; (2) effective aggressiveness; (3) skillful defense; (4) all-around ring generalship.

I think rounds should be eliminated altogether in judging, and the points simply added up. The fallacy of the rounds-won system is that a fighter can do more damage to an opponent throughout a bout, yet still lose because the other man won a number of rounds by a mere eyelash.

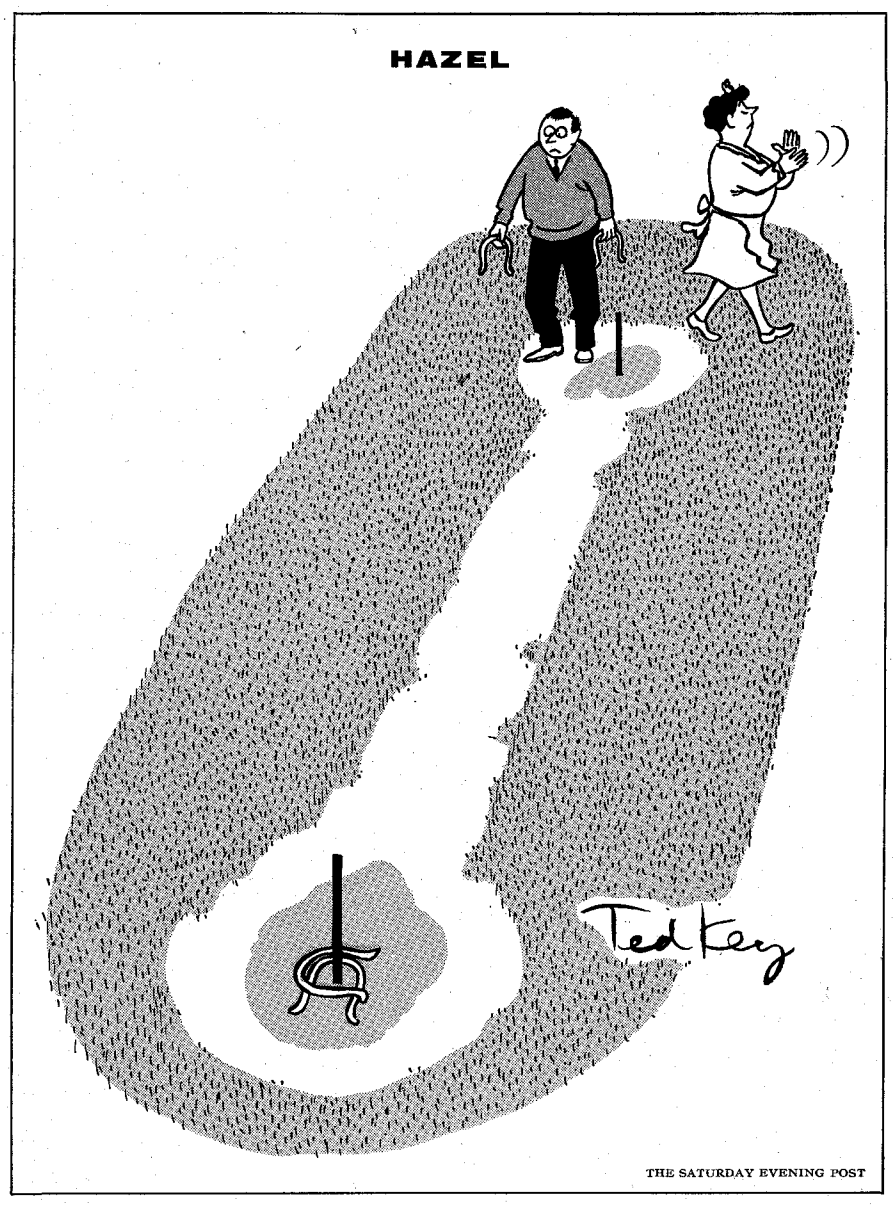
I became a boxing judge in 1921, when I was twenty-six years old. I was quite a fight fan in those days, although I never did any boxing myself, and I used to attend bouts at the Y.M.C.A. and the Broadway Sporting Club.

One night I watched Marty Cross knock Soldier Bartfield all over the ring during a bout. Between rounds some fellows kept going up and down the aisles offering to bet on Bartfield. Since he was taking such a beating, nobody could understand why anyone would want to bet on him. However, Bartfield managed to survive until the end of the fight, and then was declared winner by a decision.

I felt that even without any experience I could judge a fight at least as well as the men who gave Bartfield that decision. So I applied for a license. I became a judge in April, 1921.

My first important fight was in March, 1923—a flyweight title bout between the champion, Pancho Villa, and challenger Frankie Genaro. I scored that fight fourteen-one for Villa. Nearly every newspaperman at ringside concurred with my decision, but the two other officials gave it to Genaro and took the championship away from Villa.

I was stunned. I remember yelling at the time, "I'm through! I won't be a goat. I'll submit my resignation tomorrow morning." The reason I was so angry was that before the fight Commissioner Walter Hooke had taken me aside and said, "This is a very important fight, your first championship. You've got to remember that just because a man is champion, that's no reason why he should necessarily receive the decision." It didn't enter my mind until after the fight that Hooke might have been trying to influence my decision.



Perhaps the most suspicious-looking bout I ever worked was a lightweight championship bout between Tony Canzoneri and Al Singer in 1930. Singer was "knocked out" by Canzoneri in one minute, six seconds of the first round. Only three punches landed, and none seemed sufficient to break an egg.

Years later, when Singer was an official, he told me that he never recalled being hit by Canzoneri. "You know, Harold," he said, "I think I might have been doped before the fight."

The questionable fight that caused me the most trouble personally was the Robert Villemain-Jake LaMotta battle of March 25, 1949. Two months before, Villemain, a courageous Frenchman, had fought Steve Belloise in a gory battle at which I officiated. Belloise won the fight, and Villemain won the glory by lasting the distance. He was a bloody mess. Four stitches had to be taken above each of Villemain's eyes, and eight more on his cheek.

Villemain's brave performance that night endeared him to the Madison Square Garden crowd. In his next outing there, the LaMotta fight, he was a strong sentimental favorite. Not many people liked LaMotta anyway. In fact, he was looked upon as an undesirable champion. He was a surly individual. Also, in a number of his fights the betting odds had fluctuated so wildly as to cause some suspicions.

There had been a lot of rumors that LaMotta was going into the Villemain fight to lose. I don't know how true those rumors were, but to this day I think Jake LaMotta wanted to lose that fight. It is not true, as a sports columnist wrote recently, that LaMotta screamed at the officials after being awarded the fight, "How could you do it to me?" But I must say he didn't look very happy about winning.

Most of the 11,491 people at the Garden that night, including all of the newspapermen, thought Villemain had earned the win. I gave it to LaMotta, six-five-one. Harry Ebbetts, the referee, backed me up with a six-four-two verdict. Judge Charlie Shortell saw Villemain the winner.

The way I saw it, while I thought LaMotta tried to lose, he couldn't make it bad enough. Villemain's punches, when they landed, were powder-puffy. It would have been easy to award Villemain the fight, but I couldn't in good conscience do it.

Commissioner Eddie Eagan was quite unhappy over the decision. He held an immediate investigation, and decided Ebbetts and I should be suspended indefinitely. One of the things that sustained me during that period was a letter I got from Jim Farley, a former boxing commissioner and a wonderful man. Farley wrote, "When I was a member of the boxing commission, there was never anyone I regarded more highly than yourself, not only from the point of view of integrity and character, but also efficiency. . . . I don't think anything has been gained by the act of the commission. Don't let it bother you because your friends, who know you, will still have the same degree of confidence in you." Two months later I was reinstated.

Among the boxing commissioners I worked under, I felt that Eagan was the weakest—and not because of my suspension. He always seemed to be more interested in what other people thought than in standing by his officials. He treated his officials shabbily. Before the second Louis-Walcott fight, for instance, he herded a group of us to a room at the Concourse Plaza Hotel near Yankee Stadium. We were kept there for hours, until it was time to go to the stadium. I always regarded it as a silly act, and one that displayed a complete lack of confidence in his officials.

The decision of mine that created the greatest public clamor came in the Max Schmeling-Jack Sharkey heavyweight championship bout of 1930 before 80,000 fans at Yankee Stadium. This was the fight that led to the present rule that a man cannot win on a foul.

I was the only official in a position to see the controversial blow in the fourth round. The boxers were directly in front of me. I could almost touch them as Sharkey landed a sweeping low left. The punch seemed to me about eight inches below fair territory. Schmeling fell to the floor, apparently in great pain. Referee Crowley looked at me, and I nodded to signal that it had been a foul. Then the bell rang, and all was confusion.

Crowley asked me four times if I had seen the foul. Each time I said yes. Finally I got disgusted. I said, "How many times do you want me to tell you it's a foul?"

Crowley finally awarded the fight—and the heavyweight championship—to Schmeling. Afterward, the influential newspaper columnist, Arthur Brisbane, leaned over to me and said, "Sonny, you've just saved boxing in New York State."

Today I wonder if boxing was worth the saving. Looking back over the years, I'm convinced the answer is no. I've seen Harry Greb, perhaps the most vicious of all fighters, heel and gouge an opponent's eye until it was closed tight. I've seen Beau Jack bleeding from half a dozen wounds and hobbling about the ring on a bad leg. I've seen Ezzard Charles after Rocky Marciano got through with him in their first fight—unable to talk because of a smash on the Adam's apple, and with his right eye puffed, his left cheek ballooned by a blood clot, his lower lip swollen. I've seen Frankie Ryff after a fight when he needed twenty-three stitches. I've seen Hurricane Jackson take terrific punishment in the ring. His second fight with Floyd Patterson, which I'm thankful I saw only on television, was one of the most brutal, one-sided affairs in my memory.

Last July, Jackson was finally retired by the medical board in New York. The board declared that he was "deteriorating" and unable to defend himself. However, he turned up in action again in September in a fight in Canada, in which he decisioned an obscure heavyweight named Johnny Vick.

Will Jackson quit in time? And what about the other fighters who today are choking on their own blood in the ring?

I say, let's become civilized. Let's do away with boxing. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy the new Raleigh filter tip... filters the smoke–but never blocks your smoking pleasure.

New filter tip or plain end... either way you enjoy the rich, mellow taste of Raleigh's fine quality tobaccos.

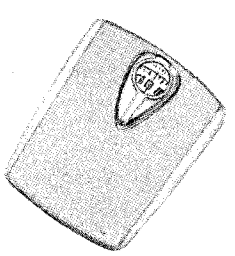
The coupon on every pack... is good for free gifts... and you get 4 extra coupons in every carton.

Another extra: The new Raleigh filter is packed tip down–to go untouched by fingertips from pack to lips.

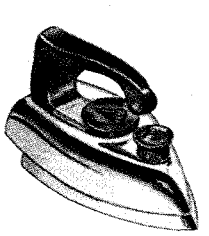
Also available in PLAIN END

...AND 229 FREE GIFTS FOR FOLKS WHO GO STEADY WITH RALEIGH!

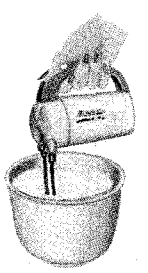
Save these Raleigh coupons! Good for all these wonderful free gifts!



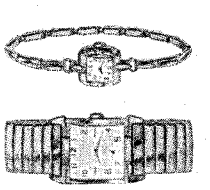
Borg Bath Scale. Accurate. Easy to read. In pink, black or yellow. Will not tip.



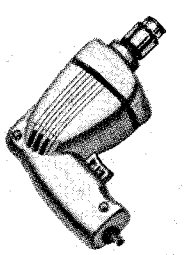
Westinghouse Steam Iron. Steam or dry. Weighs less than 4 pounds filled.



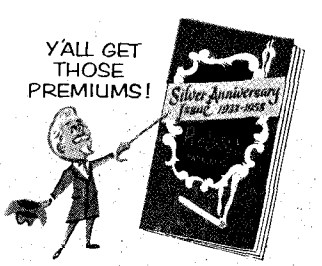
Hamilton Beach Mixette. Portable mixer. 3 speeds. Beats, mashes, whips, folds.



Elgin Wrist Watches. Man's or woman's. 17-jewel accuracy. Expansion band.

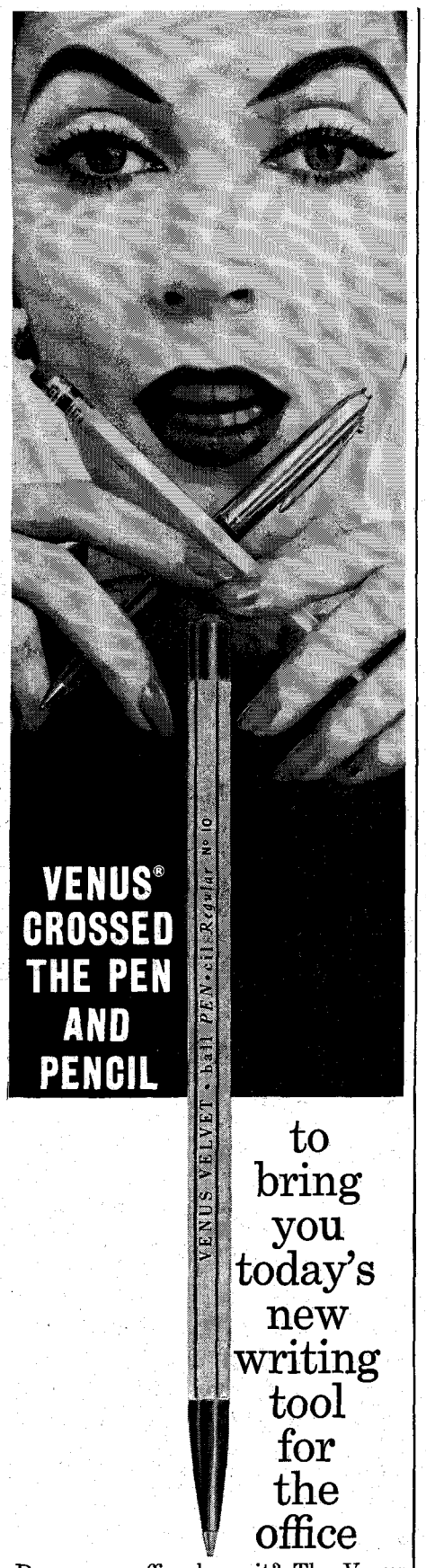


Cummins Electric Drill Set. Big ¼" capacity. With case, over 25 accessories.



Send for your copy of free premium catalog! Write: Box 44, Louisville, Ky. Or ask your tobacco dealer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



to bring you today's new writing tool for the office

Does your office have it? The Venus Velvet ball *PEN* • cil combines the best features of a pen and pencil. Result: greater writing ease, lower costs. Wood barrel has light "feel" of a pencil • finest ball mechanism • writes on any normal surface—even glossy photos • nothing to click or turn • ink supply lasts for months. In 5 styles to cover every writing job. Blue, black, red or green ink. Sold through stationers. 29c and 39c each. Less by the dozen. Order today. Prices slightly higher in the West.

©1958, Venus Pen & Pencil Corporation, Hoboken, N. J.

VENUS velvet ball *PEN* • cil®

Keeping Posted

Mary Roberts Rinehart

"The Post," wrote **Mary Roberts Rinehart** at the time of her last appearance in this magazine, "has been a part of my life." And, indeed, Mary Roberts Rinehart was a part of the life of the Post for nearly half a century. She died four weeks ago at the age of eighty-two in her spacious Park Avenue apartment. She is survived by three sons—Stanley and Ted, of the Rinehart publishing house, and Alan, a writer.

She is also survived by an immortal spinster named Letitia Carberry—the "Tish" who began entertaining Post readers on March 5, 1910. Mrs. Rinehart once wrote, "I have determinedly remained a free lance in my work, sending it where it belongs, but Tish is for the Post so long as they will have her."

Altogether she produced sixty books, and at one time there were four Rinehart play hits on Broadway, two by her and two based on her fiction; of these perhaps the best known was The Bat, her own dramatization of her novel, The Circular Staircase. She often wrote 4000 words in a day, yet she never bothered to

Mary Roberts Rinehart's favorite portrait; it was painted by John Lavelle.

type, feeling that she composed more carefully in longhand. She used the same fountain pen for twenty-four years. The Post published forty-nine Rinehart stories, eighteen serials and thirty-five articles.

In 1915, she sailed for Europe as war correspondent for the Post. She obtained exclusive interviews with royalty and went to the front lines carrying umbrella and trench periscope and wearing white kid gloves and a fur coat. (She bought the latter with her expense money and liked to recall, "I rather imagine that I am the only woman in the world for whom the Curtis Publishing Company, as an organization, ever purchased a fur coat.")

Cyrus H. K. Curtis offered her the editorship of the Ladies' Home Journal in 1919, but she regretfully refused the post, explaining that she felt her abilities were creative rather than critical.

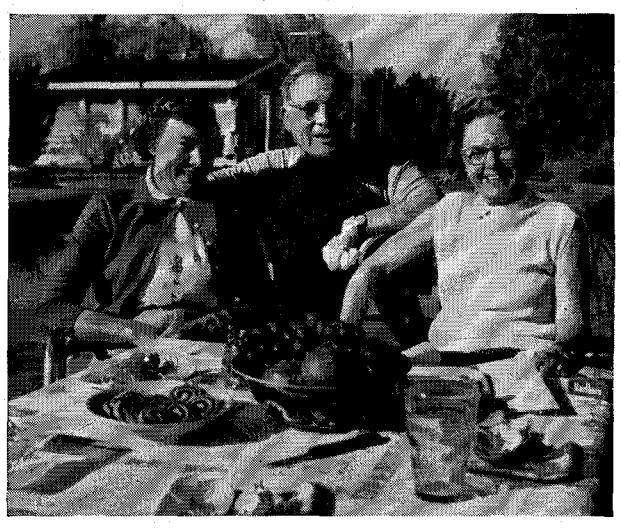
Literary critics said Mary Rinehart revolutionized the mystery story. "But," she said, "I never kill nice people." Herbert Hoover and Calvin Coolidge were fond of her stories, and of her. Hoover once read the galley proofs of a Rinehart thriller because he was too impatient to wait for publication date; he was her close friend and frequent bridge partner.

Mrs. Rinehart knew two presidents named Roosevelt, and she outlived both of them. Her husband, a distinguished physician, died in 1932 and was buried in Arlington National Cemetery. On September twenty-sixth she was interred beside him.

Far beyond her career as one of our most successful writers, Mary Rinehart was a great lady and a personage, stanch, gay and high-hearted. We doubt that we shall see her like again.

Tales of the Authors

Joe Hyams chats with Marilyn Monroe.



Erle Stanley Gardner doesn't work all the time.

Joe Hyams is an individualist, even by Hollywood standards. Before launching his syndicated movieland column for the New York Herald Tribune, he taught civics in Hawaii and was a social worker at New York's Henry Street Settlement House. He writes: "Since I spend most of my time at the typewriter, I exercise violently. Twice a week I fence (épée and foil), and I spend an hour a week at karrati, a deadly combination of judo, *savate* and hand-to-hand fighting. Saturday mornings I ride, Western style, and this summer spent most of my three-week vacation helping a friend move cattle."

Hyams' first Post article, on page 24, has nothing to do with Hollywood, karrati or settlement work. But it is about eccentricity—in the greeting-card business.

At sixty-nine, mystery writer **Erle Stanley Gardner** still requires five secretaries to keep up with his sundry activities. Post Editor Ben Hibbs visited Gardner a few months ago, after buying the newest Perry Mason mystery (page 26). Hibbs returned to the office with a profound respect for Gardner's energies and with a photograph he took at Gardner's Palm Springs, California, cottage. Seated in the sun are: Mrs. Hibbs, Gardner and secretary Jean Bethel, thought by Gardner's friends to be the prototype of Della Street, Perry Mason's indispensable amanuensis.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Divorce"

A study, in all its aspects, of society's tragic calamity—the broken home. By a great reporter, John Bartlow Martin.

Printed in U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED